

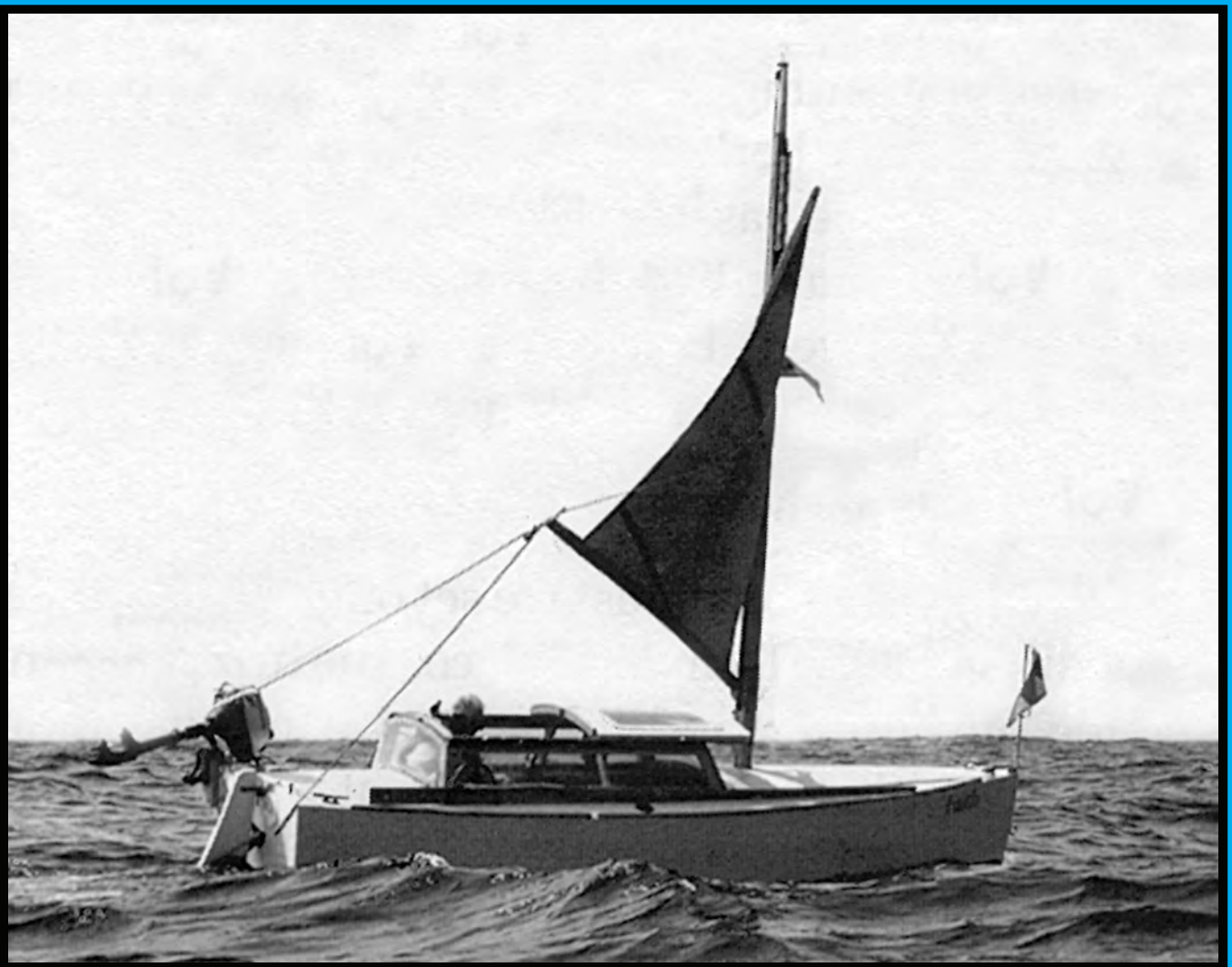


messing
about in
BOATS

Volume 27 – Number 3

July 2009

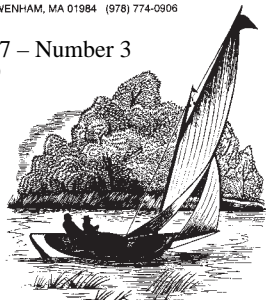
Special Features This Issue
“Phil Bolger Dead at 81”
“Great Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival”
“Faith’s Cruise” – “Shanty Boat Deluxe Retreat”



messing about in **BOATS**

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 27 – Number 3
July 2009



US subscription price is \$32 for one year.
Canadian / overseas subscription prices are
available upon request
Address is 29 Burley St
Wenham, MA 01984-1043
Telephone is 978-774-0906
There is no machine
Editor and Publisher: Bob Hicks
Magazine production: Roberta Freeman
For subscription or circulation inquiries or
problems, contact:
Jane Hicks at
maib.office@gmail.com

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Sad news for us all on the opposite page, Phil Bolger has left us. By the time you are reading this, the word will have no doubt reached you via internet or personal or phone contacts. I heard about it on the morning of his death, May 24, when I called to remind him and Susanne that I would need their July issue article the coming week. Susanne answered and replied to my alert that there would be none, that Phil had died that morning. Not the sort of thing one expects in response to what is normally a routine scheduling call.

I was, of course, shocked by the news as I had been seeing him monthly when they would drop by to deliver their latest issue articles. We live about 15 miles apart so they always delivered in person, often mid-evening at the end of another busy, busy day in their life. Phil had showed no signs of his internal distress on these visits, and in recent visits had been heartened by the progress being made on their sustainable fisheries effort in his hometown of Gloucester. Their article in our May issue on the "Blackliner 2K90130P Monitor" illustrated their progress and satisfaction over seeing a boat built to their design concept after so much effort shoveling sand against the tide of the commercial fisheries industry dogma.

I first met Phil in July 1983, a few months after launching this magazine. He was "sea trialing" one of his radical concepts, bow steering, in a boat built by his friend, boat builder Brad Story of Essex, Massachusetts. Together they tried it out on the Essex River at the site of the former Story Shipyard where hundreds of Gloucester fishing schooners had been built in the heyday of sail by Brad's grandfather, Arthur D. Story. I published my report on this incident in the August 1, 1983, issue and recently re-published it as part of our "25 years Ago in MAIB" series in the November 2008, issue. I summed up the report with, "Phil Bolger strikes again. Bow steering! Crazy. Yet it works."

In the February 1, 1985, issue one of Phil's designs, the Light Schooner, was featured in a report on a visit I made to its builder. In the June 1 issue that year the Micro made its debut on our pages, offered by Elrow

Larowe, who was marketing some Bolger designs. After a couple of years LaRowe ceased offering these designs and Bernie Wolfard took over, carrying on for several more years. All of these Bolger designs appeared on our pages through these intermediaries.

During these years Phil's work was appearing monthly in *Small Boat Journal* in a series of what he termed "cartoons," comments about various of his designs with simple study plans. In March 1991 Phil contacted me about publishing a design for a 3-Meter Multihull which had just been returned to him by the renamed *Boat Journal* as their changeover to outboard boating left no place for articles about sailing. We ran it in the April 15 issue that year with the comment that "we have a place for Phil's ideas and are happy to bring them to you."

Three issues later, in the June 1 issue, Phil made his debut on our pages as a regular contributor. I headlined the two-page feature on his "40' Day Racing Schooner," a most traditional design with graceful lines and long overhangs, as follows: "In this issue we begin bringing you a regular series of Phil Bolger's designs..." Phil never missed an issue thereafter, 414 in all through this year's June issue. When he first proposed running his designs with us I stated that I was unable to pay for them (*SBJ* was paying him \$500 per issue at the time). He was unconcerned, what mattered most was getting his design concepts out before the boating public.

When we set this up we contemplated how many designs it would take at 24 per year thereafter (until our changeover in 2008 to 12 issues per year, unanticipated in 1991) and Phil pointed out that he had produced over 600 designs and that they would probably last longer than he would (then aged 63). He was correct in his prediction, but to have it come true in so sudden and shocking a manner was beyond any possible speculation.

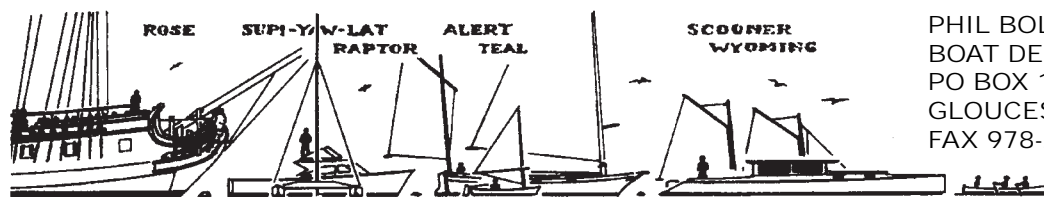
Susanne comments on the opposite page that "Phil Bolger's body of work will remain with Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc under my guidance." Perhaps in due course this means that we will again be able to continue to appreciate Phil Bolger's legacy on our pages.

In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 3 Phil Bolger Dead at 81
- 4 You write to us about...
- 6 Book Reviews
- 8 A Summer Dream
- 9 From the Journals of Constant Waterman
- 10 Great Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival at Cortez
- 14 A Night on the Bay
- 16 Nature on the Norwalk Islands
- 18 With Great Britain's Dinghy Cruisers: *Faith's Cruise*
- 22 A Lifetime on the Water: We Sailed a Creekmore Classic
- 24 Waterlogged: Part 10
- 28 Beyond the Horizon
- 30 Sailing the Crab Skiff *Cinnamon Girl*
- 31 *Elf's* Year in Review
- 32 25 Years Ago in MAIB: The Find
- 34 *Loose Change*
- 35 Shanty Boat Deluxe, *Retreat*
- 38 The Making and Spreading of Dugout Canoes
- 40 The Geriatric Windsurfer Chaser
- 42 Florida Boats
- 43 Glen L Top 10 Designs: #6 Crackerbox
- 43 Designs from *The Rudder*: 21' Waterline Sloop
- 44 In My Shop
- 45 Update on a Temporary Small Boat Shelter
- 46 Boats Really Don't Make Sense: It's That Time of Year Again
- 47 Varnish is So Old School
- 47 Winters Brothers Gifts from the Storm
- 48 Sculling Sideways
- 49 From the Lee Rail
- 50 Trade Directory
- 56 Classified Marketplace
- 59 Shiver Me Timbers

On the Cover...

British dinghy cruiser Bill Serjeant sailed his homebuilt Matt Layden designed Paradox the length of Britain's south coast to the Scilly Isles last summer accompanied partway by his friend Al Law in another Paradox (the first to be built in the UK) and reported on this saga in the DCA Bulletin. We feature his story in this issue.



PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC
BOAT DESIGNERS
PO BOX 1209
GLOUCESTER, MA 01930
FAX 978-282-1349

In the early morning hours of Sunday May 24, 2009, Philip Cunningham Bolger took his own life, out of his own free will, shooting himself in the head with his Colt 45. I awoke to his absence and found his body on our property out of public sight. He had observed the progression of declining mental faculties in earlier generations of his family. He expressed this concern as early as 40 years ago while discussing science fiction with one nephew. Phil speculated about developing a machine to test for senility, the patient would be killed painlessly if the machine determined the onset of senility. The point was to relieve the individual of any terrifying concerns about a slow, pernicious, and painful demise.

By May '09 at 81 he was in excellent physical shape for his age. What Phil and I, his wife and full business partner, Susanne Altenburger, had come to notice over a number of years were intermittent but mounting episodes of apparent cognitive decline ranging from near funny to seriously disturbing. In business it came to express itself in a less efficient design process and diminishing productivity. On the personal level his recognition of the condition went from not noticing, through denying it, to gradually recognizing that he would not be spared either. We openly and soberly discussed the repercussions, options, and likely outcomes of this unfolding reality. And he made amply clear his insistence on controlling his final fate if at all possible.

This reality emerged amidst an intriguing series of consultancies for the US Navy and increasing pro bono work (1750+hrs) in an effort to prepare the Gloucester commercial fishing fleet for the age of \$5+/gal fuel. The relationship with the Navy has just recently been refreshed again in a warm and productive encounter with our client/patron, a Division Director at NAVSEA.

On the Low-Carbon fisheries project he recently has had opportunity to personally present the policy proposal to Congressman John Tierney's respectful and encouraging reception, with key policy advisors in both US Senators' offices studying the proposal as well. He did take great comfort in the trust and support expressed by 40 local professional fishermen of all tribes and fisheries, a select number of shore-side stakeholders, and the continued encouragement by New England's Conservation Law Foundation.

But after well over six emotionally exhausting years his efforts had yet to find constructive reflection in catalyzing jobs and tax-base-generating marine-industrial local and state public policy for his ailing homeport, America's oldest Seaport of Gloucester. The mounting stress of working on these serious and pressing matters alongside the regular design work affected Phil's and my health, nerves, and outlook more and more. So much was at stake and yet options were diminishing. A broad range of attempts to

Philip C. Bolger Dead at 81

From Susanne Altenburger



modify Phil's and my work routine to accommodate his slowing productivity proved ultimately unsuccessful.

In the end, as defined by Phil this Sunday morning, he came to conclude that the inevitability of progressively losing his intellectual faculties and psychological strength had been confirmed often enough. He would not wait until he could no longer clearly discern the curve of his mental decline and concurrent emotional weakening. Phil's personal life and body of work were an expression of firmly defined and ever broadened independence from deeply entrenched conventions, intangible superstitions, and other known limitations on the free use of mind and thus sound judgment. He lived that way and decided to leave us that way. He stated repeatedly that he has had "a good ride," he marveled at many small and larger instances of good luck, was immensely pleased to have, on major occasions in his life, made the right decisions, including asking me to join him in life and work, and expressed no fear of dying, only his concern for survivors. We both understood, along now with a growing number in his family and friends, that there would never be a "good time" to lose him, only that things would most likely become worse for him and us.

Phil Bolger's body of work will remain with Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc under my guidance. Over 15 years of shared life and work, Phil had progressively made the explicit point for me to gradually assume the conceptual leadership of the venture with more and more of the work developed by me and vetted by Phil's deep and broad personal and historic perspective. With his death is lost his immense personal knowledge, unceasing inquisitiveness, constructive contrarianism, quick and warm humor, casual if not mischievous wit, and so often joyful outlook on to the next project.

I have had to let go of my closest, deepest friend, this most encouraging and understanding master of his craft and art. I feel amputated in ways yet to be fathomed. He counted on my and your resilience to use the spirit of his work to make the most of our time on water in work and play.

It would seem an appropriate expression of love and respect for Phil Bolger to consider assembling here in Gloucester the largest fleet ever of his designs in all sizes and configurations for a memorial day on the waters that shaped, nurtured, and inspired him. Perhaps late summer/early fall would allow enough time for this project. Cape Ann has a campsite, numerous motels, lots of water to camp/cruise on. As the immediate vehemence of this loss will eventually wear off some, I would be very gratified to help structure this event. I hope that Phil Bolger's friends will take it upon themselves to organize this salute to him.

I add the following note from the Navy to contextualize Phil's work further:

"Susanne: My thoughts and prayers are with you as you comprehend the profound loss of your best friend. I cherish the opportunities I and our Navy team had to work with Phil and you, and concur with Phil's assessment that he "had a good run," indeed he leaves behind an unparalleled body of innovative work, but more importantly a vast array of friends, colleagues, and clients who will forever be positively influenced by his work, design philosophy, and life. Please let me know of the timing of the fleet assemblage as it develops.

I will continue to keep you informed of US Navy progress in our joint areas of interest, in particular the encouragement of a medium speed low mix lighterage, an LCU replacement new design and procurement, which has been helped and enabled by Phil Bolger and Friends' MUTE and LCU(F) design work for us. Deepest sympathies, but holding to a celebration of Phil's life."

Michael Bosworth, Naval Sea Systems Command (SEA 05D1), Ship and Force Architecture Concepts Division Director, Washington Navy Yard.

Remembering Phil Bolger

Readers with personal memories of their experiences with Phil or his designs are invited to submit short essays on them for our September issue memorializing Phil's contributions to those of us in our *Messing About in Boats* world. We will acknowledge receipt of all such contributions immediately upon receiving them. If you have already submitted such recollections, be assured they will appear in the September issue. (August issue goes to press about the time you see this invitation).

You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Adirondack Museum's 52nd Season

The Adirondack Museum at Blue Mountain Lake in New York's Adirondacks is now open for its 52nd season. The Museum is open daily until October 18 from 10am until 5pm.

Five newly acquired boats will be displayed in the exhibition "Boats and Boating in the Adirondacks." These include a very rare 1918 Moxley launch, a Hickman Sea Sled (forerunner of the Boston Whaler), a Grumman canoe, a Theodore Hanmer guideboat, a Grant Raider, and a 1910 William Vassar guideboat.

Discover all the Museum has to offer at www.adirondackmuseum.org or call (518) 352-7311.

Antique Boat Show & Auction

The Annual Antique Boat Show & Auction sponsored by the Antique Boat Museum in Clayton, New York, is scheduled for July 30–August 2. The show is open 9am–5pm and includes a marketplace, food, forums, exhibits, family activities, and the Grand Parade. The Nautical Auction takes place on Saturday at 1pm.

Further details are at www.abm.org, www.events@abm.org, or phone (315) 686-4104.

2009 Classic Lyman & Antique Boat Rendezvous at Boothbay Harbor

What started 15 years ago as an informal get together of a few Lyman Boat owners has grown to the 14th Annual Classic Lyman & Antique Boat Show on July 31 to August 2 in Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

Recent Rendezvous have seen upwards of 35 Lymaners from the local area. Some are owner-maintained and some have been professionally restored and maintained to better than new standards. It makes no difference, it's just a fun get together. This year we are also inviting the owners of other antique and classic boats to attend and show off their treasures.

For more information, registration, and/or reservations, all are encouraged to visit www.OldBoatLovers.com or contact Herbert T. Sears, Walpole, Maine, (207) 563-3881, htsears@msn.com.

Antique & Classic Boat Festival at Salem, Massachusetts

Elegant yachts of yesteryear sail into Salem Harbor for the 27th Annual Antique & Classic Boat Festival on August 22–23. Forty vintage sailboats and motor yachts from the 1880s to 1960s are expected to be on display at Hawthorne Cove Marina in Salem, Massachusetts, over the weekend. Mostly wood and privately owned, vessels range from skiffs and dories, to sleek mahogany runabouts and cabin cruisers, to all manner of sailboats. Known for their hospitality, many participants invite the public aboard their boat for personal tours. Some adorn their craft with period decor and fetching flower arrangements. According to Festival coordinator Pat Wells, "old favorites will be returning and many new boats we haven't seen before. We would like to have a steam launch and electric boat on display."

Queen of the show will be *Elf*, a rare top-sail cutter built by the famous George Lawley and Sons yard in Boston in 1888. Built as a state-of-the-art racing yacht with an extraordinary rig, she is said to have pioneered offshore cruising in 1893 by being the first small craft to successfully cruise round-trip from Marblehead, Massachusetts, to Halifax, Nova Scotia. Her present owner, Rick Carrión, founder of the Classic Yacht Restoration Guild, purchased her in dilapidated condition in 1971 and since then has championed her restoration with imagination, fortitude, and persistence. Much of the work has been done by master boat builder Graham Ero of Still Pond, Maryland. *Elf* will be returning to her native waters from Chesapeake Bay to attend the Festival.

For further information go to www.boatfestival.org or call (617) 666-8530 or (617) 868-7587.

Adventures & Experiences...

I Thought This Year Might be Different

I thought this year might be different but perhaps it is true that it's hard to teach an old dog new tricks.

I just won once again, paddling my Bart Hawthaway 14'9" kayak, not only my Recreational Kayak (Masters Division) Class but topped all comers of any age in that class. Bart sure did build fast boats!

Upon cleaning out my basement in preparation for selling our house, I located plans for the Poke Boat. I gave them to the guy in the woodshop at our school who is now building two kid-sized Poke Boats for his grandchildren.

Ted Fiust, Wayland, MA

Editor Comments: One of our "25 Years Ago in *MAIB*" series this year will feature a lengthy report on Bart Hawthaway and his influence on our paddle sport.

Information of Interest...

Martha Stewart Buys an Adirondack Guideboat

Adirondack Guideboat of Charlotte, Vermont, is pleased to announce that Martha Stewart is now the proud owner of one of our cedar guideboats. She aired a segment on her boat and our company on her show on May 11.

Martha has a genuine and tremendous respect for craftsmanship, she truly loves her boat and her staff and production company could not have been nicer to us. Pictured is Martha out for her first row.

Steve, Dave and the Boatbuilders at Adirondack Guideboat, Charlotte, Vermont



About Solomons Island

Contributor Carl Adler could know that The Solomons are out in the South Pacific! The town in Maryland is Solomons Island. While the area around the island is now known as Solomons Island, until recently the area on land had been known as Johnstown. Solomons Island is just one island and named after an early large land owner, Solomon.

Dick Malone, Chester, MD

Information Wanted...

Witchcraft Boats Info

I am looking for a WitchCraft Boat built by Roy Smith. Does anybody know someone who has one?

Lois Swoboda, antbetty@lycos.com

Opinions...

The Wind

She is a lady.

She can change her mind without a moment's hesitation. She seldom knows her own mind. But men who chose to follow her every caprice, notice and admire her.

She is a harlot.

A seaman's eye is always upon her. Loving, doleful, even fear. But always upon her. Her charms are irresistible, her hold upon him unbreakable.

She is a river.

She becomes turbulent and disturbed when forced to make a choice. She will push aside all that might attempt to slow her or counter her will. Only to calm, and reverse her course without warning.

She is a friend.

There is softness in her touch and iron in her will. She does bestow her secrets, but sparingly. Alas, true loyalty is only in the mind of the suitor.

She is a lady.

The longer you pursue her, the more you want to know her. You may even think you have come to know her. You will never, in truth, possess her.

She is a lady.

Dan Rogers, San Diego, CA

What a Boat is For

Once a man has gone to sea for commercial necessity, served in a man o' war, or set forth on his own voyages of discovery, he has been set apart from his fellows. Like it or not, a seaman has met a greater reality than a landsman. Life will always be different for him. He can never really give up the sea.

A landsman merely stands at the shore and watches the sun set. He can enjoy the scene without being a part of it. He can rightly expect the events of yesterday to play out for him again tomorrow with little complication from weather or chance.

The seaman, on the other hand, does his work in a manner that will ensure the following day brings change. Aye, the next hour will bring change. The seaman must always be on the move. His lot is to always be bound from and to. It's the way of it.

A landsman will ask, with a modicum of sincere condescension, what variety there could possibly be in his seagoing brother's life. One wave is much the same as the next. One storm follows in train of that prior. A cloud is a cloud. And so forth. The landsman misses the essential element.

Once a man has gone to sea there is a new reality. He can't effectively explain the passage from one state to the next. All he can do is offer to share that most essential gift he has received. And ever after he must serve one uppermost need. To get underway and go to sea. Yet, one more time.

Aye, to you, landsman. Come to sea with me. Come share the terrors and the joys. Come witness the beauties and mysteries that I have witnessed. Don't ask me to describe the sea to you. And I'm not going to defend her caprice. Not to you, not to myself. Come witness for yourself.

And that, my friend, is what a boat is for.

This Magazine...

One More Story

I have enjoyed *MAIB* the last few years. Robb White put me on to it after I found he was the grandson of Robb White II, the rector of our Episcopal church in Mobile. We became friends, exchanged many letters, and he even reviewed a manuscript of mine. He encouraged me to write for *MAIB* and you printed two of my articles. Shortly after Robb gave a hilarious talk at the Sewanee University Library, which I had proposed, came his untimely death.

The loss of Robb and my advancing years have convinced me that I am never go-

ing to get another sailing Folboat, so with regret I will not be renewing my subscription to your excellent magazine which has some of the best writing in it that I know of. I may send one more story, Lawrence of Arabia, known for his desert career, had another career later with the Naval RAF and helped develop a rescue craft for flying boats, the ST200, in 1931.

Francis Walter, Sewanee, TN

A New Approach?

I received a gift subscription to your publication in 2008. When your renewal letter arrived in my mailbox in February 2009, I had to decide if I wished to continue to receive *MAIB*. Although the cost of the magazine was quite affordable, I spent some energy thinking about the content of the magazine I'd been receiving over the past year. I don't usually write letters to the editor; however, due to the unique nature of your magazine, I felt compelled to tell you why I did not renew.

As a rower and small boat sailor who isn't hell-bent on racing and just likes being out on the water, *MAIB*'s articles are often up my alley. That said, I may not entirely represent the current demographic of your readership as I am under the age of 40. If you are going to continue to attract younger and perhaps more discriminating readers, aside from increasing your web presence (which I don't recommend, in fact

I prefer a printed publication), I think you would be wise to consider the approach that less is more.

The variety of voices, interests, and abilities of the writers in *MAIB* is charming. However, the content varies so wildly in quality that it is difficult and frustrating to separate the wheat from the chaff. Many articles drift aimlessly and never really discuss boating or anything of much weight at all. For example, "The Big Row" stretched over three or more issues, yet the first installment or two scarcely mentioned boats and the author's long description of his procrastination was annoying at best! Another article in the December 2008 magazine, "Why the Adirondack Guideboat Continues to Win Races," never seemed to address the central question raised by the title. In addition, the articles are crammed together like sardines, giving the impression that sheer quantity is the most important editorial consideration.

I feel strongly that *MAIB* needs more editing with a focus on creating coherent, high quality articles. One of the sections I tend to enjoy the most is "25 Years Ago in *MAIB*." Most of these articles are well written, have a clear point, and are interesting stories, whether or not I have a personal interest in the content. I wish I'd been a subscriber 25 years ago. If the magazine could be again what it was then, you'd get me back as a subscriber.

Bruce Barbarasch, Portland, OR

Today, more than ever, people are concerned about the environment and the increasing threats to our ocean and there is a hunger to do something about it. More and more people are realizing that going green starts by living blue. Ocean Conservancy's International Coastal Cleanup, the world's largest volunteer effort of its kind, provides people a direct and tangible way to make a difference in their own backyard and be part of a global solution.

Trash in the ocean is more than an eyesore, it threatens marine wildlife and our ecosystems. It is one of the most widespread pollution problems threatening our ocean and waterways, and it's entirely preventable.

For boaters, trash in the ocean can be detrimental. For example, plastic bags floating in the water are dangerous to the engine if it gets in there because it causes it to overheat. On top of being an expensive repair, the boat will need to be towed. When the anchor becomes caught up in debris it can be a nuisance for boaters, and jumping in for a swim is less attractive when you're witnessing trash floating by. It brings home first hand the direct impact of our actions.

The 24th annual International Coastal Cleanup provides the opportunity to make a difference. It is held worldwide on Saturday, September 19. In 2008, 400,000 volun-

Ocean Conservancy's International Coastal Cleanup

By Michele Capots

teers from 104 countries and 42 states collected seven million pounds of trash. And that's simply on one day. Statistics show most of the trash, including 3.2 million cigarette butts, are from shoreline and recreational activities, which means trash doesn't fall from the sky, it falls from our hands. A sandwich bag dropped on a city street in Nebraska makes its way to a storm drain, into a river, and ultimately the ocean. A sea turtle sees it and thinks it's a jellyfish, his favorite food. He eats it and his stomach expands, causing him to feel full. As a result, he dies of starvation. The International Coastal Cleanup takes place on lakes and inland waterways as well as the ocean's shores.

Aboard boats last year, 1,236 people collected 38,224 pounds of debris that could not be reached from land. In addition, the top three debris items found from a watercraft cleanup include beverage cans, beverage bottles [plastic], and bags [plastic].

The impact of this trash, as well as climate change and overfishing, is pushing our ocean to the brink. The ocean is essential to the health of everything on the planet, including our own. It is responsible for the food we eat, the air we breathe; fundamentally, it is the life support system of our planet. But the ocean is sick.

The International Coastal Cleanup, which was founded in 1986 in Texas, provides the opportunity to do something different. It is so much more than a one-day event, it is a year-round movement. We promote changes in personal behavior when it comes to trash, reduce, reuse, recycle, rethink. Today citizens and corporations are demanding change like never before. We suggest expanding public and private partnerships to monitor and reduce marine debris, funding increased research on the sources and impacts of marine debris, seeking better technological solutions to debris management and reduction, and supporting the inclusion of comprehensive ocean management in all climate change initiatives. All of these efforts help Start a Sea Change.

Four hundred thousand volunteers from around the world picked up 6.8 million pounds of trash at the International Coastal Cleanup. Learn more and sign up for the next cleanup.

www.oceanconservancy.org/cleanup



Afterguard: Referring to the master and officers who lived aft under the poop deck. In the last one hundred years on racing yachts, referring to the helmsman, tactician, navigator, and owner who huddle generally at the back of the boat and plan the operation.

Ahoy: A call made by a seaman to attract attention. When the name of a ship is being used, it is used as a prefix to "Ahoy," when not known, then "Ship Ahoy" is called. Said to be derived from a Viking source. There is strong claim that it comes from the French "ohe" for "hey!" and pronounced "augh aye." The French "ohe du navie" for "hello, the boat or ship." Obe in Latin is "hold." Well, take your choice. Maybe it is French to go along with Mayday and Security (see-cure-it-ay).

Belfast Bow: A raked stem that slopes back from its top towards the water level. It reduces damage in case of a head-on collision by striking the other ship above the waterline. The shape of the bow also reduces pitching. It was first constructed by Harland and Wolff of Belfast.

Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea: The devil is the outermost seam in the deck planking. The outermost plank curves along the sheer and the other planking runs fore and aft and are individually butted into the outermost plank. The joint is hard to cut and hard to caulk and named "the devil." If you are "between the devil and the deep blue sea" you are standing on the outermost plank of the deck and about as close to falling overboard as you can get and still be dry.

The Devil to Pay and No Pitch Hot; Pay is to caulk and you have a hard job to do, and the pitch is not hot so you are not prepared to do it.

Bitter End: The inboard end of the anchor cable that is made fast to the bottom of the chain locker. At one time it was made fast to the bitt on deck. Therefore, the bitter end. (Bitts are large posts for attachment of lines.)

Black as the Earl of Hell's Riding Boots: A dark night on a sailing ship with no lights on deck or aloft.

Black Pan: Leftover food from the captain's table.

Blazer: A nautical term from 1945 when Captain Washington of the *HMS Blazer* dressed his ship's company in blue and white jerseys which became known as blazers.

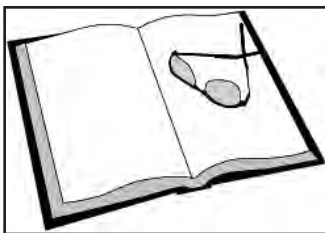
Bleed the Monkey: An old phrase meaning to drill a small hole in a cask of wine or spirits in order to extract its contents. In modern times it is known as spiling, the opening afterward closed with tapered piece of wood called a spile.

By and Large: Originally a nautical expression used in sailing ships meaning to take the bad with the good. By was headwind and sailing close by the wind and large was sailing with the wind.

Davy Jones' Locker: A fictitious place at the bottom of the sea reserved for drowned seamen and those buried at sea. Davy Jones was said to be originally Duffy Jonah. Duffy was a negro word for ghost and Jones took the place of Jonah.

Doctor: A ship's doctor or surgeon must be carried in a Merchant Navy ship with a crew of 100 or more or a passenger ship. The cook of a sailing ship was given this flattering title, especially when a special favor was asked. The name came from the fact that the cook/steward was in charge of the medicine chest and treated the crew for minor ailments.

Donkey's Breakfast: A tick filled with straw which was used as a mattress by a sea-



Book Review

Dictionary of Nautical Terms

Reviewed by Sam Chapin

During a lull in the visiting during October Fest, I landed over by the castoff books and books for loan in the bookcase. A little faded green book came to my hand. A modest 216-page book, *Dictionary of Nautical Terms*, A.G. Course, 1963. Published in the US, but an obvious British author. What fun!

man in a sailing ship. It was cheap and could be disposed of easily. It was comparatively easy to dry.

Dredging: Removing silt from the bottom of a channel to give sufficient depth for navigation. It also means maneuvering a ship which has no engines up or down a river without tugs. Moving stern first and dragging the anchor over the bow. The stern can be maneuvered with the rudder. Letting out more anchor line to stop and taking in line to drag again.

Dutch Courage: A term used for courage obtained by artificial means. It comes from a popular idea of the British sailors that the Dutch seamen in the 17th century were worked up to a courageous condition before battle with intoxicating drink.

Fanny Adams: Name given by naval ratings to tinned meat issued at sea. It came from a child that was murdered and cut into pieces at Alton in Hampshire nearly a century ago.

Harriet Lane: The name given to bully beef by the seamen in the Merchant Marine service. It was said to be the name of a girl who got caught up in the machinery in a tinned beef factory.

Fly-by-Night: A square sail sometimes carried by schooners which can be set very quickly and easily at night. To the layman it has come to mean one who vanishes at night.

Full Away: When the ship has left port and arrived on the open sea, where it is not expected that a change of engine movements altering speed will be necessary, the engine room telegraph on the bridge is swung from side to side several times, giving a long ringing bell in the engine room. This is the signal known as "full away" and is entered as such in the logbooks. It relieves the engine room officers of standing by the controls continuously.

Girls Have Got the Tow Rope: A phrase with the prefix of the name of the port where the ship is headed. Used by sailing seamen when a fair wind freshened and the ship was only a few days from port.

Bound for Guam: When a master of a sailing ship was not sure of the port to which his ship was bound to he would say, "She's bound for Guam." This is one of the Ladrone Islands in the Pacific which the Spanish sea captain Elcano discovered unexpectedly on March 6, 1521 on the first voyage ever made around the world. His ship had almost run out of food and water, having been at sea for 100 days. Since then Guam has been looked upon as a symbol of a port to be desired. "We're bound for Guam" was used in sailing ship days. Masters sometimes cleared their ships to Guam when they did not wish their real destination to be known.

Horse Marine: This name comes from the cavalry regiments serving on board the old sailing ship men of war, the 17th Lancers in particular. The name was given later to an unhandy or awkward seaman.

Idlers: Deck petty officers in the Merchant Navy on day work who did not keep watches at night. The crew, who were envious, gave them that name. They were usually the carpenter and the sailmaker.

Jackknife: A folding blade knife or clasp knife invented by Jacques de Liege in the 16th century. Used by officers on sailing ships, the crew using a sheath knife carried on the belt.

Mariner's Creed: Based on the four "Ls," lead, latitude, lookout, and log. Lead used for sounding depth and log for measuring distance. In part, "The lead warns of dangers invisible, the log warns against false distance, the latitude helps me define my position, and the lookout warns against dangers visible. And as I wish to spare the lives of my fellow creatures at sea and to go in safety all of my days, so will I steadfastly practice that which I believe; and I hereby warn seamen that if they neglect any of these four things, they, or their fellows, will someday surely perish." This creed is said to be written by Sir John Morris in the early 18th century, it being recommended for approaching and sailing up the English Channel. Longitude was not included in navigation at that time.

Oil on Trobled Waters: Oil was used to help smooth high seas and this term came to be used in the sense of smoothing out troubles and difficulties. It is another nautical saying that has come ashore.

On the Wrong Tack: A nautical expression of sailing ship days indicating the a ship would steer nearer her course if she were on the other tack, or she should be on another tack because of an approaching storm. It has been used on shore meaning following the wrong policy, taking the wrong action, or approaching a problem the wrong way.

Posh: In the days of steamer travel from England to India, port out and starboard home were the sides of the ship that your cabin would be coolest. So the smartest and most important travelers went P.O.S.H. The term now means smart or superior people or things.

Rise and Shine: An order given to ratings in the Royal Navy when it was time to get out of their hammocks or bunks and they had to see that their uniforms were spick and span before coming on duty. Shine shoes buckles, etc.

Seven Bells: Struck a half hour before the beginning of the new watch and usually struck with more vigor than the other bells. This has led to the old nautical phrase, "I'll knock the seven bells out of you," which was not always intended to be taken seriously.

Sheoke Net: A rope net spread under a ship's gangway to catch anyone falling down from it. It was named after Sheoke beer, the inference being that the sailors might fall into the net after drinking too much beer.

Show a Leg: A call given to members of the crew who were asleep in their hammocks or bunks prior to going on watch. It's origin is said to have been in the 18th century when wives and other women slept on board and the caller demanded to see the legs to determine whether they were watchkeepers, the women wearing stockings.

Smelling the Ground: This is said of a ship when she is near the bottom, that is her keel is within one or two feet but not touching. It affects her steering and may make her sheer or lurch from side to side.

So: A word that was sometimes used by sailing ship officers to indicate that no more hauling was necessary and the rope could be made fast. It was an expression of satisfaction.

Soldier's Wind: A wind suitable for steering either way without changing yards or sails very much.

Son of a Gun: An expression of contempt originating from the time when women accompanied their men to sea in the sailing war ships of the 18th and 19th century. A male child born on board was entered in the log as a "son of a gun." But it has been used as a complimentary term in the sense that no better start for a seaman than one born on board a ship.

Splice the Main Brace: An order given on board ship that the steward was about ready to issue a tot of rum to all hands. It was a reward for exacting duties, well accomplished, usually in bad and cold weather when it also served as a reviver. The main brace was rarely if ever spliced. It was of such important rope, which passed through blocks, and should splicing appear necessary, the rope was

replaced instead. The giving of a tot of rum to the crew of merchant ships was as rare as splicing the main brace, hence the name.

Stow on their Edges: A nautical slang term meaning saving money, more especially in a miserly way. The inference is of getting as many coins as possible in a limited space.

Swinging the Lead: Heaving the lead to take soundings was hard work in deep wa-

ter and occasionally at night a seaman might just "swing the lead" and not let it fly. Swinging the lead became an expression for pretending to do the work, but not doing it.

Three Sheets In The Wind. An expression meaning that a sailor was drunk. It comes from the sheets of the flying jib, the jib and the forestaysail flapping in the wind as a ship would slow and stagger when tacking.

Practical Boat Building for Amateurs

Dixon-Price Publishing
Kingston, Washington
\$9.99 US

By Adrian Nelson and Dixon Kemp

Reviewed by Ron McIrvine

Sounds like a handy text to have when you are planning and working on building your newest and best little boat. That's what the book is about, designing and building small craft, except the text is written in the 1903 time period by Adrian Nelson. The text I am reviewing has been expanded by designer Dixon Kemp to ensure that the little book would give amateur builders a solid foundation in the craft of boat building. Still, construction methods and materials are from the turn of the last century. Materials are solid wood, fasteners are nails, both copper and iron, and tools used are hand tools. Sealing is done with thick paint, pitch/tallow, and caulking with oakum. The boats are finished with paints and varnish.

But that's OK, there are still things to learn in the text. The author begins with the first chapter on design and takes the reader through preparation of a proper set of scale drawings of a small boat and determining the boat's center of gravity and center of buoyancy.

Tools and materials are discussed, including construction of a steam box. The author reviews the best wood species to use for the boat parts.

The remainder of the book leads the reader through the construction of five different small boats including a punt, clench-built skiff, Rob Roy canoe, a sailboat, and a bateau. In addition to building instructions the authors discuss the background and advantages and disadvantages of each boat to help the reader select the craft most suitable for his needs. There are 70 black-and-white sketches included to help the reader visualize boat building concepts and procedures.

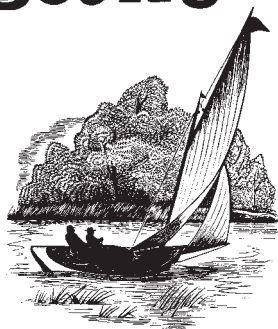
Messing About in Boats Subscription Order Form

Name _____

Mail Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

messing
about in
BOATS



Mail Orders

12 Months — \$32 (Payable by Check)


To: Messing About in Boats
29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984-1943

3 Months Trial Subscription — \$8
Mail Order Only

Internet Orders

12 Months — \$36 (Payable by Credit Card)
To: www.duckworksbbbs.com/media/maib

No Telephone Orders Accepted



Columbia Trading Co.

Nautical Books & Artifacts

Free Mail Order Book Catalog • On-line Shopping
Cape Cod Store Open Year 'Round

We Buy Maritime and Naval Book Collections

1022 Main St. (Route 6A), West Barnstable, MA 02668
508-362-1500 • Fax: 508-362-1550
info@columbiatradings.com

www.columbiatradings.com

Southport 13

Whitehall
Rowing Boat



From \$3,500



Southport Island Marine
207-633-6009
www.southportislandmarine.com

It was summertime 1952 in the Midwest. I was just 13 and had this dream of paddling the big Des Plaines river near my home. One day I came upon a treasure trove of discarded wood to use to achieve my dream. That river represented freedom from land and promised adventure pursuing those huge snapping turtles "the size of sewer covers." I guess that river was a sewer back then, its contaminated water only a home to tough carp and turtles.

A boat was my ticket to trouble. The next few days were spent sawing by hand the 1/4" plywood bottom and joining the 3/4" old used oak flooring now being converted to boat sides. The vertical stem board was 3/4" "whatever wood" as was the barge-tilted bow. Its shape was boxy and barge type. Firing strips along the inside base were secured with straightened recycled nails. Steel corner brackets gave strength at the corners and to waterproof the seams I scrounged strips of old tar carefully ripped out of the cement streets near my home. I carried them home in

A Summer Dream

By Bob McAuley



a metal bucket and heated the tar on a small fire behind our garage. I didn't set the garage on fire this time.

With the new "boat" inverted, I slowly poured and brushed the hot tar on all of the outside seams and sides. I had to make several trips to the street to get enough tar to finish the job. Boy, did it stink! I let it dry overnight and the next day turned it over. I then stood back and admired my very first boat. It was about 7 1/2' long and 3 1/2' wide with 10" sides.

I couldn't wait to show it to my friends. I called Joe over and he was truly impressed and suggested I name it the *Tartanic*. Yes! Yes! I got out some white paint and we carefully lettered *Tartanic* in capital letters on both sides of the bow. I told him he and I would be the first to launch it on the river. The river was just over a mile away and he located a trailer for me, a discarded baby buggy which, when collapsed and a plywood panel put in place above the wheels, served as an excellent trailer. We centered the *Tartanic* above the trailer and pushed and pulled our way to across a busy highway. We entered the back of the cemetery through which the river ran and a half hour later arrived at the bridge.

The riverbanks were overgrown with every kind of weed but under the bridge was just clear dried mud. We carefully slid *Tartanic* down the bank. For christening we solemnly broke an empty orange cemetery-owned flower pot off of its barge-type bow. It broke into many pieces, much to our satisfaction. Next we pushed it into the water empty and checked for leaks. Good, none! Next Joe turned down my offer to be the privileged first to hop in. So.... I grabbed my homemade 1'x6' softwood sawn shaped paddle and gingerly stepped in and crouched on my knees as there were no seats. It was quicker to build and lighter without them. Joe pushed me away from the bank and I paddled out to the middle of the river and victoriously waved my paddle overhead probably shouting, "Yahoo!"

After paddling several minutes doing turns and circles I paddled back to shore and Joe hopped in. He manned the stern paddling on starboard and I the port bow. Double yahoos echoed up and down that formerly quiet cemetery river. Now we were free to roam the river. Yes, we could even paddle against its mild current and make headway, but slowly.

Later, after tiring, we pulled *Tartanic* out and back up the riverbank. We placed it on the trailer and once again pushed and

pulled it back to home port. My brother Larry snapped two pictures of us that I still have in front of me as I write this.

After several trips back and forth the summer ended and, getting completely exhausted one hot afternoon, we decided to take a chance and leave the *Tartanic* under the bridge for the night. That was a mistake. The next time back we found two big holes through the plywood floor. Some jealous kid had dropped two huge rocks off of the bridge, hitting his target. We hauled it home for repairs. I patched it with two plywood scab patches on both sides. Once again I tripped out to the streets for more tar. Once again it floated with no leaks.

With fall upon us Joe and I planned to hunt ducks out of the *Tartanic*. We needed to cover more river and go faster than paddling. So.... We borrowed my dad's fishing 3 1/2 outboard motor and hauled it and our guns down to the river. It was a hard push and pull down to the river with that extra weight. It was a Saturday afternoon in October when we cast off by the bridge. After a couple of pulls on the starter rope the Sea King motor sprang to life and with no neutral gear we quickly barged ahead, pushing a big bow wave. Joe was impressed by how fast this overpowered boat would travel. I noticed the transom vibrated quite a bit but was busy steering this barge at an unusually high speed. Those ducks we were going to shoot kept flying ahead of us, just out of my front gunner's range. I think they eventually left the county at the sight of us bearing down on them.

After going downstream two miles I struck an underwater object that really shocked the motor and transom. Next I felt a spray of cold water on my lower back. I quickly glanced back and down to see water spraying in at the transom base big time! I yelled to Joe, "We're sinking!" as I turned to port and headed for shore. About the time I shut off the motor we hit the bank, the bow wave making the bank a mudslide. Slipping and sliding we dragged ourselves up and onto the muddy bank. The split stem was shipping gallons of water with the heavy motor still attached. We dismounted the motor and put our gear on shore. Unfortunately I had landed us on the wrong side of the river. The other riverbank was too steep for landing, I think. After inspecting the damage to the transom and loose firing strips, I realized the vibrations were too much for my recycled nails and tarred joints.

By now it was near sunset, we faced a tough climb up a steep railroad embankment, walk over the railroad bridge, followed by a drag through thick woods for two miles. We had our gear plus two guns and a 32lb motor to haul. After much deliberation and sadness we loaded our guns, a .22 rifle and a 20-gauge shotgun. We then shoved my beloved *Tartanic* back out into the darkening river water and watched as it slowly floated downstream, listing to port as water gradually reflooded the now empty boat. Both of us shouldered our guns and fired into *Tartanic*'s port side, holing it more to send it down. It disappeared in the dark.

No one else would float in my boat if I couldn't. We trudged home silently, lost in memories of that last summer. Damn, we had some good times together.

As for those huge snapping turtles, "big as sewer covers" that I was going to lasso, that's still on my "to do" list... and I'm only 70 years young!

NEW

USED



KAYAKS

Boréal Design

Wilderness Systems—Old Town
Necky—Ocean—Perception—Liquid Logic

CANOES

Ranger—Old Town—Radisson

Hundreds on Display

FERNALD'S

On the River Parker

Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951

(978) 465-0312

Wing Systems Touring Shell The 1 Boat Fleet



A breakthrough in performance, versatility, safety, and value. Wing's Touring shell converts in minutes from single or double rowing kayak into a single or double touring kayak. Easy enough for a child to handle, fast on smooth water, safe in open water. Cartop it anywhere. Touring Shell with one Plantedosi RoWing - \$2,035, Touring shell as single kayak - \$1,675. Order directly for free shipping. Or call for more information and dealers.

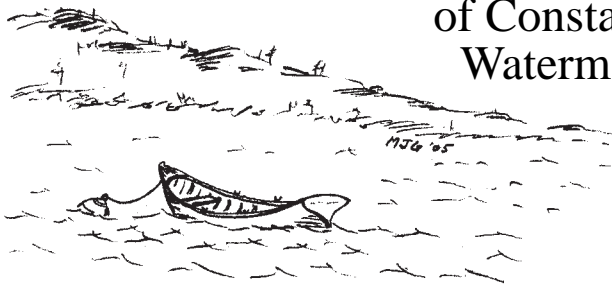
Wing Systems

P.O. Box 568, Dept. 2A3

Oyster Bay, NY 11711

For Orders: (516) 922-2655 Collect

From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman

We've just returned from Napatree, the beach beside Watch Hill. Sailed over Saturday afternoon. New outboard works well, no complaints, but enough wind to round Sandy Point under sail and traverse the mile-long channel. Rounded up into the south wind, pushed the starter button, and behold! The little pistons danced up and down and drove us to the likeliest spot to anchor.

As usual, I set both of my Danforths from the bow, aligning us with the wind. Both Saturday and Sunday night it blew hard. The anchorage at Napatree provides scant shelter, though tucked behind a mile-long spit that separates it from the ocean. Even the south wind passing over this spit does not slow much.

My Whitehall gladly streamed astern, at least until the tide changed. Then she came alongside and begged to snuggle. I secured her fore and aft, provided three fenders, and turned into my bunk to be rocked to sleep. All night I heard the thumping of the fenders against the hull and the slosh of the bucking Whitehall. No matter how often I roused myself and laid aloft to reprimand that dinghy, she flatly ignored me. After my well-deserved hour's sleep, the insistent sun came up. I made a huge mug of espresso and poured it over my head.

All night our new black kitten, Pye Wacket, walked on our ears and scampered the length of the bed to assert her affection. The rocking, pitching, and thumping affected her not at all. She used her box behind the companionway ladder, climbed like a sailor, and hauled on every rope's end.

Saturday night, July 1, the sun broke through the haze for a last hurrah, a crisp-edged vermilion disc against a pink smear. Gradually night enveloped the gleaming water. We had gone below to make up our bunk and... Bang! The fireworks began. At Watch Hill and Stonington the darkened sky came alive with sparkling colors. The pop-guns of each local village carried across the bay.

Twelve miles west, at New London, the Pequots and Mohegans provide the most magnificent show each year, but not until next weekend.

A couple of years ago we anchored inside the mouth of the Thames on a Chris Craft cabin cruiser to watch the event. A mile up-river hundreds of boats milled about to secure advantage. At a mile the concussion and dazzle sufficed. The clamorous finale resounded as a monstrous battle at sea. The heady odor of brimstone rode the breeze. To come any closer would have dismayed our ears. High above, the bursting displays lighted the sky for miles.

This weekend, from Napatree, we could see a more modest display above the Thames put on by the Submarine Base. At 12 miles the most impressive explosions could be covered by one's thumb. From the south, 15 knots swept the noise toward Lexington and Concord, where it all began. The unaccompanied Lilliputian showers of red, green, and gold scarcely held our attention.

The eye of the mind tends to nearsightedness. A remote conflagration has little hope of competition with the flames in your fireplace. If not for sooty skies the following season, Europe would never have noticed Krakatoa, one of the most spectacular disasters of our era.

Sunday dawned bright and sunny. We lazed about and read and played with the kitten. In the afternoon I rowed to Watch Hill and tied up at the dinghy dock. There I had a lengthy discussion on bright work with a disembarking mariner. On the single street, persistent tourists proved the dominant species.

I squeezed into the secondhand bookshop and insinuated the narrow aisles to while a pleasant hour. Those volumes of most interest proved collectible and too dear. I came away empty handed. I wandered among the cafes, looked into boutique windows, and dodged exhausted children intent on their ice cream cones. I visited the antique carousel and wished I could drop 50 years for 15 minutes. The proud little horses had flowing manes to their fetlocks.

As the day expired, I mounted my prancing Whitehall and galloped throughout the fleet.

Flotsam and Jetsam

The Collected Adventures,
Opinions,
and Wisdom
from a Life Spent
Messing About in Boats

ROBB WHITE

With a foreword by Bailey White

A magnificent collection of Robb's White stories about boats and life at the coast. It's huge—and chock-a-block with Robb's wit and wisdom, his inimitable voice. The Reynolds crew, Pleistocene Creek, and 110 other unforgettable stories.

**568 pages,
paperback, \$19.95**

ALSO, DON'T MISS:

- Lapstrake Canoes, \$21.95
- The Working Guide to Traditional Small-Boat Sails, \$21.95
- Cheap Outboards, \$24.95
- Boatbuilding for Beginners, \$24.95
- Small Boats on Green Waters, \$15
- The Journals of Constant Waterman, \$14
- Hell's Half Mile, \$15

AVAILABLE IN BOOKSTORES EVERYWHERE.

TO ORDER DIRECTLY, MAIL A CHECK TO
BREAKAWAY BOOKS; P.O. BOX 24; HALCOTTSTVILLE, NY 12438
FREE SHIPPING IF YOU SAY YOU READ *MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS!*

The Apprenticeshop

Celebrating 35 Years of Traditional
Craftsmanship & Quality Wooden Boats

Contact us
about
2-year
Apprenticeships,
Custom
Internships,
or if you are
interested in
having a
boat built.



ASK ABOUT
SCHOLARSHIP

Atlantic Challenge

CRAFTSMANSHIP • SEAMANSHIP • COMMUNITY
643 Main Street • Rockland, Maine
207-594-1800 • atlanticchallenge.com



I've been attending the Great Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival for the past few years, watching everyone have a great time but only coming for the "big day" on Saturday to spectate and take photos. This year I wanted to experience the festival as a participant instead of an onlooker, so I paid my \$50 entry fee and signed up. But instead of trailering *Whisper* down across Tampa Bay and down to Cortez, I decided to sail there if the weather looked like it was going to cooperate. Bill Fite, who owns *MoonShadow*, another SeaPearl 21, and Bob Wood sailing a O'Day Mariner, decided to go along as well.

With a healthy northeast wind on Friday we launched from Fort DeSoto Park and sailed out Bunces Pass. Well reefed down, we skirted the southern shore of the park to where Egmont Pass allows access to Tampa Bay. The tide was coming in, opposing the wind, and the waves were lumpy as they usually are in the channel. I entered the way-point for the Bulkhead where the Intracoastal Waterway meets the southern end of Tampa Bay, into my GPS and we were off. The wind went a bit east of northeast which made our approach to the Bulkhead a close reach. Spray splashed over the windward coaming on every other wave, but the tonneau cover was buttoned down on the forward cockpit and everything else stayed dry.

Bill and I didn't have to wait for the bridges to open so we sailed on down to Cortez and the Festival site while Bob Wood waited for the bridge to open for his O'Day Mariner and its taller mast. Steve Kingery in his Princess sailing canoe met us out by the sand bar and we decided to go around to the narrow wooden docks. Things were kind of quiet at the docks so we eased into two nice spots reserved for participants and tied up. Bob Wood came along shortly and also got a great spot.

After registering at the Museum office and getting our manila envelopes with schedules and dinner tickets for Saturday night, we settled in to meet and greet folks that we knew and folks that we wanted to meet. It wasn't long after we arrived that Bill Dolan pulled in with his Marshall 18 cat boat *Sea Bird*. He was traveling with Dennis Bradley aboard his Munroe Egret cat ketch.

Out on the finger piers and sandbars were an assortment of small sailboats that looked like works of art. The Cortez melonseeds, a fiberglass Beetlecat, Larry Paige's Swampscott dory, a Joel White Marsh Cat, and many canoes and rowing skiffs. Member Michael Burwell had his Vermont PackBoat to defend his rowing skiff trophy from last year. Bill Whalen had his Peep Hen, *My-Little-Chick-a-Dee*, on the docks opposite our location. Curt Bowman with his Drascombe Coaster and Richard Anderson and David Turner had their SeaPearls out by the sandbar. Tom Lyons showed up with his lug rigged SeaPearl

Great Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival at Cortez

By Ron Hoddinott

and Mark Stewart showed up with *Shark Bait*, his innovative sailing kayak/trimaran. David Turner's 16-year-old son was out sailing his beautiful new wooden pram that he and David had built. It was really moving well with a large red lug rigged sail! Bill Dolan offered me a "Dark and Stormy," which was a combination of Bermuda Ginger Beer and dark rum from the islands. It changed my outlook for the rest of the day!

The evening repast was supplied by members and volunteers from the Museum in the form of a covered dish dinner outside behind the museum. Tables were laid with chicken and yellow rice being the main dish, but large steamed shrimp, pork ribs, all kinds of salads, and two tables of desserts made for a great treat! No one went away hungry or disappointed!

The "Cortez Kitchen," the local evening dining and drinking establishment, got the music going about 8:30 and kept it up until well after 11:00. The singer was actually quite good but very loud. So it was hard to get to sleep, especially since we were tied up at the docks less than 500' from his speakers. But fatigue finally settled the bet and I dosed off for a sound sleep about midnight. The night air was cool as I snuggled under my sportsman's blanket and atop my therm-a-rest mattress.

Saturday, the "Big Day," arrived and we were treated to coffee and donuts on the verandah overlooking the waterway and in front of the banquet hall. There were more boats being launched and set up for display in the parking lots. Vendors and professional as well as amateur boat builders had displays on hand. A panel of judges was walking around with clipboards in hand judging the hand made craft, and what a job that was! The inlaid work on the strip planked kayaks and canoes were superb! And speaking of strip planked boats, Mac MacCarthy, the father of modern strip built canoes, was there to take it all in. Mac was in a wheel chair and had oxygen but he was enjoying every moment.

Esperanza, a restored Cuban refugee boat was the centerpiece of the festival this year. Todd Croteau from the *American Engineering Record*, National Park Service, the guest speaker at the evening banquet, was documenting the lines of the vessel using a laser system and a computer that could turn the lines into a table of offsets and a series of line drawings.

Around noon, Bob Wood and I strolled over to the restaurant/beach bar and had a

pulled pork sandwich and a draft beer. We missed the skipper's meeting which for some reason was held a half hour early. I was disappointed because I thought I might like to race in the Mullet Cup. Bill Fite also missed it but we realized that the instructions were in our envelopes and that there couldn't be that much difference. We decided to take *MoonShadow* because the wind was going light and she has the larger sails. Bill told me to take the helm at the start and he'd do the second leg. It was a windward leeward race course that was entirely on the west side of the intracoastal waterway. That's because of the problem with the Coast Guard last year when the course crossed the waterway!

We milled around before the start, shooting the line and taking note of the shallows. Port tack was well favored and almost everyone was on port tack at the start. We had good position on the fleet and got off well. Roger Allen in his Cortez Melonseed *Miss Kate* was just to leeward of us, and was our closest competitor the entire race. Unfortunately for Bill they shortened the course to one lap due to light winds so he never had a chance to take the helm. But we came in first overall and sailed right back to the docks to secure our space for the night.

The banquet was quite a feast! Fresh cooked fried fish, coleslaw, fries, and strawberry shortcake with real whipped cream for dessert. Todd Croteau, the guest speaker from the National Park Service, presented a PowerPoint presentation with shots of work that was done in the '30s during the Historic American Merchant Marine Survey (HAMMS) program and discussed a new movement to continue this program of documenting regional vessel types across the country.

Awards were presented to owners of boats that were judged, but race results were not in yet so they were not presented. After the banquet several of us gathered out on the end of the pier and listened to sea chanties being sung by museum members. It was pretty far away from the country singer at the bar, too.

Bill Fite and Bill Whalen enjoyed cigars and we wondered if an evening could get any better. A slight cooling sea breeze was blowing in the wind, their halyards making a faint chiming sound in the darkness.

Sunday was our day of departure back across the bay and time for the Post Festival Gunkhole Trip. We wished we were going gunkholing with everyone but Roger Allen assured me that we were going to be passing some of the islands they were going to use in the next few days. Our trip back was a fine downwind sleigh ride through choppy Tampa Bay waters churned up by the wakes of numerous large power boats pounding each others wakes into froth in the hopes of being the first to reach the BulkHead and head south on the waterway.



Beetle Cat.



Cornish Shrimper.



Newfound for paddling.

Larry Paige's Swampscott dory.



Mac McCarthy.



Melonseed.

Results of the Events

Paddle Race

- 1 Stan Terryll (new course record 12:51)
- 2 Kenneth Blyth
- 3 Si Bloom

Rowing Race

- 1 Peter Kreissle (new course record 12:26)
- 2 Michael Burwell (defending winner)
- 3 Michael Jones (former winner)

Way Out Island Regatta

- 1 *Babe*, Capt Mike Burwell
- 2 *Abaco Girl*, Capt Karissa Hendershot

Mullet Cup Regatta

Sea Pearl Class

- 1 *Moonshadow*, Capt Bill Fite and Ron Hoddinott (also first overall)

Melon Seed Class

- 1 Capt Nancy DeCowsky skippered by Roger Allen

16' and Over Class

- 1 *Lizzie G*, Capt Charlie Ball

10' to 15' Class

- 1 *Comfort*, Capt. Doug "Jack Tar" Oeller

9' & Under Class

- 1 *Anna*, Capt Mason Turner

Lee Hickok Award for Traditional Design and Construction

- 1 Alieut Baidarka, Owner/builder Stan Terryll
- 2 Persson Skiff, Builder Dick Sculley and the FISH Boatworks Crew

Captain George Luzier Award for Traditional Design, Contemporary Construction

- 1 *Magic* (Rescue Minor), Owner/builder Daniel Houston
- 2 *Dancing Loon*, Owner/builder Richard Pfaff

Captain Jim Alderman Award for Contemporary Design, Contemporary Construction

- 1 *Beta Boat*, Owner/builder "Kayak" Kathy Pickera
- 2 *Marigold*, Owner/builder John O. Mason

Captain "Chips" Shore Award for Restoration

- 1 *Nadine*, Owner Greg Clarke
- 2 *Golden Ball*, Owner Jaime Canfield

Mac McCarthy Award for Paddling Craft

- 1 #73 Kayak, Owner/builder Timothy Harris
- 2 #53 Soloski Paddle Ski, Owner/builder Kurt Wolhuter

The People's Choice Best in Show

Highland Lass, Owner/builder Don Nemetz

First Launching at the Show

Anna, Owners/builders Mason, Sienna, and David Turner



Rushton Princess.



Boat on dock.

Net mender.





Brian Bishop's Egret.



Dennis Bradley's Egret.



Bill Whalen's Peep Hen.



Bill Dolan's Marshall 18.



Bob Wood sailing his O'Day Mariner.

Esperanza.



Sea Pearl Moonshadow.

Melonseed Miss Kate.





Lizzie G.



Sea Pearl Maya.



Marsh Cat.



Golden Ball.



Catboat Nadine.



Newfound for rowing.

Rescue Minor.

Whisper sailing for home.



There is a sweetwater sea bearing the Ontario moniker, sheltered at its downbound end by an eastward slanting land mass terminating in a long finger and containing the vast Prince Edward Bay. This is a solemn place of history where farmers, of necessity made seamen, once plied these waters in wooden sailing ships, ferrying their hay and produce to distant city markets or running one last load of precious heating coal to Kingston perilously late in the season in the hopes of making a premium to offset losses incurred in the gentler time of year. Now, as ever when summer gives way to fall, the lake is prone to fits of temper, oft flaring into sudden gales pushing mountainous seas onto the ubiquitous lee shore, the bane of hapless mariners caught out at such times.

About midnight the wind came up and *Restless* began to gently rock and yaw on her rode, securely tethered to the weedy bottom in the Black River estuary. The wavelets now invading the anchorage resonated inside the hull where I lay upon a sleeping mat. Plip, plip, plip. I raised my head and peeked through the forward screen window, finding nothing amiss in my immediate surroundings. In the murk could be discerned the vague form of the bluff on the anchorage's opposite shore, deflecting the gusts blowing in from South Bay beyond the river's mouth admitting the din of agitated seas.

Earlier at midday I had set off from the marina at Waupoos on a lone weekend respite, emerging from the breakwater into a narrow strait sheltered by the small sheep farming island of the same name located in the northwest corner of the Bay, a happy soul under the golden luminosity of an August sun perched high in a clear blue sky. My vessel, a Sea Pearl 21 cat ketch, was under full sail and crabbing into a moderate southwesterly breeze with the tiller lashed and my person basking on the side deck, feeling no small measure of pride at the imagined admiration of any onlookers who might have noticed the swiftly moving little boat in full self-steering splendor.

From seaward the low-lying Prince Edward shoreline forms the threshold of a rolling countryside dotted with farm buildings and clusters of cottages, in some places interspersed with deciduous thickets, featuring a major indentation just south of Waupoos known as South Bay, being two miles in breadth and several more deep and opening into the larger expanse of Prince Edward Bay. Perhaps the most remarkable natural feature in South Bay is the mesa-like McMahon Bluff dominating the north shore, at the eastern base of which emerges the Black

A Night on the Bay

By Burton Blais
BurtonBlais@inspection.gc.ca

River's languid flow. The Long Point coast forming the southern boundary of the greater Bay, a mere smudge on the horizon from the Waupoos vantage, displays a dramatically different character at close range, being almost entirely faced by limestone cliffs rising vertically from the water's edge.

My first afternoon on the Bay gave me a speedy passage on a close reach past South Bay to the far shore at the base of Long Point, a distance of about five miles from my departure point, most of it covered with a lashed tiller while I shifted about the boat, enjoying her motion and imbibing the scenery from every possible position in my recently acquired vessel. Arriving at Halfmoon Bay, I made for the cobble beach which is part of the Little Bluff Conservation Area and dropped anchor about 50 yards from shore. This small beach, composed of a gradient of smooth stones, from coin-sized at the water's edge increasing to fist-size above the surf line, forms a pocket bounded on both sides by limestone cliffs and backed by a marsh. On this hot afternoon the place was host to a few swimmers. I stood on the aft cockpit seat peering over the side into a lucid matrix revealing the presence of huge boulders, perhaps 20' below, over which *Restless* was suspended like a tethered zeppelin. I dove into the water's cool embrace, striking out a short distance, then turning to look back at my boat, beholding a fine waterline's perspective of her graceful form. After a delightful hour or so spent alternately diving and climbing back aboard, the sun's intensity began to wane and the shadows on shore grew decidedly longer, the near cliff faces now shadowed, hinting that the time had come to find an anchorage for the evening. There was no protection for my small vessel in these environs so I set all sail and made a course for the mouth of the Black River where I hoped to find a secluded spot along the bank.

With bows peeling rolls of water *Restless* fairly flew on a beam reach (for sailing in such a place is indeed an act of flight, the vessel propelled by lift over tangible depths reminiscent of the blue heights) across South Bay's gape, the sun evincing a silvery hue from the pocked surface of the wind-ruffled waters and I continuing in a blissful state. Just outside the river's entrance I furled both sails and gently rowed her in, gliding over shallows revealing

alternating weedy patches and sandy bottom, at length gaining a site behind a small hook of land projecting from the shore opposite the bluff providing ample protection from any weather the bay might convey. The near shore bore a couple of dwellings, but with no one in evidence all was still. Here I dropped anchor and paid out scope aplenty, then settled into an evening's routine of setting up the camper top, breaking out the galley box, and preparing a meal of heated canned clam chowder.

The wind soon died out altogether, leaving an evening calm intensifying every shore sound, the chirping of birds and the distant hum of a lawnmower. Slumped low in the aft cockpit lapping up my supper, I watched in silent amusement as a canoe slipped by carrying a young man and woman. Landing at a rocky point on the opposite shore and apparently failing to take notice of my relaxed figure onboard *Restless*, they stripped and enjoyed a carefree skinny dip in the sunset's orange glory. Shortly thereafter my fellows, ever innocent of my company, departed and I went "below" (as it were) to read awhile in my sleeping bag but was easily defeated by the slumber which comes so quickly in the water's gently swaying cradle.

Later, when I awoke to the wind's commotion, I found it difficult to reinstate sleep and so lay there thinking about this place and its changeable character. So serene of a summer's afternoon yet in the next breath capable of adopting a tumultuous attitude, pushing great seas and rattling the hardest of mariners, especially way out there, beyond Long Point, outside the Bay's protective bosom in a rising sou'wester. I reflected on the lake's moods I had known in earlier voyages on other boats, one time returning from Main Duck Island in 12' seas stirred up by 25kt winds. My thoughts drifted through the stories I had read of a much earlier generation of obligate mariners who plied these waters in wooden ships to make a hard living. I thought particularly of one young man's travails upon these waters...

On Hallowe'en night in 1878 a dozen or so schooners loaded with coal and grain took refuge from a gale of wind playing out on the lake, lying at anchor in Long Point's protective lee. Among them was the *Julia* with young Moses Dulmage from South Bay aboard. Seeking the company of friends on the nearby *Olivia* while waiting out the weather on this cold night, Moses asked his captain permission to use the yawl-boat, the elder consenting but warning, "be back early, for I am going to get out of here before daylight." It was a swift downwind drift to the *Olivia*. After spending two hours visiting, at about 11:00, the *Olivia*'s captain informed the young man he had best be

Black Creek anchorage.



Long Point Harbor.



going as the wind was intensifying. With no notion of danger, Moses cheerily took to the boat and got on his oars, valiantly trying to get her to windward toward his warm berth. But the wind was too strong, the seas too big, and he could make no progress. Overwhelmed, he began an inexorable downwind drift, trying to steer with an oar, still entertaining the hope that he would yet fetch one of the outermost ships. He shouted into the raging darkness toward his would-be saviours but none was able to launch a boat in this maelstrom. Men lined the rails, calling out and desperately tossing lines. He came tantalizingly close to rescue at several junctures, but somehow all chance evaded him, then finally, rapidly drifting past the very last ship whose outline could be dimly seen, he cried out frantically, "Help! Help! Ariadne, help me!" But no help could they give and into the storm-tossed gloom to leeward the young man disappeared, blown out onto the lake, all alone among those terrible seas.

Two days later, almost 50 miles across the lake, at a secluded spot on the New York shore near the Stony Point lighthouse, a small boat was found upright banging among some rocks and ice pans, a frozen figure slumped forward and lashed to the thwart. Moses had somehow managed to bring his small craft safely through that awful night, facing untold terrors of mountainous seas and biting cold, likely plying an oar to steer toward the lighthouse at whose base he finally expired from exposure, too weak even to undo the lashings with which he had secured himself to prepare for the fight as he drifted helplessly out onto that monstrous lake. The body was returned to his kindred several days later by a visiting mariner from the Prince Edward shore. Such are the people and their struggles who enoble these waters.

On the second day of my own journey, morning broke blustery under a sunny sky and I could see great white-capped seas out on the bay. My erstwhile peaceful anchorage was becoming uncomfortable, *Restless* swaying in lively fashion to the invading refracted waves, and breakfast was consumed in haste to give way to the departure preparations. The weather station on the VHF radio announced a small craft wind warning for eastern Lake Ontario with an outlook of possible thunderstorms for the following day, prompting me to secure all gear and leaving the camper top in place to keep the centre hold as dry as possible. I considered whether to beat a retreat back to the marina but deferred the decision until I was actually out in the thick of things to see how matters really lay before making up my mind.

Since the wind would be on the nose exiting the Black River, and *Restless* carries a small motor on a rudder-mounted bracket, I decided to dispose of the niceties of rowing and motored out of the anchorage. *Restless* made hard work of powering into the onslaught of lumpy seas, hobby-horsing and flinging spray aft, washing away the morning's grogginess lingering in my head. Gaining sufficient searoom to set sail, I unrolled a few turns of the mizzen and sheeted it tight to weathercock the boat, then crawled along the pitching side deck to the foremast, unfurling about a third of the main. At length the sails caught hold of the wind and the motor was extinguished. My mood was initially subdued, but with sails set *Restless'* motion steadied and she soon found her rhythm among the swells, rising competently over each peak and sliding easily down their backs.

My original plan for this day had been to cross Prince Edward Bay on a diagonal course, reaching the natural harbour located at the very tip of Long Point where I would spend the night. The prospect of venturing onto the Bay now seemed very daunting, with the Long Point shore so distant on that jagged horizon. I decided instead to head toward the marina and there perhaps beat back and forth in the small strait sheltered by Waupoos Island while getting the feel for conditions, or rather, my handling of them. And so I sped off with wind and waves on my beam, rolling and twisting through the staggered lumps, *Restless* occasionally tipping to the gusts, at length rounding a point of land and gaining the sought after shelter of the strait.

After about an hour of reaching to and fro, a growing sense of confidence augmented by a quickening spirit of adventure emboldened me to make an attempt on the Bay. The wind seemed at times to flare more powerfully, the seas giving immediate response, but both boat and skipper stood up to it well and gradually the separation from Waupoos Island astern increased. Steadily we beat across South Bay's maw, alone on a foam-streaked expanse over which the far shore seemed much more distant than the previous day. Our upwind progress was decidedly less than efficient with the full brunt of the waves beating against the bows (producing the nautical equivalent of mountain biking on a spongy surface where forward motion cannot have its way) but at length we reached the southwest corner of the Bay at Long Point's base.

We continued to be buffeted by violent gusts (though without the complication of thumping into steep crests because of the proximity of a weather shore) these being met with a quick hand on the mainsheet. Turning up the coast of the point *Restless* now sped on a close reach along a semipristine landscape of wooded bluffs showing only occasional signs of settled humanity. By degrees the wind began subsiding to a more manageable tendency as the afternoon wore on, transforming this venture into a relaxed sailing experience. The eastern extremity of the point is a designated bird sanctuary and as such remains undeveloped, the character of the place being left to its own wild inclination. This shore presenting layered limestone outcrops was all the more enticing by virtue of its remoteness.

In the distance could be seen the Red Onion, the name given to the squat white-washed red-topped lighthouse guarding the narrow entrance into Long Point Harbour. Nigh upon one mile off the point's tip, opposite the narrow harbour entrance lay a pair of islands, the heavily wooded Timber and ominously bare False Ducks, with its skeletal light tower warning ships away from nearby shoals. In schooner days many ships foundered here in the autumn gales, often drawn through the area on a heading for Kingston in the mistaken belief that these islands were the Ducks, actually located ten miles further east. The False Ducks tower serves as an unintentional monument to this marine graveyard.

Leaving the two islands astern I made for the barely discernible gap between two gravel mounds on the mainland shore, evidence of past attempts to keep the harbour entrance clear. Coming in under oars I noted the nearness of the bottom, which constantly silts from the churning action of the waves, thankful for *Restless'* shoal draft which opens so many possibilities for exploration. Once serving as

the base for a lifesaving station as well as an active fishing community, indeed, currently the home of the only remnant of commercial fishery on the lake, this harbour has fallen into a forlorn state with a raggle-taggle assortment of shacks on one shore of the pond-like enclosure and a derelict government wharf jutting out from the opposite bank.

Making fast to a dormant steel trawler occupying most of the wharf, I climbed onto the rusting deck and stepped ashore. I walked along the dirt road leading to the far side of the harbour, examining the shacks (which appeared to be inhabited) and their attendant fishing paraphernalia such as the large wooden racks used to wind the nets. Reaching the small abandoned lighthouse at the end of the road, I was saddened to behold decaying soffits and clapboards with peeling paint, harbingers of this historic structure's rapidly approaching demise. Returning to the other side of the harbour I took further exercise on the pebbly strand at the base of the low bluffs along which I had sailed to reach this locale. The outlook on azure waters offered by this perspective provided an uplifting contrast to the more solemn cast of history. With the looming forecast of deteriorating weather, I decided against spending the night here, opting instead to make my way back across Prince Edward Bay to Waupoos while conditions remained fine. Departing the harbour under full sail, I undertook the long crossing on a broad reach in a dying breeze, basking in the mellow glow of the setting sun as I regained the Waupoos Island strait.

Alongside a meandering county road lies the rustic South Bay cemetery with its perimeter of trees shading huddles of white marble monuments, some fallen and others tilted at odd angles to the undulating ground. I searched the timeworn inscriptions bearing testimony to those farmer-sailors who passed before, seeking the final resting place of one who had known a terrible night alone on these waters. Finding it at last, I contemplated the lichen-flecked inscription (here reproduced as it appears on the grave marker):

MOSES
SON OF
PHILIP & ELIZA
DULMAGE
DIED
NOV 1, 1878
AGED 21 YRS 7 MS

We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chastening rod;
One must be first O may we all
Prepare to meet our God."

I held out a hand, touching the marker (or rather, it touched me) and sighed a melancholy wish that when my hour comes I should be found like young Moses Dulmage, holding fast my oars 'til the last exhalation.

Let not the reader think this conclusion unduly morose, for it is a truth we all must bear, that the time approaches when we shall breathe our last, when the only power remaining will be our demeanor in facing this departure which doubtless will be influenced by our experiences while yet we drew a hearty breath. Let us therefore venture upon great waters in our small craft, meeting the beauty and adversity we shall find there with equal passion to inform wisdom and from their lessons find the elements with which to compose our ultimate characters.



Got out for a paddle on April 30 and went out to Cockenoe Island in our Norwalk (Connecticut) Islands where I ate my bologna sandwich, and headed around the east end and caught a little bit of the SE wind and flood tide for an assist to track west down on the outside to Sheffield Island, where I stopped to eat my apple and finish my coffee. I had pulled into a small beach next to the cupola of what remained from an old pier that extended out from shore facing Wilson Point.

The island is now the property of the US government and is a wildlife preserve (Stew McKinney Wildlife Preserve) and there are signs along the beach informing you not to go beyond the high water mark. Back in the '30s a resort went in on the island that included a golf course, tennis courts, horse stables, and reportedly even a small airfield. A number of structures were built, but given the times I'm surprised that it lasted until 1937 when it was shut down and abandoned. As a kid I remember going out there when the main house was still standing, although its slate roof was mostly gone but the slate was great for skipping across the water.

Today the houses are all long gone and the once pristine grounds are now, and have been for years, overgrown with underbrush

Nature on the Norwalk Islands

By Hugh McManus

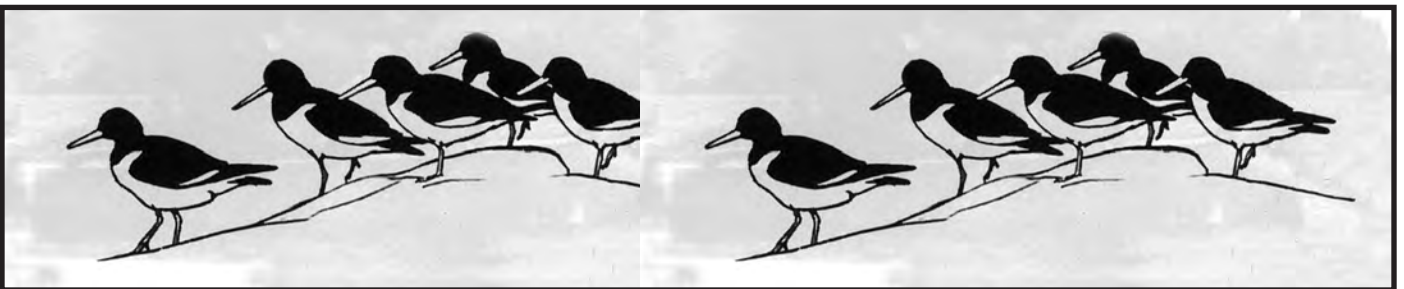
and trees. There are plenty of deer that inhabit the area as you can see the game trails and from time to time see them foraging along the tide line. I walked along the old seawall which is in disrepair and would take a regiment of Italian masons many months to repair.

I think I might have pushed the envelope on the high tide mark when I climbed up over the wall and looked down inside the property, and in doing so I saw in a little corner at the base of another inside seawall a little flash of yellow. Upon closer inspection I discovered a clump of daffodils that apparently have been waiting a long time for someone to find them. The area between the walls looks like it once had been part of a walkway that led from the dock to the main house. There must have been other flowers planted there, too, but these were the only ones to survive the 70-plus years. Interesting to think that these guys have been blooming faithfully every year for the last three-quarters of a century.

I think the flowers were actually a highlight of the paddle, which I continued on to nearby Wood Island which is owned by a neighbor and found that their ospreys have returned for yet another year on the island dock pilings. Their nest didn't survive the winter winds, and three weeks ago when I last paddled by there were no signs of their return. The female was in the nest with the male (I'm making an assumption here) perched in a tall pine tree overlooking the dock. The nest looks as good as ever but no toothbrush sticking out the side as was the case the year before last and the female seems to be sitting on eggs. So yet another constant, I guess.

While the Sound looked pretty calm when I left the house around 10am, I had, as usual, checked online the UConn weather buoys out in the Sound and found to my surprise that the winds were blowing about 12 knots out of the SE. Once I had cleared the harbor I encountered the 1'-2' chop which, as I mentioned, actually helped on the westward leg but required you to keep on your toes, hard thing to do in a kayak, and after 16 miles I was a little tired and even with the dry suit on, the wind was a little chilly. Louise saw me returning and together we hauled the boat and gear up to the house. A good day on the water!





I would never have built my Paradox had I not stumbled upon Matt Layden's innovative design through the website of Al Law, in which he features *Little Jim*. She was the first Paradox to be built in the UK. There followed the saga of building my Paradox. I named her *Faith*, knowing full well that she would need faith in me and I would need faith in her.

During the construction of my boat I corresponded with Al and we became friends. We planned to sail in company to the Scilly Isles in 2007, but the persistent south-westerly wind put paid to our shared dream; nevertheless, we had a glorious cruise from Falmouth to Exmouth. At the end of our adventure we agreed we would try again in 2008. As I was looking for a BIG challenge, I decided I would attempt to cruise from Burnham-on-Crouch to the Scilly Isles. Al would join me at Plymouth. In total, *Faith's* cruise lasted from 2 April to 4 June of 2008. An estimate of the distance sailed could be in the region of 500 nautical miles, not including miles sailed at Plymouth and the Scilly Isles.

Monday 12 May: My priority was to meet Al at the time of launching his Paradox. At mid-morning I took up the anchor and motored to the Mount Batten Public Slipway to await his arrival. The launching was smartly done and by 1315h we were anchored together at the backwater behind the marina. We had lunch and around 1500h we set about beaching our boats so that we could take Al's car to John Perry's place where *Little Jim's* trailer was to be stored.

Wednesday 14 May: It was still a little too windy for sailing but Al and I decided to go anyway as it would be a downwind trip. At the western end of the Breakwater the seas were breaking, giving us a bumpy ride. By 0915h we were rounding Rame Head as a large yacht overhauled us. We had to be vigilant to avoid gybing. During the first part of the passage to Loe Island our average speed was a phenomenal 5.6kts with the tide helping us!

While running close to the Udder Rock Buoy the seas became a bit tricky because of the shallows. At 1300h we rounded Punch Cross Rocks to enter Fowey Harbour. There the wind failed in the lee by the high land of Polruan. I started the engine and towed *Little Jim* towards the Town Jetty, but when we were only a cable from it the engine failed. By using our yulohs we reached a nearby buoy and rafted together to enjoy tea

With Great Britain's Dinghy Cruisers

Faith's Cruise

By Bill Serjeant
Reprinted from the *DCA Bulletin*
Dinghy Cruising Association (UK)
Newsletter

and biscuits. Later the engine started without a problem and we tied up at the Town Jetty to stretch our legs.

Afterwards we motored up the river to find a quiet anchorage at Wiseman's Reach. That evening there was a heavy downpour accompanied by thunder and lightning.

Thursday 15 May: When I woke it was still raining and the bucket I had left on the stern deck was one-third full of water! Because the wind was still from the east the opportunity of sailing to Falmouth could not be wasted; therefore, although it was raining, Al and I elected to go. I started the engine at 0800h and took *Little Jim* in tow. By 0950h we were off Gribbin Head, which has a Day Mark that looks like a gigantic white and red barber's pole. There we made sail with the wind and tide pushing us towards Dodman Point, a very formidable headland. We maintained a course to keep our little boats a mile-and-a-half south of the headland to avoid the race, but the waves built up as the wind increased, causing us to reduce sail.

We set a new course for a point south of St Anthony Head, eight-and-a-half miles away. Steering directly downwind required concentration because the seas were doing their best to fling our boats about. We both closed our hatches to be secure and dry below and we used our VHF's on Channel 8 to keep in touch.

We made a very fast passage, arriving at St Anthony Head at 1240h where we gybed to starboard to reach into Falmouth Roads. From there we proceeded towards the picturesque village of St Mawes. Using the engine we rounded Amsterdam Point at the entrance of the Percuil River and anchored in the delightful St Antony Cove, which is surrounded by woodland.

Friday 16 May: With the prospect of a 35-mile passage around the Lizard to Newlyn, we took up our anchors at St Anthony and motored towards the sea. We continued using the engine and, unknown to us, we were to do so until arriving at the fishing port of Newlyn.

At 0835h we duly arrived at the Manacles buoy which lies to the east of an off-lying reef nine miles south of Falmouth. We had passed the idyllic village of Porthallow nestling in a natural cleft within the high coastline. Because it was calm we took the inshore passage around the Lizard which gave us a superb view of the off-lying rocks. Towards the end of the passage drizzle had us down below with the hatches closed.

As we approached Newlyn several fishing vessels overhauled us and showed us the way into the harbour. At about 1630h we tied up to a pontoon reserved for small boats and shortly afterwards we were greeted by the Harbour Master who wanted us to move further into the harbour. He said he had to leave room for fishing vessels but after we had chatted with him he changed his mind, provided we rafted together.

Saturday 17 May: Having heard a good forecast for our passage to the Scillies we set off at 0610h. Outside the harbour we picked up a fresh northerly wind that had us racing along to Tater-du Light and the Runnel Stone. To my eye, that part of the coast was all rather grand with high granite cliffs which, when seen from the sea, look magnificent. We passed many fishing and crab boats about their daily business.

The Runnel Stone, south of Land's End, marked the beginning of the crossing to the Island of St Marys, 27 miles to the west. Beam-reaching all the way, we had a very fast trip. The *Scillonian* overhauled us to the north and, being a little concerned about two tiny dinghies that were making slow progress, she reported our position to Falmouth Coastguard who asked us to inform them of our safe arrival.

Our course through St Mary's Sound was against the tide which reduced our speed from five knots to two. Al accepted a tow for the final mile from Peninnis Head to sandy Porthcressa Bay. There, in clear water, we selected an area free of weeds for setting our anchors. Totally protected from the northerly wind, we rafted together and discussed the passage. The time was 1420h. Only a few cumulus clouds hovered above the Islands. We had arrived! Elat-

Bill in *Faith*.



Beachy Head.





Little Jim at Porthloo.



Both boats at Porthloo.

ed, we let our boats dry out on the beach for a ramble ashore that evening.

Sunday 18 May: Having eaten breakfast we set off at 0830h under full sail for the Island of Tresco. The drizzle wasn't too off-putting and the Force 4 wind was more than ample to speed us along at a good rate of knots. From the southwest side of The Garrison, which is a walled fortification containing forts built in 1901, we shaped a course north towards Tresco. As we approached the uninhabited island of Samson we could make out beacons marking the passage to Crow Point at the southern end of Tresco. Creeping over the shallows on a falling tide was just possible, while both boats scraped their rudders on the golden sand below.

A sheltered area of water between the islands of Brhyer and Tresco is reserved for visiting yachts, but apart from our boats there was just one yacht at a mooring. She was flying a red ensign which indicated that her owner was on board. By the time we landed on a gently shelving beach at New Grimsby the sun was shining brightly. We left the boats there while we walked around the southern end of the Island. The Abbey gardens were having a fair number of visitors.

After lunch we anchored our boats in such a way that we could retrieve them from the beach by pulling ropes we had attached to crowns of their anchors, thus the boats would remain afloat while wind-rode. In fact, most of the islands and outcrops can be seen from there. The colours of the sea were like those of a tropical paradise, the water being so transparent that rocks, sand, and weeds were clearly defined.

Having enjoyed the walk, I had a snooze before making a stir-fry. Later we re-anchored our boats so that they would remain afloat to give us options the following morning.

Monday 19 May: Around 0930h we arrived at the sandy beach by Anneka's Quay, on the island of Brhyer, after a ten-minute sail. I ran *Faith* straight onto the sand and set the anchor to secure her in readiness for when she would float again in approximately four hours.

Al and I set off for a walk around the Island in a clockwise direction. Moving south to begin with, we took the path parallel to the shore below Samsom Hill where there were ancient tombs and chambered cairns. Continuing, we passed rocky, weather-worn outcrops, like those on Dartmoor, before finding a way to the Island Hotel in time for morning coffee.

When we returned we found the boats awash on a lee shore, which didn't really present a problem as it was easy to push them off and set a small amount of sail for working to

windward while dropping the rudder. Out on the water things were a little more challenging because the wind freshened and there wasn't a lot of room for manoeuvring. The sandbanks and moored vessels made things difficult, but after a short tussle with the wind and tide we re-anchored in the shallows of New Grimsby at Tresco. There we had a relaxing afternoon after our morning exertions.

For a quiet night we shifted our boats to a more protected anchorage further along the beach. Al chose to let his dry out whereas I preferred mine to remain afloat.

Tuesday 20 May: At first we had a beat to windward in a fresh wind with the current helping us, but by the time we were to the west of St Mary's the current was ebbing, which made for slow progress. Our intention had been to visit the islands of Gugh and St Agnes, which are joined together by an isthmus of sand at low water, but after consulting one another we thought it more prudent to sail to Hugh Town, the main harbour of St Mary's.

Tacking between the boats and buoys in the harbour was quite demanding because there was little room for error, but the water was smooth, which helped. Our boats beached simultaneously as two people were at the water's edge to assist us. They had seen us coming and were waiting to satisfy their curiosity. We went to the Harbour Master's office but the man in question was not there; however, we discovered that a person nearby was his assistant. He informed us that staying in the harbour would cost £18.00 a day per boat, plus the fact that we would not be allowed to beach them. Getting ashore with a boatman would incur further expense, we therefore moved to Porthloo beach where we set them high and dry above the boulders on a sandy foreshore.

When the evening meal was finished we had a walk along a narrow road to the Telegraph Tower which was not far from the old Coastguard building.

Friday 23 May: We were greeted with another sunny day. As usual, the wind was from the east, ideal for getting to the Islands but no good for returning to Newlyn. The forecast was for more of the same except there would be rain and showers and an increase in the strength of the wind. Therefore, we made the best of our time by sailing to Samson, an uninhabited island to the southwest of Tresco.

Firstly, we went ashore for fresh water and to dispose of our rubbish. We didn't have a problem navigating between Great Crabs Ledge and Plump Rocks before passing tiny Puffin Island, which provides shelter at the anchorage near the northern end of Samson. Bar Point, a steeply-banked sandy beach, was

an ideal spot for landing and by laying anchors on the beach and further out, our boats were kept from grounding on the foreshore.

Samson is only three-quarters of a mile long from north to south and no more than four-tenths of a mile wide at the southern end where a hill rises to 40 metres above sea level. We followed the upward winding path and noted areas that had been fenced off for the protection of nesting birds. From high up on the brow of the hill we delighted in extensive views of the islands, the best to date.

Returning to New Grimsby was more problematical than getting to Samson because it was only an hour before low water. Al chose to sail to the east of Puffin Island where there were many exposed rocks. He shortened sail and at one point was forced to wade for a short distance while pulling his boat. I elected to motor north to Yellow Rock where there was deeper water. There he joined me and we took the shallow passage between Bryher and Tresco. In places trailing weeds brushed the bottoms of the boats. Finally we arrived at the beach near the new slipway which is part of the housing development at New Grimsby.

Saturday 24 May: We didn't think there would be a great deal we could do except to shelter from the northeasterly wind. To that end we drew our boats onto the beach at New Grimsby Harbour. For most of the morning we tramped footpaths at the northern end of Tresco. While standing on the quay at Old Grimsby we could feel the strength of the wind and observe the wave-tossed water between us and the islands of St Helen's, Tean, and St Martin's.

Sunday 25 May: Al and I had been in the Scilly Islands for a week and it was time to return, but some may have concluded that without the co-operation of Aeolus we were trapped. I knew better, that the so-called Wind God was only a figure of Greek mythology. According to the established rules of meteorology, the West Wind would triumph.

To date we had explored four islands: St Mary's, Tresco, Brhyer, and Samson. Each had its own characteristics. St Mary's by far had the most to offer. From there visitors take trips to the other islands for exploring beaches, bird watching, walking, or to see the Abbey Gardens at Tresco. We had not yet been to St Martin's. According to the guidebook this island was softer than the others by having long white beaches and a less challenging terrain, although at the eastern end the daymark is at the top of a high promontory. Getting to it would entail some effort. The way the weather was going it was unlikely we would have an opportunity for visiting St



Alistair Law and *Faith* at Exmouth.



Samson.

Martin's. The afternoon forecast by the Meteorological Office warned of a severe gale F9 from the northeast during the night.

Monday 26 May: High water was due at 0910h and *Faith* was anchored fore and aft at New Grimsby Harbour. Rain was lashing down and Scilly Radio broadcast a severe weather warning for later in the afternoon when winds of 48 knots were expected. As a result, the *Scillonian* would be sailing early for Penzance. It was Bank Holiday Monday and to celebrate the event the local gig boats were due to race, followed by festivities at the New Inn, the only pub on the Island. My guess was that the racing would be cancelled. There was a gloomy report that the weather would not improve until Thursday, even so, it would only be a temporary interlude.

Both Al and I wanted to return to the mainland, probably to Newlyn as the first port of call, but we could not do it without the right wind. Anything would do, providing it was not too strong and not from the east. With a high pressure system to the north and lows sweeping across the South Coast, it seemed nothing could change. Furthermore, high pressure over the North Sea was blocking new systems from the west. This pattern was unusual for May.

Tuesday 27 May: By late morning the sun was shining and there was a gentle easterly wind. Al and I were pleased we could get out and about. Our intention for the rest of the day was simply to relax and that's what we did while our boats remained high and dry at New Grimsby Harbour.

Wednesday 28 May: In the morning we sailed to Porthcressa where we anchored. As there was a gentle wind from the north and plenty of sunshine, the sandy beach was well-populated with sunbathers while several youngsters swam around our boats.

Thursday 29 May: With a F3 southeasterly wind blowing directly into Porthcressa Cove, the motion of our boats became uncomfortable. Because of our discomfort and vulnerability on a lee shore, we set sail for Porth Conger, which is a little cove between the islet of Gugh and St Agnes. We anchored at Porth Conger on a rising tide and soon after our arrival yachts that were in The Cove, on the north side, moved to our more sheltered anchorage. Passengers from several tripper boats landed at the quay below the Turk's Head pub.

St Agnes is an island stretching a mile from north to south and a little less from east

to west. My guidebook tells of nine shipwrecks on or near St Agnes, not a nice place to be in fog or heavy weather. Features of note are the Old Lighthouse, the Old Man of Gugh (a Prehistoric standing stone), Obadiah's Barrow, and the Troy Town Maze. There's also Beady Pool where beads from an old wreck are frequently washed up on the beach. The Old Man of Gugh is thought to be a standing stone associated with rituals in the Bronze Age and Obadiah's Barrow is an ancient burial place. The Old Lighthouse is no longer used, being superseded by the Bishop Rock Lighthouse to the southwest. Troy Town Maze is a labyrinth of small stones arranged by a lighthouse keeper in 1729. Superstition has it that those who walk through the maze feel a renewed sense of well-being.

Late in the afternoon we walked from east to west across St Agnes, returning by the same route. Getting ashore to begin our walk was an interesting exercise. Al used his ingenuity to solve the problem so that our boats would remain afloat. He took *Little Jim* close to a rocky lee shore where the swell was less than where we had anchored. There he dropped his main anchor before sculling to the base of the rocks where he lodged a grapnel in a crevice above the water line. When that was accomplished I anchored *Faith* nearby, then sculled to Al's boat before getting aboard her. Next, I let my boat drift back on her anchor and waded ashore, after pushing Al's boat to leeward, where she lay to her grapnel.

That evening the wind persisted from the southeast but the forecast issued by the Coastguard indicated it would back to the northwest, which was encouraging news, because it gave us a glimmer of hope that we may be able to sail for Newlyn on Friday.

Friday 30 May: We spent a relatively peaceful night at Port Conger, then at 0540h we set off in a dead calm bound for Newlyn. The engine put-putted us along and, a few miles out, Al saw a whale and a number of dolphins. The day was dull and grey with the occasional fog bank. What wind there was came from the dead ahead. Therefore it was a matter of plodding along under power. Very little of note occurred except a large container ship passed ahead of us in the shipping separation zone. By 1130h we had reached the halfway point between St Agnes and Land's End.

For our entertainment, a flight of gannets put on a spectacular display of diving for fish. Their unified descent from the sky was like a fusillade of rockets plummeting

into the ocean. After power-diving the birds pierced the water, leaving little trace of their entry. In seconds they surfaced with their catch and took to the air for more forays.

The whole crossing was accomplished by using the engine, with the advantage that in the final stage, while passing along the coast towards Newlyn, we had time to admire the beauty of the scenery. Lamorna Cove looked particularly attractive with trees nestling between outcrops of grey rock and rows of whitewashed cottages.

On our arrival at Newlyn we observed there were several yachts berthed at the jetty we had previously occupied. Choosing one, we sought permission to berth alongside.

Saturday 31 May: We had a superb sail with a beam reaching wind for the first few miles towards Lizard Point, but at 1050h the wind became a zephyr which meant we had to use the engine for rounding the notorious rocky promontory. This time the Serpent Lizard was sleeping and she didn't notice our passing. Sherpa continued purring like a contented cat all the way to the Helford River. Two miles beyond the Manacles Buoy we were pursued and intercepted by the skipper of *Gypsy*, a Hurley 22. He had seen our boats on the Scilly webcam and was desperate to take photos of them.

A short distance into the Helford River, on the southern side, we found a delightful tiny inlet where we anchored for the night.

Sunday 1 June: This was yet another almost windless day. Anchors were stowed away by 0610 and we headed out of the Helford River towards the rising sun. In Falmouth Bay there were two huge bulk carriers at anchor, awaiting orders. Our first objective was to keep clear of them while heading for Dodman Point, which was just over 13 miles away. At first our progress was slow because we had to combat the ebb tide that was running towards the Lizard, but by the time St Anthony Light came abeam the current had slackened so that our speed over the ground increased. By mid-afternoon a sea breeze developed which enabled us to sail for a while until it petered out. As we were enjoying the calm we were overhauled by the *Nancy Blackett*, a classic wooden yacht once owned by Arthur Ransome. One of her crew was a lady named Sarah, a member of the Dinghy Cruising Association. Recognizing *Little Jim*, she engaged Al in conversation.

By 1535h both Paradoxes were moored safely at Polruan, which is across the river from Fowey.

Monday 2 June: Polruan was shrouded in early morning mist but that did not deter our start at 0620h. With the engine running, we rounded Punch Cross Rocks at the entrance of the Fowey River and hugged the coast towards Udder Rock. Our course took us between the latter and Shag Rock. Somehow the high granite cliffs to port seemed to be protective, quite the contrary of what I would have expected. Normally I prefer having a good offing to allow for contingencies but the wind was light, and through my sunglasses the sea resembled a purple mirror reflecting the sun which looked like a golden orb. Now and again there were glimpses of fishing boats emerging from the wispy mist.

By the time we were abeam of picturesque Polperro, visibility had vastly improved. I laid a course almost due east for Rame Head, some 12 miles away. As Loe Island came abeam we were overtaken by a small, black tug that made a huge wash. Shortly before midday a plastic bag became entangled on the propeller but it was a simple matter to clear it, which wouldn't have been the case with a fixed prop. Because we were passing through a submarine exercise area I kept a very vigilant lookout for periscopes! About three miles from Rame Head we could hear the sound of small arms at the Tregantle Range but there was little need for concern.

At 1245h Rame Head, with its chapel-like building at the summit, lay abeam. There was a certain chill to the air which gave a hint that rain would follow. Sure enough, as we rounded the eastern end of Plymouth Breakwater down it came. To port a sleek and rather sinister-looking submarine, accompanied by tugs and a police launch, made her way to sea, no doubt for training in the designated area within Whitsand Bay where I had been watchful for periscopes.

Much earlier than we anticipated, we arrived at our sheltered anchorage behind Plymouth Yacht Haven. The time was 1425h. I was not sorry to be there because it had been a case of motoring all the way, approximately 23 miles in just over eight hours, not bad considering my faithful Honda 2.3 had maintained an average speed of approximately three knots.

Tuesday 3 June: Early in the morning I moored *Faith* to a pontoon at Plymouth Yacht Haven before assisting Al with *Little Jim* to get her on her trailer. That having been accomplished, he took me to his place and from there I returned home by train to collect *Faith's* trailer.

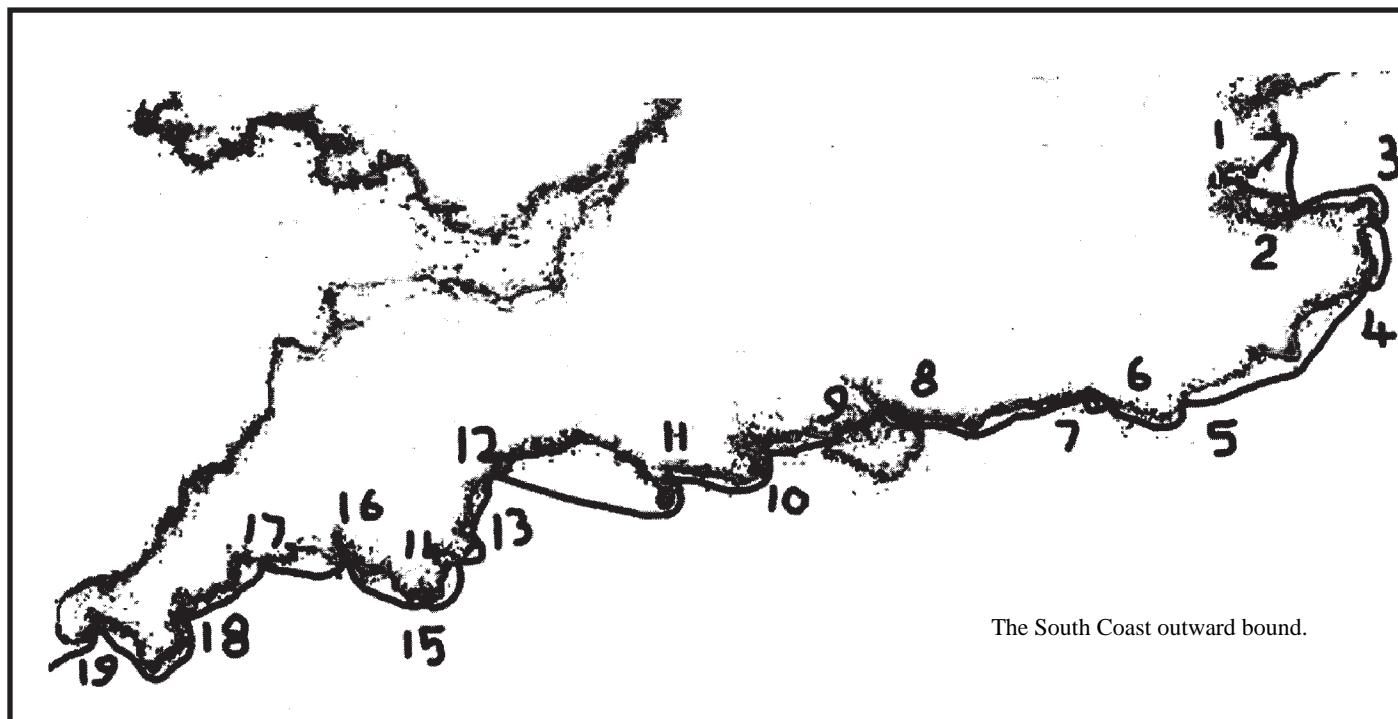
Wednesday 4 June: I spent the major part of the day driving to Plymouth with the road trailer. Instead of taking *Faith* out of the water at the Yacht Haven, I preferred to use the slipway at Queen Anne's Battery Marina. Accordingly, I parked the car at the latter and

caught the ferry to Mount Batten. Within 30 minutes *Faith* was on her trailer. Unstepping the mast, emptying the water ballast, and making her ready for the road required another 45 minutes.

(The chart included in this article shows the full extent of Bill's cruise in *Faith* from the River Crouch to the Scillies and back to Plymouth, initially solo and ultimately with Alistair Law in *Little Jim*. A conservative estimate is 500 sea miles in total. His full account (86 pages plus more photographs) may be purchased from Bill on CD via his website, <http://www.smallsailboats.co.uk>. This article is an abridged version of the last part of Bill's account, from his rendezvous with Alistair to the end of their cruise, so focusing on the Scillonian part of the adventure. All photographs supplied by the author.)

**For more information
about the DCA**

Membership Secretary: Tony Nield
40 Grange Ave, Cheadle Hulme,
Cheadle, Cheshire, UK SK85JP
United Kingdom
www.dca.uk.com



The South Coast outward bound.




UNIQUE ARAN, CELTIC, AND GUERNSEY SWEATERS HAND KNIT FROM NATURAL, UNDYED WOOL SPUN IN MAINE.

THE YARN IN THESE SWEATERS IS SPUN AT BARTLETT YARDS ON A SPINNING MULE SYSTEM CREATED NEARLY 200 YEARS AGO. SINCE IT RETAINS ITS NATURAL LANOLIN, IT IS WATER RESISTANT.

BEAUTIFUL, RUGGED, AND STRIKING, THESE SWEATERS WILL KEEP YOU WARM AT WORK OR PLAY.

FOR SAMPLE PHOTOS VISIT US AT OUR WEB SITE OR E-MAIL FOR INFORMATION.

www.sv-moonshadow.com
sweaters@sv-moonshadow.com



**Rick Carrion,
President**

Classic Yacht Restoration Guild

P.O. Box 237, 685 Pond Neck Road, Earleville, MD 21919
clf1888@earthlink.net • 410-275-2819
www.cyr.org

It was the summer of 1954, post WWII. My old friend Vincent Weigers and I loved sailing but we were starting out in business, had young families, and no money to invest in a boat. I saw an advertisement in a yachting magazine, however, to charter a 34' wooden sloop out of Mamaroneck Harbor, New York, for cruising on Long Island Sound. This was a time before chartering became so popular with the boating public and we considered ourselves fortunate to find such an opportunity for \$250 a week. As charterers, we were unaware at the time that we would be sailing the first of what was to become one of designer-builder Raymond Creekmore's classic wooden yachts. Named *Courageous*, the boat could accommodate four comfortably, so with our wives Fay and Ruth we made our plans. We packed our sailing gear, left our children with their grandparents, and boarded the boat at McMichael's Boatyard.

We sailed out of Mamaroneck Harbor, headed for Port Jefferson on Long Island. Although the winds were light, the boat handled beautifully under main and working jib. We entered Port Jefferson Harbor in the late afternoon and dropped anchor near the sand spit. We were virtually alone, very much unlike this popular harbor is today in the summertime. There were only three or four other boats anchored in that big harbor. When we woke the following morning it was raining and we decided to stay put for the day. We continued to be amazed about the amount of space we had in the cabin, unlike the cramped quarters we found in other sailboats that size before the war. It was more like cruising in a 46-footer. But that's what Raymond Creekmore had in mind when he conceived this most successful boat.

Creekmore (May 5, 1905–May 1984), known to his friends as "Creeky," was a prolific artist, author, boat designer, and builder. He was born in Portsmouth, Virginia, and moved to Baltimore, Maryland, graduating from the Maryland Institute School of Mechanical Arts (now MICA) in 1930. During his days as a student Creeky became friends with fellow student Leonard Bahr and they shared a studio for a while as well as a love of sailing. They remained lifelong friends. Creeky was an easy-going student with a great sense of humor. After graduation in 1930 he worked his way through Europe and, in 1933, spent five months in Mexico. While living off his art work and sketches, his travels also took him through Japan and the Orient. Creeky joined the Army Air Force during WWII and became a captain. He served in Guam, Puerto Rico, Greenland, the Baffin Islands, and Newfoundland (where he slept in an igloo).

Meanwhile, he had married and had a son. The family, at that time, lived in Mamaroneck, New York. After the war he taught at Brooklyn's Pratt Institute. All of this time Creeky loved the water and sailing and, in 1950, he designed and built his own unique sloop (*Courageous*) on his father-in-law's property near the Magothy River near Annapolis, Maryland. On a low budget and with innovative techniques, he built a five-layered mahogany hull over a handmade mold. Principally because of his success with *Courageous*, boat designing and building became his business and Creekmore sailboats are still well-known and trusted for their quality craftsmanship.

Plans for *Courageous* started when the first molded plywood dinghies were built. Creeky found that he could buy a molded dinghy shell and finish it off himself. The

A Lifetime on the Water

Part 13

We Sailed a Creekmore Classic

By Lionel Taylor

boat would be strong, durable, and light. It would be easy to paint and leak-proof even after years of use and abuse. "If small boats could be made this way, why couldn't larger boats be constructed similarly?" he mused. He wanted a cruising sloop about 36' long. To confirm he could do this, he spent winter evenings building a half model and took the lines from it. What he saw pleased him so he decided to go further.

Commercial methods of building such a vessel required thousands of dollars of equipment. The cost of a mold alone made the construction of a one-off vessel prohibitive. Molded-plywood engineers who he contacted informed him that the cold setting (above 70°F) of phenolic resorcinal glue needed to build the shell would work if he could find a way to produce the necessary pressure to get the glue to set. With a stroke of genius he found that a few nails and some old laths would do the job. He experimented using only one nail for pressure and made joints that could not be pried apart, the wood fibers gave way instead. If so simple a method worked, why couldn't he use it to build a boat larger than a dinghy as well? The idea of going from a one-nail experiment to a keel boat 34' overall (26'8" at the waterline, 10'3" at the beam, and a 5' draft) seemed impossible to imagine. However, Creekmore was willing to try. Never having conceived of building a boat this size before, he had only a few carpenter tools available, but a friend loaned him a bandsaw and jointer, the only power tools used in the molding of the boat.

The tools for working with the veneer needed for this job were a veneer knife for cutting and trimming, a small 3" plane for shaping, and most important of all a Bostich Tacker (a tool normally used for stapling labels on packing cases) to hold the veneer in place while shaping and gluing. In order to build a molded boat it is necessary to have or build a mandrel or form. Commercially, a solid wooden form was glued together, then shaped, planed, and sanded. The cost for such a mandrel for this boat would be approximately \$110,000, a prohibitively high cost in those days. His homemade mandrel cost him \$324.

Building a mandrel is like building a wooden boat upside down. It follows the same boat construction procedures; base line, sawn stations, and ribbands (the long flexible lengths of fir fixed temporarily to the outsides of the ribs of a wooden vessel and to the stern and stern post to hold the timbers together in a frame until the deck beams and stringers are fitted). However, instead of occasional ribbands, his were placed tightly together and edge nailed from sheer to keel. The ribbands were 2' strips of 1½" cedar, tapered at the ends to follow the form. They resembled the planking of a boat, so much so that it took

convincing visitors to the project that what they saw was only the mandrel over which the boat would be wrapped.

Only the stations were developed. Drawings were made without the use of an offset table. Measurements were made and transferred to a full-sized drawing. The next job was to transfer these lines to the mandrel. A sign painter's roulette wheel was used to make the pinpoint holes along each station line. The line was then marked on the mandrel with charcoal dust. A bandsaw was used to cut the mold and the rough spots were reduced with a file. There were few corrections to be made after the stations were erected on the stocks. The mandrel worked out beautifully.

And beautiful and bright it was the next day in Port Jefferson Harbor. We enjoyed the comfort of the large open cockpit while awaiting the arrival of the morning offshore breeze. Finally tiny catspaws from the west scampered lightly across the still waters. We raised the big mainsail and working jib and headed in a northeasterly direction across the sound. The breeze began to build and soon a small wave started to snore from the bow. The boat tracked well on the broad reach, the deep keel keeping us on a steady course toward the Connecticut south shore.

It was difficult for Creeky to keep his project on a steady course as lumber was hard to get right after WWII and he had to resort to using second-hand wood to augment the new. Actually the laths for applying pressure over the veneer were harder to procure than the mahogany for the keel. Some pre-war stock that he ordered finally arrived dry and beautiful. The next job was the backbone of the boat. The mandrel had been made with the keel uppermost so the veneer would fasten securely to it. The keel was laid right over the mandrel, one piece from the bow to the heel of the rudder post. In the straight sections, three lots of 1" stock were used, and on the bends six ½" thicknesses. The stem post was made 8" thick, the heel of it glued and fastened to the keel with a bronze knee. A cap was glued over this and the keel after the shell was completed to prevent the possibility of leaks. A lot of labor on the keel is saved in this type of construction. For example, there is no time-consuming handwork in cutting the rabbet line as in all planked boats. The glued keel was planed flush with the side of the mandrel so that the veneers would fit the form snugly and make a flat glue joint.

It was getting late in the afternoon and we decided on making a landfall in Southport on the Mill River in Connecticut. A Pequot Yacht Club launch came out to give us a mooring for the night. As we changed to our shore-going togs, sun streamed in through the large ports facing the west. We were impressed with the airiness and spaciousness of the cabin space below. Because there were no frames, much space was saved inside and there was at least a 5'10" headroom under a flush deck. The interior of the boat was clear and clean. We called for the club launch to take us ashore for dinner. As we rode in we remarked about how strong and durable but light *Courageous*' hull looked despite being built without the usual inside supports of a planked boat.

For the first time Creeky needed outside support so he had to hire professional help, four "wrappers" as he called them. They are the ones who shape veneer to rounded forms. They work with a razor-sharp veneer knife and a small plane, they cut and trimmed most

of the five thicknesses of the hull. Three thicknesses were cut before any attempt was made to glue them on. The second and third layers were marked, numbered, and taken off the form. Each layer was stacked so that the pieces would follow in order when the gluing started. Staples, driven by the Bostich Tacker, were used to hold the veneers on the mandrel in this flexible stage. Most of these were eventually taken out. Some local help was also needed when the gluing began. There was some concern about whether the glue (Penacolite G 1215, made by the Pennsylvania Coal Products Co of Petrolia, Pennsylvania) would work on the rounded form and whether they could get sufficient pressure from the laths on the mandrel. Since the glue was pressure sensitive they had to carefully watch the thermometer they had hung on a post in the shade.

They had carefully laid kraft paper directly on the mandrel to keep the glue from sticking the inner veneer to the form. The first layer of veneer was stapled in place. Creeky and friends had the job of gluing the second layer of veneer to the first. The glue had to be weighed out using 5 pounds of glue to 20 pounds of the catalyst powder. Working from the transom to the bow, the strips were laid down approximately 45 degrees to the waterline. The second layer ran approximately at right angles to the first. It was a team effort. One worker painted the inside of the strip with glue on a nearby work bench while another spread the glue on the veneer already in place. Creekmore followed the gluing operation, putting laths over the glued veneers and driving galvanized lath nails through lath and veneer into the form squeezing the veneers tightly together. It was a labor-intensive job.

From this point on it was steady, hard work. It was necessary after each gluing operation to clean the veneer surface with wood scrapers before the next layer could be fastened. It was difficult enough to get the laths off and the nails out, but cleaning up the surplus glue that had squeezed through the seams was an ordeal. Five thicknesses of $\frac{3}{32}$ " of mahogany veneer, plus the glue, made a skin $\frac{13}{16}$ " thick. It took three weeks to build the mandrel, one week to laminate the keel, and four weeks to cut, fit, and glue the veneers.

Early the next morning we dropped our temporary mooring buoy in the middle of the Mill River and took off east for Duck Island Roads in Connecticut. A moderate southwesterly wind whisked us along on an almost empty Long Island Sound. We sailed along comfortably on a broad reach without touching the sheets. We anchored in the late afternoon in Duck Island Roads behind what appeared to be a new breakwater. Only five or six boats were anchored in this vast harbor. One was a beautiful mahogany sailing yacht that we found out later, from her skipper, was a sistership to the *Courageous*. Another Creeky classic! After a quick dinner, a rising wind caused me concern about the security of our mooring mainly because we were sailing a boat new to us with a high freeboard, unknown stability characteristics, and from what I could tell, poor holding ground below. I let out more scope on the anchor rode and set up an anchor watch for the rest of the night, taking frequent bearings on points ashore to make sure our anchor didn't drag.

It turned out to be a beautiful but windy moonlit night and Vincent and I enjoyed talking softly about our futures while our wives slept below. However, we had nothing to worry about as *Courageous* behaved beautifully

at anchor. We took time while we watched to praise the flush plywood deck with the two hatches and doghouse just forward of the cockpit. As we looked below we could see the bulkheads, floors, and a laminated Sitka spruce clamp that added strength to an already strong hull. The wind died before morning but still remained out of the southwest.

We had come as far east as our vacation and charter time allowed. We had to head back home, as much as we didn't want to. Since the prevailing wind in the summer is out of the west on Long Island Sound, I felt we would undoubtedly have to beat, or sail close hauled all the way home. We only got as far as Branford, Connecticut, the next day. *Courageous*, with her high freeboard, didn't point too well into the wind but we were glad to wend our way west using our motor only to enter narrow harbors. Those were the days before motor sailing became so popular. If you had a sailboat and some wind you sailed and only used your motor when you had no other choice. Looking at the high price of gasoline today, we could have motorsailed without a thought for those were the days when \$1 bought you five gallons of gasoline! We tacked or sailed close-hauled for the next couple of days as the light wind remained in the southerly quadrant.

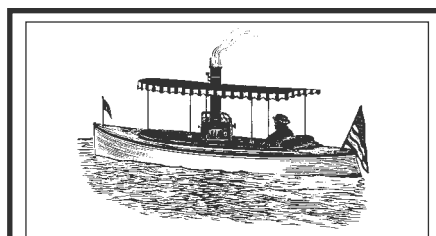
The next big job for Creeky was to get the plywood hull off of the building mandrel. It proved to be more difficult than he originally anticipated. He and his helpers worked for a day trying to loosen the boat from the form but she resisted all efforts. Little nails of glue had formed in the nail holes and spots of glue adhered to the kraft paper, the boat and the mandrel, so they couldn't pry it loose. They tried jacking the boat high in the air but the form came with it. They even jolted it. Nothing worked. Finally they pulled the mandrel down from the inside. In a day and a half they had the hull free. Two or three layers of cellophane might have eliminated the problem.

We planned to make Byram Harbor, Connecticut, that next-to-last-day out where our children and their grandparents awaited us. After a rough day on the water beating into another windy southwesterly, we arrived safely in the evening. We were able to anchor *Courageous* in the bay right in front of the house with only a short dinghy ride to shore. The children were very glad to see us and so, I'm sure, were their grandparents.

Courageous was on her way home also. Bolted to a trailer, the molded hull was hauled from Baltimore, near to where she was built, to Mamaroneck, New York, behind the family car. There Creekmore installed a sheet plywood bulkhead, a gasoline engine, the rudder, and made up the glued mahogany deckhouse. The sloop was finally finished and launched. *Courageous* proved herself to be a handsome and successful sloop during her trials. This was in the 1950s and Creekmore's love of the water, sailing, and *Courageous'* success had convinced him that he was not just a lucky one-time backyard boat builder but one who was a qualified to design and build boats along with the best of them. He would make it his career. Ray moved from New York to Miami and was in that business even in 1959 when the Behrs went to visit him and see his thriving industry. To prove he was correct, one can still find Creekmore boats built by Raymond, and later his son Lee, for sale online.

It was a happy coincidence in time, a generation of young men recently released

from onerous wartime restrictions, people ready for fun, getting back on the water and with new ideas for getting them out there. The time was right for a change in recreational boat building and Creekmore was just the one who had the foresight to see it. New materials like glass-reinforced plastic (fiberglass) and molded plywood were materials and techniques that could make recreational boats cheaper and more comfortable than pre-war plank on frame models. *Yachting* magazine was correct in calling Creekmore "a pioneer in this field of construction." This was particularly outstanding in that it wasn't until the mid-1960s that boats made out of fiberglass became popular, especially for recreational boats. Thus, with *Courageous*, the boat that we sailed in 1954, Ray Creekmore's inventive genius made its appearance in boat design and boat building that amazed even some prominent, long-time marine designers and builders.



Boaters' Cards and Stationery

Business card size with a wood engraving of your boat printed on the front. Your contact info on the back.
See web page—www.ironworksgraphics.com/iwgstationery.html

Drawing/Notecards of Your Boat

A pencil drawing of your boat, suitable for framing, and 50 notecards with the drawing. Makes a great gift! ~\$150
See web page—www.ironworksgraphics.com/boatdrawings.html

L.S. Baldwin Box 884 Killingworth, CT 06419

KITTERY POINT TENDER



10' x 48" Handlaid Fiberglass Hull
Traditional looking Yacht Tender
Specially Designed for Ease of
Rowing and Minimum Drag When
Towing
Row & Sail Models

BAY of MAINE BOATS

P.O. Box 631 • Kennebunkport, ME 04046 • 207/967-4298
43° 20.9'N - 70° 28.7'W

September 9, Mill Creek, Great Wicomico River, Virginia: We made it! Due to an evil confluence of the stars this is the first time we have taken the boat out in a year. Generally that is bad news as, almost for sure, we will forget something important, like for example, casting off the lines but forgetting to unplug the power cord. (We have done that.) I was determined there would be no repeat. I was meticulous. I take the credit so as not to put any of the discredit on Kay. It is mine alone. We pulled out of the slip. Perfect. Well, no. Neighbor says, "Hey, you are dragging your ladder in the water." Damn. I am in charge of raising the ladder.

It was a great day for motoring. No wind. Well, yes, we got a lot of wind coming into Mill Creek. I think it is a hidden law of physics. "When it is time to anchor everything will go wrong." (Newtons Fourth Law).

And was that right? Yes. Last year at one point it took us six hours to anchor. So we retired that anchor and bought a Bruce. Kay was skeptical, I was optimistic. We motored into a cove on Mill Creek. Now when anchoring I am at the bow and partly deaf and Kay is at the stern where the motor is. So communication is difficult. Well, we got in close to shore and I hollered to Kay to back up so I could set the anchor but failed to convey the last part. I dropped the anchor and it set like four tons of granite. Unfortunately Kay did not know I had dropped the anchor or that it had set. She assumed I wanted to back up so as to get a better position. She decided to turn around and make a new entrance. Around the keel the rope goes. More hell occurs.

Of course, all of this was conducted with the utmost decorum as in, "honey, dearest, you are unfortunately wrapping the anchor rope around the keel."

"Well sweetheart, I wish you had let me know that the anchor was down." Or words to that affect. You translate

New Boat Name: T.B.F.C.E. I am told that T=The, B=Best, C=Couple, E=Ever. I assume that F stands for "Fighting."

September 11, Spring Cove Marina, Solomons Landing, Maryland: We had not planned to leave Mill Creek yesterday, but adverse wind predictions for today persuaded both us and Dennis and Karen Honeycutt, who

Waterlogged

Being a Chronicle of Ten Years of Misadventures Cruising Chesapeake Bay and Pamlico Sound

Part 10

Chesapeake 2006

By Carl Adler

are traveling with us on their boat, *Renaissance*, to move on. Other than the beginning and the end, yesterday's trip was uneventful. Uneventful but not pleasant for Kay who had some nasty stomach critter. Yesterday I had sympathy for her predicament. Today I most definitely have empathy.

To call the entrance to Mill Creek serpentine would be to insult snakes. Not to worry, on my large screen cockpit GPS there was a "bread crumb" trail of our entering path (actually three closely-linked trails from last year and yesterday). So all we have to do is follow the trail out. What could go wrong? As we started out all was well for about ten seconds. When, "damn, who ate my bread crumbs?" Actually the screen was black. Not to worry, right? After all, the black-and-white GPS at the navigation station below will also have the bread crumb trail. So quickly down the companionway to the Nav station. OOPS. I forgot to exchange the Lower Bay GCard for the Mid Bay GCard. No map. No time. Quickly up the companionway. All that is left is our small GPS at the helm. So small I can no longer read it. Well, we made it, no thanks to me.

At the end of the trip the adverse winds predicted for today gave us a preview of coming attractions. For about a half hour, until we turned into the Patuxent River, we took water over the bow. Our slip was to be inside the fuel dock. As Kay made the turn another sailboat, apparently assuming we were going to the fuel dock for fuel, cut us off, forcing Kay to make a very tricky entrance to the slip.

Dennis, Karen, Kay, and I decided we would treat ourselves to a nice dinner at the Naughty Gull restaurant (or so I thought). We had a very nice waitress. The only problem was I had lost my hearing aid and could not understand the waitress. I kept thinking she was asking me if I wanted cottage cheese on my steak sandwich. This was causing confusion for me and humor for all the others, including the waitress.

When everyone finally got me straightened out we told the waitress that we would need two checks. At the end of the meal when the waitress asked if she could remove my plate, I replied with mock sternness, "No! Bring the check." She arrived back at the table with an evil smile on her face and handed me the check. I looked at it and said, "This is for everyone." She replied, "Well, sir, you said bring the check, not the checks. I was only doing what you wanted." I was speechless with horror of my self-inflicted trap. The others were speechless with laughter.

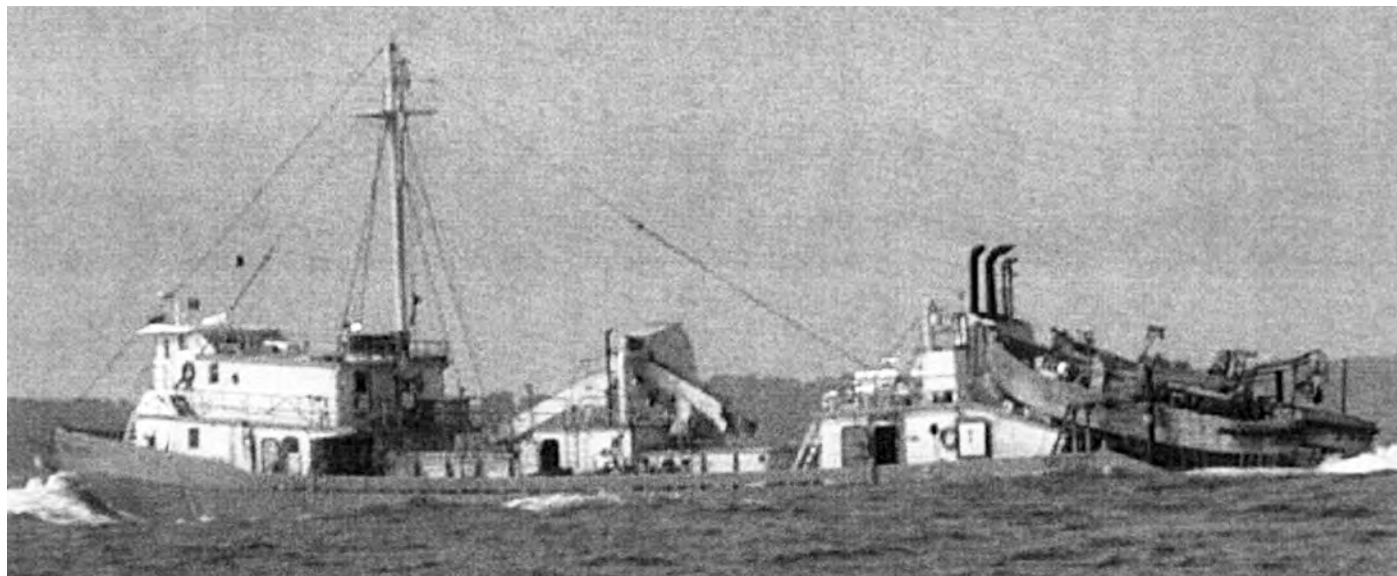
Boat name on a large power yacht: *Size Matters*.

September 11, Spring Cove Marina, Solomons Landing, Maryland: Yesterday (with apologies to Charles Dickens) was the best of times and the worst of times. The best of times because I found my hearing aid. Now when Kay, Dennis, or Karen shout at me I can sort of hear them. It was the worst of times because our primary GPS fixed itself. Now some would think this is a BEST and BEST. Not at all, when a critical instrument fails at a critical time and then fixes itself at a non-critical time, that means we have no idea why it failed in the first place. We also can be pretty sure of what is going to happen the next time we are going to really need it.

September 14, same place: Not much to report since we are doing nothing. The Honeycutts were supposed to leave on Tuesday and us today, but because of weather, both good and bad, we have stayed. The parklike atmosphere of Spring Cove also played a role in our decisions.

I had not mentioned our newest crew member before but he is a four-month-old Yorkie named Mac (short for Macintosh, of course). He was given to us by the Honeycutts and is a great boat dog, though with a mind of his own. He wants to do what he

Menhaden boat passes us on the way into the Great Wicomico. The town of Reedville is on the Wicomico and is the home of an active menhaden fishery.



wants to do unless he thinks you want him to do what he wants to do, in which case he does not want to do what he wants to do. Did I make that clear?

September 15, ditto: "Oh no," said the waitress, as she looked from my wife to me. "Oh ****," thought I, "she remembers me." Yes, we and our friends were at the Naughty Gull last night for dinner and were fortunate enough to have the same waitress as the last time. If there had been any doubt it was dispelled when after I ordered lima beans she asked if I wanted any cottage cheese on top. This time I acted like a perfect gentleman, even meekly surrendering my plate when asked. All to no avail and, to the amusement of all present, she again stuck me with the entire check. I am beginning to feel like George on Seinfeld.

Hopefully we leave tomorrow for Oxford on the Eastern Shore. The weather seems acceptable. After Oxford we and the Honeycutts will part company, they heading south and we moving on north towards Baltimore and the Inner Harbor.

September 16, same darn place: Up at 6am to set sail for Oxford. Bad weather, indecision; 7:30, indecision; 8:30, indecision; 10:30, decision. We stay. There is no way we want to go north into a north wind of 15 knots and predicted wave heights of 2'-3'. Not dangerous but very uncomfortable. Fifteen years ago we would have thought nothing of it. Ten years ago we would have gone, but reluctantly. Now, well, our presence here speaks for itself.

Today we had another one of those Twilight Zone experiences. Before we left we had a diver clean the bottom of the boat. Usually they usually clean the knotmeter which is a little paddlewheel device mounted on a through hull cylinder. We were surprised to discover that it was not working on the trip up here. This happens when the paddle wheel accumulates barnacles which prevents it from turning. We put off cleaning it until today because, to say the least, the task is somewhat daunting.

First, Kay pulls the cylinder with the paddle wheel out of its through hull enclosure. This is immediately followed by a 2' high geyser. I, acting with alacrity hopefully, insert a dummy plug. Then, after cleaning the paddle wheel, the process is reversed. So this morning we start the process and are dumbfounded when we discover that there is no paddle wheel to clean. No place for a paddle wheel. In fact we had just pulled the dummy out and I had inserted the real thing thinking it was the dummy. Now the last time we used the boat the knot meter worked so how did the dummy plug get in there? No clue here.

I haven't been able to connect to the marina's wireless service unless I stood on one foot at a particular place on the dock and even then the connection was tenuous. A couple of days ago I was reading *Soundings* and came across something I had never heard of before, a wi-fi amplifier and detector. The ones they discussed were for a PC and not Mac compatible. I called 1-800-Mac-Mall and they had one for the Mac. I had them overnight it to me and now I can connect from inside the boat not only to the nearest hot spot but to a total of seven, including those at nearby marinas. For the record, it is made by Hawking and cost \$98. Linksys makes a similar one for the PC.

One surprise is that the instructions have me turning off Airport, the Mac's wireless card (the computer, not the dog). My computer thinks it is hooked up to a wired ethernet connection. Works for me.

September 17, Hinkley Marina, Tred Avon River, Choptank River, Oxford, Maryland, Eastern Shore: We finally made it. Great day. For much of the day we had 10-15 knots of wind on our bow. That made sailing difficult and, being a firm believer in the proverb that "gentlemen never sail to weather" with the corollary that "even if they are not gentlemen, 66-year-old men do not sail to weather," we didn't.

Mac sacked out for the entire six-hour trip. Kay was the helmsman and I contend that I navigated. In any case, we made it without incident. Sorry about that. When we turned into the Choptank we were greeted with at least 100 sails on boats I assume. Threading our way through them we got to Oxford. The only event of note is the usual confusion in docking. "Honey, I think that is the wrong slip," and so on, but arrive we did with neither of us contemplating murder.

One reason we came to Oxford is that we love the restaurant Schooners Landing. Sad to say we quickly discovered that it closed for good two days ago. The owner died. How inconsiderate. But we are here and am glad of it. Tomorrow is our last day with the Honeycutts as Karen has to be back to work on Saturday. We will miss them and Mac will miss their dogs (mini) Cooper, Harley, and Kinsey even more.

I failed to mention that much to our surprise our knot meter is still not working despite the fact that I carefully checked it out before (re)installing it. So tonight we pull it again. If we discover that some how the dummy transmuted itself back into the enclosure again we will be really freaked out! More later.

September 18, Dun Creek, Harris Creek, Choptank River: Last night in Oxford we ate at the Robert Morris Inn (founded in 1710). The waitress started out with a totally innocent question and was dismayed when all four of us broke into laughter. The question, "Would anyone like cottage cheese?" Secretly I believe my picture has been distributed all over the Bay and I will be besieged by that dreaded entree.

Our knotmeter finally works. Still do not know what was wrong other than it didn't work and it proved almost impossible to remove. Both Kay and I pulled on the extraction ring with all we could muster. Nope! Kay inserted a screwdriver through the ring and used both hands to pull. Nope! Suddenly she gave a mighty lunge and the sensor popped out. Kay was thrown off balance. I was thrown off balance. The waters parted into our boat and six shrimp joined the crew of the *Spindrift*.

Hinkley Marina was very nice but it has very shaky finger piers. Since I lost my hearing in one ear I have lost a lot of balance. I am quite a comedy act on one of them. If the pier shakes 5 degrees I shake 10 and so on. I have seen women cover their mouths at the spectacle. Whether in horror or amusement, I know not which.

The marina also has a problem common to most marinas. Slips are more valuable than space. Consequently, backing out of your slip is problematic. Our boat is 33'4" long and the distance to the boat behind us is 33'2", there is not much we can do right. Kay and Dennis did everything right.

Tomorrow we are going to try reaching Baltimore, which means that we are going through the dreaded Knapps Narrows. It probably should be called Knapps Narrows and Shallows. More about that later, I hope.

September 19, Inner Harbor Marina, Baltimore Maryland: We made it. We are tired. More tomorrow.

September 20: In the way of background, we rafted up with the Honeycutts in Dun Cove the night of September 18. Kay and Karen took their three Yorkies and our Mac into the shore. As Kay carried two of them to shore she slipped and fell and was pleased to note that neither dog hit the ground (but she did). All is well.

Yesterday we headed north and the Honeycutts went south. We awoke early to a predicted 5-10 knots but in reality it was 10-15 with gusts to 19. Great, I thought, just what we need to get through Knapp Narrows. What more could go wrong? Foolish question! As we were preparing to "cut" loose I turned the depth finder on and, SURPRISE, we were in 330' of water. Very strange since Dennis had out about 50' of anchor chain and we were well anchored in about 8' of water. Great, thought I, just what we need to get through Knapp Shallows. On we went. We actually bumped once in apparently 180' of water. As soon as we cleared the Narrows the depth meter decided it could now work.

Coming out of the Narrows we had to go due west to clear Poplar Island. The wind was from the south so we rocked and rolled. Now, as any sailor knows, if we had put the sails up the ride would be more pleasant. True, but we have a fractional rig which means a small jib and a very large main. It is a real pain, literally, to raise the main and we only do it if we know we will use it for several hours. As the wind was dropping towards its predicted values and we had a long way to go we demurred. Truth be told, as the calendar creeps on we become more sail boaters than sailors. There is a distinction.

Coming into the Annapolis area we were faced with a conundrum, actually several. There was a lot of haze and we could see the outlines of at least eight large ships, appearing as ghost ships in the haze. The problem was we could not tell if they were moving or not. So how to handle this? We chose to go in to shore and skirt the whole bunch. It turns out that it was unnecessary, all the ships were anchored and we could have threaded our way through them.

When we cleared the Bay Bridge I foolishly said that "the wind was flat calm." You know what that did. The wind immediately started blowing from the north. Not good for us now heading north, but not to fear, it clocked to the west as we turned to the west to head up the Patapsco River towards Baltimore. All in all, things went well and we are glad to be here.

September 21, Inner Harbor: We are enjoying our stay here. The marina is nice with great facilities so it is surprising that they are closing it down for several months for extensive renovations. Among other things they are adding a heliport and a West Marine. What is really surprising is that they are requiring all the boats to move out which implies they are changing the slips. Hard to imagine what they can do to improve the docks. All in all they are the best we have seen. They are floating docks with long and wide floating finger piers which are rock solid, literally "ROCK" or rather concrete piers. You can not make them wobble. Thank god!

Last night we ate at McCormicks & Schmicks which *Consumer Reports* rates as the best seafood chain in the country. It is certainly the plushest I have seen. Today

we walked to the rather amazing Cross Street Market and stocked up on food of all kinds. Lets see, a huge farmers' market, wi-fi, and cable with 75 channels. Tough life!

September 23: Well, we seem to be in old home week. Thursday night we had dinner here with my cousin Bill Adler and his wife Rebecca and will join them again tomorrow at their home. Yesterday my cousin Mike McGarry and his son Dylan visited our boat, and last night at the rehearsal dinner we met his eldest son Mike, the groom for the occasion. Later the same night another cousin, John McGarry, flew in from Ireland. We had not seen him or his older children Molly and John, who were also there, in 20 years. Today we had drinks with John and Mike's sister Pat, her husband Bill, and son of the same name. I had not seen Pat in 50 years. Wow.

After meeting with Pat and all, we went into Little Italy in search of a restaurant we like and whose name we can never remember. We found it. Too bad it was closed for good. Being ever resourceful, we found another restaurant that we would have been looking for if only we had eaten there before. The name, so I can remember it, is Salvatore's. Sort of sounds Irish?

This has been the season of leaks, one mysterious and one not so mysterious. The second would best be described as a leaky skylight. It has been there almost since we owned the boat. Several people have tried to fix it but any "fix" was temporary, and like the cat in the song "the leak came back the very next day, wouldn't stay away."

I had read in *Practical Sailor* about a product called Permatex available at Advance Auto that supposedly worked wonders. It is a flowable silicon sealant made for fixing window leaks. Sounds about right. The only problem is it is flowable, not only does it flow down into the cracks where we want it to, but if our boat leans to the right it also flows right. Thus using it requires a constant battle between us and this inanimate but stubborn substance. However the "cat" has not come back! Yet!

The other leak was more of a challenge. The carpet in our galley was constantly soaked. We investigated all the usual suspects and found nothing. I opened the engine access and there was no water where the water from the stuffing box collects. Next we rip up the carpet and it is flowing out from under the ice box. So all the ice and food comes out of the box. No leak. Throwing sanitation to the winds I dip my finger in the leaking water and taste it. Salt. Damn, it has to be the stuffing box after all. This was not good news as it meant we had to remove all our stores to get access to the access panel. Sure enough water was "pouring" out of the stuffing box. The boat was loaded in such away that instead of flowing as it should it was flowing under the ice box. Eventually we got that fixed. Dry again.

September 26, Rhodes River, West and Rhodes River, Chesapeake Bay Maryland: We left the Inner Harbor at 9:30 this morning and anchored at 3:00. Totally uneventful day. THANKFULLY (well, at least so far). Last night we ate at the Irish restaurant at Harbor Side. I had an Irish Manhattan which was new for me and very good. In honor of our long time friend (Rev) Ernan McMullin, we finished with Irish coffees. Great.

Sorry, no disasters. Stay tuned.

Previously when we anchored the Honeycuts took the dogs to shore. This time no Honeycuts so for the first time in two years we have to inflate and launch the dinghy. At my

best I was never very agile and I am certainly not agile or at my best now, so wisely I remove my hearing aid and glasses before attempting to board. That aside, the water is cold. What idiot thought this would be a good time for a cruise. Sadly I know the answer to that.

No, I did not fall in the water but ended up in the dinghy (sort of). On the other hand I have another chance this morning. More on that latter.

September 28, Slip C10, Spring Cove Marina, Solomons Landing, Maryland: Yesterday was a Bad, BAD, BAD, bad day. It started when I got up. Basically my legs did not want to work right. Some people take this is a bad sign. It certainly made the challenging task of boarding the dinghy more interesting. Without my hearing aid and glasses I have neither balance nor depth perception. Getting on the dinghy required a leap of faith, which actually turned out to be a belly flop of hope, but charity prevailed and in the dinghy I was. Re-boarding the boat was an ugly time, reversed version of the former. Kay, with two artificial knees, had no trouble and simply shook her head at my enfeebled efforts.

We have a raw water system we use to hose off the anchor when it is brought aboard. I should say that we had one, as it no longer works. Kay has been after me for months to fix it but I argued that with our new anchor we didn't need to as it would not bring up mud. Foolish me. As I was retrieving the anchor I knew I had seriously erred. The anchor chain is 10lbs and the anchor 22lbs. What I was lifting was at least 50lbs, pretty much my limit. Let's see 50lbs minus 22lbs minus 10lbs equals 18lbs pounds of the black gooey stuff. When I got to the chain the fun really started. It was so covered in mud that I would pull in 2' and 2' would slip away.

The anchor was no different. Upon finishing stowing the anchor I was encased in mud; legs, arms, torso, and everywhere else. I, of course, proceeded to get the whole boat inside and out covered in mud. All Kay said was, "I bet you wish you had fixed the raw water pump now." What she thought was, "I need a new mate." Whether First or Other is yet to be determined.

By way of background, as we headed north the wind was almost always out of the north. So we were not surprised when we headed out south to face a south wind. It was light so no problem, besides it was to die by the afternoon. It built, really built. We were still making good progress until around 2pm when the engine, which was going ROAR, went roar and then whistle and then nothing. The fuel seemed clean as did the filter. What to do? The wind and waves had turned us sideways to the wind and there was no way we could get the main up (a problem that I had not thought of before). We were in 65' of water so no possibility of anchoring, besides we were in the big ship channel, not the wisest place to anchor anyway.

We pulled out the small fractional rig working jib and with that were able to avoid shipping, but could make little progress against the wind. If we had continued we would still be out there now and there were small craft warnings with winds to 30kts predicted. I know that there are sailing experts out there who will say coulda... woulda... shoulda... but I was prepared. I had been paying for unlimited towing for many years. I called Tow Boat US and two-plus hours later *Tow Jamm* arrived from Knapps Narrows. (Remember that? He was late because he was busy getting

boats ungrounded. Big surprise.) The captain, Wayne by name, took us in a bridle tow. *Spindrift* never went faster, 8.5kts. My only regret was because of my unsteady legs Kay had to do all the work. Not many wives would or could do that. Love you, Kay.

Tow Jamm took us to the mouth of the Patuxent River where a large Tow Boat US took over. *Tow Jamm's* invoice for that part of the trip was \$650. Tow Boat US took us from the mouth of the river in what, for some reason unknown to us, is called a head tow. What that means is he ties us alongside. Captain Mike of Tow Boat US boat expertly backed us into our slip, tied us up, and all was well. Their invoice, \$450. I paid nothing! Great.

The captain from Knapps Narrows told us that he once towed in one of the VPs of Boat US. That made me feel better. The captain of the Tow Boat US boat told us that 90% of their tows were sailboats and that most of their power boat work was salvage jobs. That made me feel better on both accounts.

Addendum: We had a marine mechanic look at the boat today and he said, "I have bad news and good news. The bad news is that I can't find why the engine stopped. The good news is that you are lucky that it did." It turns out a water pump totally failed and this would have caused the seal to fail and cooling water to leave the engine. OOPS! We still do not know why the engine stopped.

Addendum, etc: The mechanic did say he found a lot of air in the fuel line, which he bled. He could not explain its origin. Previously Bob Baker had shown me how to bleed the fuel line, but as usual I could not find the craftily hidden pump. So I asked the Spring Cove mechanic to show me how to find the pump. After several tries and only one success, he suggested that what I needed was a little in-line 12volt pump. Dennis H. had previously mentioned the same thing so I hastily told the mechanic, "By all means, install it."

Now for the "bad" in "Bad Bad BAD bad," in 30 years it has never happened before. Kay, who can tolerate snakes and lizards in the house (not necessarily happily), will not tolerate a bird in the house much less the boat. Sure enough, that night in flew a bird (wren). When I told Kay that "there was a bird in the belfry" so to speak, she said, "surely you are joking". I wasn't. Mac, our Yorkie, was delighted with his new flying toy. I managed to coach the bird out of the boat, thus leaving a happy Kay and an unhappy Yorkie.

September 29: Yesterday night we went to the Naughty Gull. I quickly scanned for That Waitress. Nowhere in sight. Great. After we were seated the waitress who took the drink order was not the one I feared. Imagine my surprise when ten minutes later I hear, "Well, it is Mr Cottage Cheese." Sigh. I told her about the waitress in Oxford. She didn't believe me until Kay attested to the veracity of my report. Then she claimed credit for the incident.

Heading back from dinner we found ourselves in a strong thunder and lightning storm, still I made good time with the arm crutch. Too good as it turned out, while trying to board the boat in too much haste I slipped and fell. The only thing broken was the hearing aid. I was not hurt at all. Still not a good omen.

October 6: Bad omen, indeed. I followed suit to *Spindrift* and had to be towed in, except my tow boat was one with two axles and instead of "toot, toot" it went "WRrrr, WRrrr." It seems that part way down the dock my legs not only decided that they did not want to walk, in fact, they did not even want

to support me. So I have spent most of the intervening time in Calvert Memorial Hospital some 30 miles distant. As we were waiting for the ambulance, which to my horror was coming with full throat sounds, we decided that Kay would rent a car and follow along. Two things here:

1) Thanks to the ambulance announcing its presence. Any hope I had of not being the afternoon's entertainment at the marina was dashed.

2) Kay began her week-long introduction to hell. It turns out that Trawler Fest was that weekend and there was not a car to be rented anywhere. Ultimately Kay paid \$73 to get a taxi ride to another city where she rented a car. Then, of course, all sorts of things went wrong, all addressed by her, sans help from me. For most nights she was the only one on the dock and there were no lights. Taking the dog in at night was a daunting task. Then the worst storm of the fall set in. A northeaster set in the words of the book/movie as a "Perfect Storm" in that unlike most well-behaved storms of the ilk which track to the northeast this one was tracking southwest so the motion of the storm added to the wind speed rather than subtracting from it. Right now there are gale force winds on the Bay. Our shipboard anemometer hit 39kts before quitting. I guess it just got tired (I understand that).

Today is my first day back on the boat and I am glad to be here. To keep a short story short, all my electrolytes were out of balance except potassium. The magnesium was extremely low and that would be the proximate cause of my trouble. Once they started giving me magnesium my strength started coming back. All is about normal now, but not normal enough, so our son is coming up from southern Georgia to help Kay and I get the boat back to our home port.

We finally got the invoice for the work done. \$1,200 plus. Arrg. The mechanic, Dorian by name, did quite a lot though, including replacing the water pump, installing an inline 12volt fuel pump, replacing the stuffing in the stuffing box, and better yet replacing the cracked and leaking plastic connector which connects the intake salt water filter to the raw water side of the heat exchanger with a bronze one. The first and latter of the above are "big deals."

All this reminds me of two maxims that sailors learn later if not sooner:

1) Sailing is like standing in the shower tearing up \$100 bills, and...

2) A sailboat is a hole in the water into which you pour money.

Of course, there is also the sailors version of Murphy's Law, "Whatever can go wrong will go wrong, but only at the worst possible available time."

October 7: A few last thoughts on Baltimore. Next to the marina was a school that taught how to do basic trapeze work. It was fascinating to watch. In all the times I watched I only saw two people successfully make the transfer to the catcher, Both female.

We went to Little Italy and noticed several things. First, although there were panhandlers all over there were none in Little Italy. Also, everywhere around the Inner Harbor there were police except in Little Italy. Older ladies walked with impunity its narrow streets. We were later told that Little Italy is the safest place in the Inner Harbor. We were told that some time ago a mugger found his way into little Italy and had the misfortune of choosing for his victim the mother of the local mob boss.

The mob, showing no hard feelings, put up the money for his bail and a lawyer. For some reason he tried to deny the bail money but apparently you cannot refuse bail. For some reason he was never heard of again. Actually I saw a dramatization of this on "Law and Order." You know "This story is fictional, but based on a real incident."

Now a great note to end on. Two weeks ago Mac got very sick. After about a week he was asymptomatic, but still not the good old Mac. I am glad to report he is now 100% back to normal and up to his old tricks such as stealing things out of my pocket and running to beat hell to keep me away from his thievery. Yea!

October 8: Our knight in shining armor, aka our son Chris, arrived last night at 10pm all the way from the Florida border in one day. We will leave tomorrow for the Great Wicomico and then, if everything goes well (foolish thought on my part), we will be back in Hampton on Tuesday. At which point Kay says I must write one hundred times, "The fall is not the time for an extended cruise!" This was certainly not what we expected. However, it certainly was not helped by both Mac and I getting sick. Oh well, sick or not the company, aka Kay, was great even if she is close to mutiny. I grew suspicious when she asked me, "Where is Pitcairn Island?" She was joking. Right?

Last night, while waiting for Chris, we played Boggles. It was my best showing yet. Kay squeaked out a winner at 89 to 23. Oh, well.

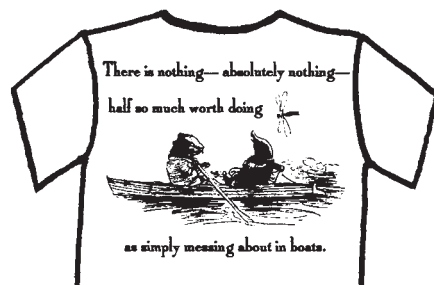
October 9, Mill Creek, Great Wicomico River, Virginia: Thanks to a lot of help from Chris and very little from me, Kay brought us from slip to anchorage in just under seven hours. A record for us. Other than giving Chris a very close look at a large container ship today it was uneventful. To tell the truth we have had enough events to last us several years. Now the only thing that could go wrong is if * * * * *

October 10: We did not drag anchor last night. Now if we just get our cold-hearted motor to start this morning we should be in our home slip today. Here's hoping.

October 11, Greenville North Carolina: Fighting an adverse tide most of the way, we made it into the slip at 4:30 yesterday afternoon and were headed home by 5:30. Chris needed to be back at work on Thursday and we wanted to give him time to rest up before driving back to the Florida/Georgia border. He is home now thankfully.

In the past we regretted when our cruise was over, sad to say, not this time.

Some final thoughts. For us, at least, fall was not the right time to go. We could only count on two contiguous nice days in every 12 days. Of course, younger sailors and most power boats would not be concerned about this, but for our interests we would like to avoid pounding into 2'-3' waves with the wind on our bow. Besides the lack of comfort, constant pounding tends to raise ugly stuff from off the bottom of the fuel tank which, among other things, will clog our filters.



Simply Messing About In Boats
Nautical Apparel & Accessories

from
The Wind in the Willows

The Design Works

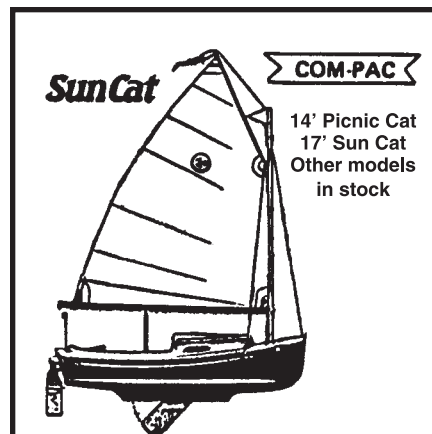
toll free 877-637-7464

www.messingabout.com



BOATHOUSE

MAAS ROWING SHELLS
AB INFLATABLES
TRINKA 8, 10 & 12 DINGHIES
HONDA OUTBOARDS
THULE RACKS
ROWING INSTRUCTION
55 Spicer Ave., Noank, CT 06340
(860) 536-6930



FERNALD'S MARINE

On the River Parker
Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312

Anest Yachts Inc

Custom Classic & Traditional Boats

Huntington, Long Island, NY

(516) 457-5083

www.AnestYachts.com

The International Scene

There was a global glut in crude oil and petroleum products. Crude oil importing Rotterdam ran out of tanks to store crude oil and many tankers there were at anchor or were diverted to other ports. Not helping much were over 50 VLCC tankers being used worldwide to store crude oil until there is a rise in prices. The 100-million gallons they contain is enough to satisfy Britain's needs for 59 days and smaller tankers are storing about 25 million gallons of petroleum products.

French fishermen, wanting higher fish quotas from the EU, blocked the port of Calais for several days and British ferry companies are suing the French government for not keeping the port open.

Without consulting the shipping industry, the Philippine government tried to protect its mariners by banning them from Somali waters but the mariners and the many shipping companies for whom they work protested. Since Filipinos form a high percentage of the world's mariners, it was utterly unrealistic to remove all Filipinos before the ships enter the perilous area and fly the Filipinos to a port on the other side for re-boarding. A compromise was reached in which ships with Filipinos in their crews must sail in the convoy lanes.

Ship owners want restructuring of the three UK lighthouse authorities (Trinity House, Northern Lighthouse Board, and the Commissioners of Irish Lights) after lighthouse dues were raised.

What to do with idle icebreakers now that the world is warmer is a question bothering the Finnish government, which has nine icebreakers but not enough ice in recent years to keep them particularly busy. Two never sailed at all last winter.

Some time this summer the Panama Canal Authority should award the biggest contract for the \$5.25-billion expansion of the Canal.

Thin Place and Hard Knocks

Ships sank or nearly sank: In Vietnam a barge with the license plate CT-0973H collided with a barge tagged LA-02178 and nearly 40,000 litres of petrol were spilled. About the same time, an untagged barge was hit and sunk by the cargo ship *Bien Dong (East Sea) No. 3* at the junction of the Nha Be and Soai Rap Rivers.

Off Japan the 36-metre trawler *Daiei Maru No. 11* was overturned by a wave and the master went down with his vessel. Twelve others were rescued by nearby fishermen.

In Bangladesh a sunken lighter closed the main channel for the port of Chittagong, keeping numerous vessels from entering or exiting. It took port authorities four days to get the wreck removed.

Off Norway's northern coast the Russian trawler *Karaines* sank and one died although another 15 were plucked from life rafts by a Norwegian rescue helicopter.

In China the brand new car carrier *Dyvi Pacific* hit a rock while heading out for sea trials and flopped on its side. The 6,500-unit carrier was declared a total loss.

Winds caused the Free Gaza vessel *Dignity* to list and it sank while under tow off Lima-sol. It had been badly damaged when rammed by an Israeli naval vessel last December.

The Chinese sailing junk *Princess Taiping*, a re-creation of a Ming Dynasty (1368-1644) vessel, sank after an alleged collision with the chemical tanker *Champion Express*. In the previous 11 months the sailing vessel had sailed across the Pacific to North Ameri-

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

ca and was within 40 miles of completing the return voyage.

At St Kitts the *BoII* was scheduled to carry six dump trucks loaded with sand to Nevis but sank after loading the fifth truck.

Ships collided and ships allided: Taiwanese authorities found fishing gear entangled with the Panamanian freighter *Tosa* and that led them to believe it was the ship that ran down the fishing vessel *Hsing Tong-chuan 85*, killing two.

In Australia the cargo ship *Accolade II* hit the Klein Point pier at Flinders Point in fine weather, probably due to mechanical failure. The master dropped an anchor but the ship's momentum was too great. The ship got a small gash in her hull but cost of repairs to the pier could run into six figures. The vessel makes a daily shuttle run to a cement plant carrying limestone when the pier is not busted.

In the Houston ship channel the chemical/oil tanker *Barcarolle* was hit by the towboat *Jane Ann Blessey* pushing a barge. Some damage, no spill, no injuries.

In Bremerhaven the engine of container ship *Maersk Vancouver* quit. Several re-start attempts failed, two anchors were deployed, and a tug tried to control the ship but it hit the Strom Quay anyhow and then ran aground. With help from a second tug the ship was freed and towed back to the Strom Quay.

Off Florida the container ship *CMA CGM Florida* ran into the stern of the fishing vessel *Dictator*, damaging its rudder so it was uncontrollable.

Fire and explosion took a toll: Off Vietnam the Malaysian tug *Astaka* was towing the sand barge *Astaka 5* when the tug ran aground and then burst into flames. Four of the crew of 11 survived.

The large ferry *Queen of Scandanavia*, now being used to provide hotel accommodation for workers at a Swedish power station, had a generator room fire that forced evacuation of guests and staff.

At Portsmouth, UK, the small cargo ship *Andaman Fortune* had a diesel-fueled engine room fire that was brought under control by shore-based firemen after a seven-hour fight.

Off Australia fire ripped through a gas turbine compressor on the floating production tanker *Maersk Ngujima-Yin* and was put out in 90 minutes. The ship was producing about 35,000 barrels per day of oil from the Vincent Field.

Ships ran aground: In the Japan Sea in Olga Bay the anchored *Abakan* dragged its anchor and went aground. It promptly took on 340 tonnes of ballast water to stabilize its position.

Off Singapore the maize-carrying, Iranian-flagged *Danoosh* was towed and then grounded after being hit by the Indonesian container ship *Lagun Mas*.

In the English Channel the unmanned dredging barge *Goliath* started leaking while under tow by the tug *Sea Alpha* and was grounded on a Kent beach to keep it from sinking. Salvors closed an open vent and pumped out the intruding water.

At Dar es Salaam the container ship *MSC Frederica* ran aground while following the pilot tug.

Humans got hurt: At Sembawang in Singapore, a drill ship's engineer was removing a plank when he fell into the hole with fatal results.

Off Alaska an engineer found unconscious in the engine room of the freighter *Horizon Tiger* was heli-evacuated by the Coast Guard.

In Singapore a sailor on the aircraft carrier *USS John C. Stennis* was killed when his head was crushed between the ship and a small boat as he worked on a drain for the carrier's steam catapults.

Other things: In 2001 the *Torm Alexandra* was sunk at Monrovia when stevedores improperly misused the ship's two cranes so as to cause containers to slide to the port side. The ship was recently salvaged by a Swiss firm building a 35-megawatt power station for the Liberian government. The plant will be fueled with wood chips from rubber trees past their prime.

The *Ym Taichung* lost 14 containers overboard and had another 26 damaged by heavy weather 1,000 miles west of San Francisco.

In just one week several deep sea and oil field tugs had "adventures" that were reported in the media: The German tug *Flensburg* went aground on the River Elbe while on an excursion trip, giving its 50 passengers something extra to talk about; the *Maersk Feeder* had engine problems while pumping fresh water to the *Thistle*, a platform in the North Sea, and collided with it before maneuvering free by using its thrusters; the *Maersk Chigneto* had a crankcase explosion 200 miles east of Cape Spear, Newfoundland; and the Polish tug *Herakles* was detained at Kiel due to an insufficient number of crew and, upon a re-inspection later, the master was found to be intoxicated.

Gray Fleets

By the end of 2009, 31 of the US Navy's 53 attack submarines will be home ported in the Pacific as the Navy realigns its forces to counter China's naval expansions.

The Navy will only buy three (at most) of the DDG-1000 Zumwalt-class destroyers (a billion dollars each) and will spend most of its future destroyer money refurbishing its existing Burke-class tincans.

Money will be saved by retiring the aircraft carrier *USS Enterprise* in 2012 or 2013, although that means the US Navy will have only ten usable aircraft carriers until the *USS Gerald R. Ford* goes into service in 2015. The *Big E* was the world's first nuclear-powered carrier and could see 44 years of service.

The collision-battered submarine *USS Hartford*, its sail noticeably bent to one side, sailed to the States on the surface for permanent repairs after a tiger team of 22 Pearl Harbor-based specialists made enough emergency repairs. The other half of the tag-team, the amphibious warfare ship *USS New Orleans*, was repaired in the Middle East and has returned to service.

A fire in the conning tower of the nuclear-powered attack submarine *HMS Astute* further delayed delivery of the over-budget vessel now several years past its scheduled delivery date.

To stimulate recruiting for its military services, including the Royal Navy, the UK is starting with the youngsters by offering dress-up-able toy action figures and military inspired toys such as a remote-controlled hovercraft, a STOL fighter with openable canopy, retractable landing gear, and removable missiles, and a spring-driven tank. The new HM Armed Forces collection has 32 such products.

An Indian petty officer disappeared from the frigate *INS Godavari* somewhere between Cochin and its base at Mumbai.

Russia may make operational again the last two of its Typhoon class nuclear-powered boomer subs. With a submerged displacement of 24,000 tons and a length of 574', they are the largest subs in the world.

And India expects the aircraft carrier *INS Vikramaditya* (ex-Soviet *Admiral Gorshkov*) to go into service in 2012 and the Indian Navy chief said they had understood that the initial price was too low and would need upward revision (again).

The New Zealand Navy rejected two Australian-built patrol boats it had ordered in 2004, claiming they were 100 tons overweight and thus unable to carry equipment required for Antarctic patrols.

Re-armament in the Far East is getting serious, Vietnam has ordered six Kilo-class submarines from Russia. They are considered to be among the quietest subs in the world.

White Fleets

The *Statendam*, *Carnival Elation*, and *Osterdam* will provide housing for more than 5,500 security personnel protecting the 2010 Winter Olympic Games at Vancouver.

Cruise ships are increasingly spending a day at a small port with nearby attractions. The *Statendam* paid a visit to Port Angeles, a community of 19,000 located on the south side of the Strait of Juan de Fuca in Washington. Later that night the nearby *Millennium* asked the Coast Guard to evacuate a sick woman.

Because a passenger on the *Navigator of the Seas* had slipped on melted ice cream from a faulty machine, she received unspecified compensation for being laid up for a month and suffering for months more.

A woman and her husband were heli-lifted off the *Queen Victoria* 50 miles off the Lizards and she later had a successful kidney transplant operation.

An Indian couple accidentally fell off the *SuperStar Virgo* near the Malaysian island of Penang and only the wife was retrieved.

A one-ship cruise company cancelled more than a dozen short cruises because its *Discovery Sun* had major engineering problems.

Because of recent cruise ship groundings and accidents, the nations signatory to the Antarctic Treaty agreed on some preliminary restrictions: cruise ships carrying more than 500 passengers cannot land them and only 100 from any cruise ship can be ashore at any one time. Next may be the creation of 11 protected areas but that was stopped because agreement could not be reached about wording in a final report calling for an agreement on climate change.

Those That Go Back and Forth

Near Vancouver, BC, a ferry captain put on a remarkable half-hour display of incompetence, drifting aimlessly in the river and then ramming the dock several times, all so police had time to arrive and arrest a suspect driving a stolen pick-up truck.

In the English Channel a man with severe head injuries was heli-lifted off the *Pride of Hull*. Authorities suspected he was injured during an assault.

In Vietnam hydrofoil No. 2246 ran aground at speed and started sinking after it struck buoy No. 23 at night. Seventy-nine passengers and five crew were rescued by nearby boats.

In the Philippines the *Don Martin* stranded 392 passengers and 25 crew when

its controllable-pitch propeller stopped working. Passengers debarked into outriggers and fishing vessels that responded to the vessel's distress calls.

Legal Matters

The chief cook on the hijacked *Maersk Alabama* sued the owners, claiming they knowingly exposed employees to dangers without appropriate security precautions.

The owners of the bulker *Selendang Ayu* paid \$844,707 to settle wreck removal and lost fish tax revenue claims arising from the grounding of that vessel in the Aleutians in 2004. The owners have already paid more than \$111 million and face additional resource-damage claims.

The master of the Scottish offshore supply vessel *Vos Viper* was fined for allowing his first officer and others to return to the docked ship while drunk back in 2007. The Chief Officer fell down some stairs and died from his injuries.

Illegal Imports

A boat carrying Afghani asylum-seekers had an explosion and fire while being escorted to an Australian detention center on Christmas Island. Five of 51 on board died and it was suggested that the immigrants may have spilled fuel so as to cause the explosion.

Nature

Visitors to the *USS Arizona* Memorial at Pearl Harbor will ride in enviro-sweet ferries. The *John W. Finn*, first of five similar boats that will replace the present ferries, uses biodiesel fuel.

As the EU prepares to create European low-emission zones, researchers reported that about 546,000 people in Europe die prematurely because of toxic emissions in the air, and shipping contributes 39,000 deaths of this total. One researcher detailed that shipping pollution will lower life expectancies of west coast British people living in coastal communities by 20-30 months by 2020.

The Louisiana Department of Environmental Quality will start monitoring barging on the Mississippi River for emission of pollutants.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Somalian piracy continued to be a serious business with ships being hijacked and ships being ransomed. Catching the world's attention was the capture of the American-flagged smallish container ship *Maersk Alabama* and the recapture by its crew, the hostage-taking of its master, and his subsequent and dramatic rescue by Navy SEAL sharpshooters.

In revenge for the deaths of the three baddies that had held the *Maersk Alabama's* master, pirates promptly captured four ships; the Lebanese-owned *Sea Horse*, the Greek-managed bulker *Irene EM*, and two Egyptian fishing boats.

Next the American-owned, Italian-flagged offshore tug *Buccaneer* was hijacked and the American-owned food aid ship *Liberty Sun* fought off attackers.

The crew of the brand-new Russian tanker *Handytankers Magic* fought off a pirate attack with the famed "water cannon" (probably ordinary fire hoses) and an unexploded RPG round was found on the tanker after the baddies gave up.

The Portuguese warship *Corte-Real* captured 19 pirates threatening to attack the tanker *Kriton*. (They were subsequently released but their weapons were confiscated.)

French forces stopped a mother ship and two skiffs and confiscated weapons. French naval forces accompany French dredgers transiting the piracy region but dredgers of other nationalities go it alone. Thus it was that the Belgian dredger *Pompei* was snatched by pirates.

The container ship *Jolly Smeraldo* was attacked one afternoon and later attacked again and the owner was re-thinking the sailing policies for its four container ships that operate in the region. And so on.

But increasingly piracy often achieved comedic depths appropriate to a Gilbert and Sullivan comedy. As examples, pirates attacked the French light surveillance frigate *Nivôse* one night and it retaliated by capturing 11 nasties in three small boats. The pirates attacked into the sun so perhaps can be excused for mis-identifying the warship as a small commercial vessel.

Other pirates fired at the *USNS Lewis and Clark*, a very large naval replenishment ship.

The North Korean-owned *Ryu Gyong* fought off three attacks in less than three weeks.

The South Korean warship *Mummu The Great* went to the (successful) aid of the North Korean cargo ship *Dabaksol* while it was under attack.

Some 500 miles east of Somalia other pirates fired at the *MSC Melody* and Israeli security guards fired over their heads. Reports said some passengers tried to throw deck chairs at the pirates as they tried to place a boarding ladder. Results? No hijacking, no injuries to about 1,000 passengers and 500 crew, but the cruise ship now has some bullet holes. In a telephone interview the pirate commander later bewailed his bad luck. "We are aware that hijacking such a big ship would have been a new landmark in piracy off the coast of Somalia but unfortunately, for technical reasons, we could not seize the ship. It was not the first time we went for that kind of ship and this time we came close to capturing it and we really sprayed it with gunfire." All in all, it seemed to have been "all-hands for fun and games" time. And so on.

Interestingly and hopefully, Somalian residents appear to be growing increasingly antagonistic towards the pirates to the point where some pirates (those who have made a fortune) are thought to be considering "retirement." Although pirate loot has been redistributed locally, the result has been an increase in localized violence, prostitution, use of alcohol, and other trends incompatible with conservative Muslim lifestyles.

Nasties were at work in Nigeria but the few news reports provided little detail.

And Nigeria and Somalia were not the only scenes of violent acts. Near the Philippines the Singapore-registered tug *Prospaq T1* and the empty sand barge *Prospaq B1* were attacked by machete-wielding pirates. The crew of ten was held for several days, then set adrift in a lifeboat without provisions. Forty-three hours later, they were picked up by the container ship *ANL Explorer*, hungry and exhausted but otherwise OK.

In colder climes (aka Norway) conservation commandos sank the Norwegian whaling vessel *Skarbakh* in the Lofoten Islands, adding it to their list of six vessels sabotaged. They left a note reading in part, "We sank the bastard." A Sea Shepherd's spokesman said (perhaps with tongue in cheek), "We don't know who they are... but we applaud their efforts."

In the April 1, 2007 issue of *MAIB*, Kevin Brennan described his inspiration for, and construction of, a two-sail 16' crab skiff which he named *Cinnamon Girl* after his wife. The lines for the skiff were recorded by Howard Chapelle and are shown in his book, *Crabbing Skiffs*, and are also available from the Smithsonian. Brennan also went on to tell that while he still enjoyed the boat, it was time to move on after more than 15 years. Through a series of events I became the new owner of this boat and have been evaluating her performance in her native waters of the Choptank River and Fishing Creek in the Cambridge, Maryland, area.

The boat is quick to rig at the ramp. The mizzen mast is very light and I can simply drop it into its partner in the aft thwart. The main mast is over 20' long and with the sail wrapped around it, it can be a bit unwieldy, especially if a wind suitable for sailing is up. I've worked out a good system by shaping a large block to fit right in front of the main mast partner. The block has a groove cut in it that will accept the tenon of the main mast. I simply run the tenon into the groove and walk the mast up. The block holds the base of the mast in place, once I've got the mast vertical I can lift it slightly and drop it into the partner, working it around until it seats in the mast step.

The sprits are kept rolled up in the sails and I usually row away from the boat ramp unless the wind is coming from abeam, which it usually isn't. After moving away from the ramp I'll unfurl the mizzen sail and cleat it tight amidships with the rudder centered. This arrangement usually results in the boat pointing mostly into the wind and drifting backwards. I'll then move forward and unfurl the mainsail. Once everything is set I simply uncleat the mizzen sheet and back the mizzen in the direction I'd like go and we're off. I usually trim the mizzen and cleat it off and continuously adjust the trim of the main with the main sheet.

I've found that the skiff rows as well as it sails and rowing is my chosen form of propulsion whenever going dead to windward. Tight on the wind the boat is slow. The other day I was trying to keep up with

Sailing the Crab Skiff *Cinnamon Girl*



a modern sloop-rigged cruiser about 30' long. We were on the wind and the cruiser was easily slipping away. We then fell off to a course with wind abeam and it was impressive how quickly the lost ground was made up. I had recovered about a quarter mile before I lost interest in the contest and sailed off in another direction.

I've been intrigued with how this design would have been used as a workboat. Crab fishermen need a stable platform to work their trotlines. On Memorial Day there was a perfect wind blowing perpendicular to the channel of Fishing Creek. I put the boat in and unfurled only the mizzen, leaving the main up but furled on its mast. There were a couple of modern day 29' and 32' diesel powered crabbers out working trotlines. I was able to fall in and follow their same course, at considerably less expense, under mizzen sail alone.

The boat sailed very comfortably in this configuration and the tiller could be tied off and the course adjusted by re-arranging my

weight around the boat. The boat under mizzen sail would not point much to windward and when coming about into the wind would often stall and drift backwards a little. Sailing abeam and before the wind the mizzen sail performed nicely. This is a stable and fast way of getting around if the winds are up and you're not in the mood for a dose of adrenaline.

Working a trotline would be pretty simple with one or two people aboard. The trotline would be laid across the prevailing wind, then the boat could run along it with occasional adjustments to trim. The split rig would seem to offer more control and be less of a handful than a larger single sail.

There are only a couple of drawbacks to the design that I can think to mention. First off, the tiller and mizzen mast placement can be awkward at times, when tacking I usually have to reach around the mast to catch the tiller. Sometimes when sailing the mizzen is in the way, maybe a hiking stick could fix this? Also, the boat trims stern down with just me and no ballast in the boat so that the transom drags. I've heard this isn't good for rowing boats so is probably not good for sailing as well? As drawn the lines seem perfect, so probably the best answer is to put crew or ballast forward to trim the transom out of the water.

All in all I'm really happy with the boat and she never seems to fail to draw favorable comments. The only question I have is why aren't these skiffs or something similar in mass production? As a recreational boat the crab skiff offers speed and flexibility. Several types of traditional watercraft are now being produced commercially, for example, Adirondack guideboats and Melonseed skiffs.

And it seems like this would still be a great boat for commercial fishing. Those crabbers I was following around are probably spending 75% or more of their proceeds for fuel and engine maintenance and they only came from less than a mile away!

If you'd like to see the boat stop by the Ruark Boatworks in Cambridge, Maryland, almost any Saturday afternoon (call first, Richardson Maritime Museum, 410-221-1871). We could arrange a test sail and even talk about building one for you!

Lutra Voyager
14 feet 6 inches

Stability you can count on

Arrowhead Custom Boats and Canoe
4113 Guadalupe
Austin, Texas 78751
(512) 302-0033
Plans and custom boats to 30 feet
www.arrowheadboats.com

Handy Billy 21 Fiberglass
Quiet
Efficient
Classic

Cruising Speed,
Quiet Conversation

Special pricing on '07 Demo boats!

Southport Island Marine
207-633-6009
www.southportislandmarine.com

Elf's Year in Review

By Rick Carrion

Spring has always been my favorite time of the year, though always very busy! It seems hard to believe that this time last year volunteers and I were working long days finishing a number of projects getting *Elf* ready to move to the water's edge. Originally we had planned to launch in 2007 but we had to postpone because there was still so much work to be done. With the work complete, plans were made to move the boat at the end of March 2008. Within days of the scheduled move I received word that the boat hauler passed away. Quick, find another boat hauler, which is easier said than done. After I found someone, I had to coordinate a new date and approximate arrival time with the marina, which turned out to be another delay. The marina owner was in for quadruple bypass surgery and all work was at a standstill. On April 14 we were finally able to move *Elf* out of the workshop and to the water's edge. (Oh, happy days!) About 30 members and friends were on hand to help and witness the historic moment.

We decided to duplicate the rig but reduce the overall sail area by about 20%. In an historically accurate restoration I had few other options, but would it really be the right thing to do? No! Peter R. Kellogg had earlier agreed to sponsor the construction of the rig and sail plan. When it was time to draw the final rigging plans, John Brady from Independence Seaport Museum's Boat Shop in Philadelphia visited. I can remember it as though it were yesterday. I was working in the galley area and the decks were not on yet. John and Graham were talking on the starboard side scaffolding. John made the comment, "Peter wants to know what Rick really wants." I turned and looked up to John and said, "John, I want to put her back historically correct." The next day I received a call that Peter agreed to sponsor the recasting of the five tons of lead, which meant that we could restore her to her original glory. John was then able to duplicate the original big rig.

When we arrived at the marina in Rock Hall, Maryland, we started the process of attaching the newly cast lead keel, which turned out to be another challenge. Some may ask, "Why a new lead keel?" The reason is that during World War I *Elf* and many other vessels gave up their lead keels for the war effort. For years *Elf* cruised about New York Harbor as a harbor tender with the keel bolt holes plugged and the rig taken off. Eventually iron ballast was reattached and the rig significantly reduced because the iron was about a ton and a half lighter than the original five tons of lead. Throughout the restoration I lamented as to what to do, knowing the ballast aboard when I purchased *Elf* in 1971 would not support the full rig she carried in 1888.

By the end of the day we could only attach (land) two of the 12 bolts and they were amidships. When we sent the iron keel out to be used as a pattern for the casting, we included a very accurate pattern of each keel bolt and their angles through the lead. Some folks joked later that the people doing the casting sniffed too many lead fumes, perhaps true. The remaining holes fought us every step of the way in trying to land the other ten bolts. Note that we were scheduled



to launch in four days with the media and invited guests responding that they would be in attendance. Again, we worked long days all week and finally got the last bolt landed at dusk on Thursday with re-launch only hours away the next day.

Friday morning I remember working on the hull before sunrise. As the day progressed more volunteers showed up to help with the final phases before launch. I pressed everyone into action, painting the bottom and filling in on a number of other jobs. It was a challenge to keep all going well. By midday the crowd swelled to about a hundred with the media wanting interviews. At the same time there was constant chatter among volunteers who wanted my attention. The travel lift started up while we were still completing last-minute details. Finally *Elf* was about to be back in her element. After kind words from several members, family, and friends we proposed a toast and *Elf* was lowered into the water. After 17 years out of the water and with the keel issues not allowing us to run water into the bilge ahead of time to swell the timbers, we had major water problems. We made the deadline, had the ceremonial launch, and hauled her back out to adjust a few systems. We swelled the hull from inside and were much more successful re-launching two weeks later.

After swelling the hull for ten days the leaks slowed to almost nothing. With propulsion issues remaining, we used an inflatable strapped to the starboard and headed toward Annapolis. The bay was too rough to cross because of a stiff northwest breeze so we put into Kent Narrows and waited for the weather to change. Once in Annapolis we had the transmission re-built but challenges remained. We eventually realized that the Martec folding propeller had to be re-assembled underwater. After those modifications, we headed up the Bay to Philadelphia for the rig. I was able to build up to 16 coats of varnish before stepping the mast. Some folks remarked, "What drove you to keep moving ahead?" In addition, I remarked that, "It was my obsession and Just for Men deodorant that worked for me!"

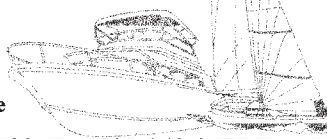
After we were rigged it was time to learn the fine points of sailing *Elf* to make her dance. Reviewing the logbook, I realized that we made 51 different trips including races, pleasure, and sail training days. We attended several shows and events to display *Elf*. During that time we had 359 people days aboard while underway, putting almost 2,000 nautical miles under the hull before down rigging and laying her up for the winter. I feel that we had a very successful year! Thankfully, membership is growing once again.



By-The-Sea

www.by-the-sea.com

- Boat Dealers
- Boat Builders
- Marinas
- Boats For Sale



- Nautical Books
- Plans and Kits
- Weather Instruments
- Free Classified

Tel 508-240-2533 Fax 508-240-2677 Email: info@by-the-sea.com

25 Years Ago in MAIB

It was an unadvertised yard sale, something like doors, hinges, tools, or something equally as exciting was what we were looking for. Poking was what we were doing. I was picking up dusty cups and saucers to check the markings. A familiar voice spoke up behind me, "Sue, look what's over here." It was my husband's voice and Ed was over under a grove of pines resting his hand on what appeared to be a boat. It was difficult to tell.

But sure enough, there sat the prettiest little 16' catboat ever. She sat in forlorn dismay with layers of pine needles in her bilge. Her planks were covered with layer upon layer of seasick blue paint. Her garboards and other fastenings were straining for mercy. But the sparkle in Ed's eyes told me that this was another "find."

Being married to a man who loves traditional wooden boats is no easy task. A woman must develop an appreciation for the not-so-obvious. Over years of scanning boatyards Ed has acquired the instinctive ability to spot that certain line that identifies that certain "traditional" design. Since prowling through old boatyards scanning the derelict and near derelict craft in death rows is Ed's hobby, I have learned, while accompanying him on these explorations, how to check for rot in a keel or garboard. The words "sheer" and "wineglass stern" now have new meaning. Rarely do we travel inland because there is no saltwater there, consequently none of the sort of boatyards in which Ed can make a "find."

I watched Ed's face fade from the flush of first excitement to a grim gray and the sparkle in his eyes turn to tears as the seller shattered his dream when he explained he had sold the little cat the day before for \$500. I could almost hear Ed's heartstrings pop.

We made the usual statements to the seller, "That boat is a beauty, you could have sold her for so much more, what a shame we missed this... if this sale falls through (ridiculous statement) let us know!" By this time all of the shedding of tears and tugging at the seller's shirtsleeves had attracted his wife. She glared icily at her husband after she comprehended what we had been telling him. "See, I told you to ask more, I told you, I told you, you never listen to me!" Ed and I made our exit leaving behind the anguish of losing "thousands of dollars." The seed had been planted.

This was hardly Ed's first "find." Several years ago on a visit to Connecticut to visit relatives, Ed and my brother decided to go "boatyarding." They returned two hours later with a 17' dory protruding from the rear doors of our van (a mid-'60s short wheelbase model). Not on a trailer, mind you, but stuffed inside the van as far as it would go. But it was a "find."

"Sue, don't you know what kind of a dory this is?" was Ed's gambit as I contemplated the impending trip home, three hours with two small children, a dog, and this "find." My face must have reflected this vision. All the living creatures would be sitting on my lap because the "find" would have the bulk of the van for itself.

The Find... and the subsequent restoration wars!

Report by Sue Hammer

Small World Department: Back in our February 15 issue we carried a feature on a 16' catboat called *Dogwatch* as one of our camper/cruiser series. The story was a reprint of a Roger Taylor article in the August 1982 issue of *National Fisherman*. That issue subsequently reached the hands of Ed and Sue Hammer of Newburyport, Massachusetts, and they were delighted to see the *Dogwatch* article. They had found the boat in semi-derelict condition in 1980 and had restored it and sailed it two summers before selling it. The small world part comes in because Ed is the bindery supervisor at the printing firm that now prints *Messing About in Boats*. He did not see the *Dogwatch* article when it was printed for we did not take the job to his firm until the March 15 issue.



Well, Sue had written a story on the restoration project on *Dogwatch* but had not been able to get it published in *WoodenBoat*, no room. So, here it is, a differ-

The trip did prove to be a test of human endurance contending with two very irritable, tired children, convinced they would go through life malformed due to the seating arrangement forced upon them by this acquisition. They had to curl up in little balls under the boat with the dog and its drool. I lived in constant fear of carbon monoxide poisoning as the exhaust fumes blew back into the open rear doors of the van. But we did make it home to Newburyport.

Even this "find" was not Ed's first, it was about the fourth. It really seems necessary to describe what "Find Number Four" had to offer; no bottom, no seats, no rails, too many coats of peeling alligator textured paint. Its only saving grace was a sail bag full of the most beautiful intact Indian cotton sails ever seen.

Many months of hard work later, this boat became *Freepirit*, a 30-year-old Swampscott sailing dory, restored. This experience pretty well convinced me that Ed, indeed, had the ability to spot and restore these traditional boats. I've grown to trust his judgment in such things.

After about a month of phone calls applying the gentle pressure of the lure of a little more cash for that catboat, it came home with us on the trailer (it simply could not fit into the van). As I viewed it in our yard I somehow decided to make this one OUR project of love for an old boat. All the previous "finds" had been lovingly restored by Ed alone. This idea proved to be my first mistake. Unknowing at the time, we agreed that everything ABOVE the waterline was mine, BELOW the waterline was his.

The next morning I was out there with my scraper and paint burner. I labored six hours to burn off enough paint to fill a quart

bucket. I kept telling myself, "this is FUN, this is REWARDING!"

It was only after a friend, who had scraped many a rail, stopped by that I learned that the "tool" had to be sharpened to a razor edge. I watched in amazement as she expertly filed the scraper edge. I could hardly believe the ease with which the paint slipped off the oak with one swift stroke. I could hardly wait for Ed to come home and see my day's accomplishment. He said, "I thought you knew how to sharpen a scraper." Glory is so fleeting.

Day after day I donned my cut-offs and T-shirt and diligently worked on my part of the boat. I already was determined that this boat would be in the water in a month. Forty hours I logged that first week, sharpened scraper and paint burner in hand. Topsides wooded down, transom wooded down. What a surprise to find solid mahogany on her backside. Canvas decks next. Nothing could stop me now. Intensely burning and scraping and sanding. By this time I felt the burning desires of boat restoration boiling through my veins. One thought only, get her in the water. Summer was slipping by.

So what was that mistake I mentioned making when I decided to get involved? Well, Ed loves to restore boats. One of his greatest pleasures in life is to painstakingly take his time. He savors every moment, he enjoys the slow progress he makes. Lovingly he drives each screw into the wood, drawing renewed energy as the screw bites and is swallowed into the wood. He meticulously studies each cut to be made, careful to not waste any precious bit of lumber. Study and re-study, pondering his every move.

But I, I am a hard worker but do have a basic character flaw commonly known as lack of patience. So here we had the oil

and water syndrome come into existence. I very intensely tackled this new venture with the zest of a northeast wind in February. Ed, however, was enjoying each moment like a gentle tacking down a quiet stream. We were working towards different goals, mine to sail and enjoy the results of all this labor, Ed to savor the work itself which would produce that end result. Not a compatible arrangement.

WAR WAS DECLARED! It was now that we discovered that even with the strength of 15 years of marriage behind us we would find this working together thing was for the birds! Little differences in our relationship began to be noticeable. Like angry glares over the supper table, comments aimed at me such as “slavedriver”... “She can get HER own boat next time!” Whatever happened to our project of love?

Well, it ended up taking two months, not one, to finish “our” project. A compromise for both of us. The finish found Ed priming HIS engine as I put on the gold lettering, *Dogwatch*, on MY transom.

It took four bottles of champagne to christen *Dogwatch* and help drown the lingering differences as to how and why we were there. It was a warm July 3, 1980, evening at Parker River in Newbury, Massachusetts. Friends had joined us to share in the celebration of completion, to re-assure themselves that our marriage had weathered the two-month war, and to drink the champagne. Our daughter was given the honor of crashing one bottle of champagne over the stem. We felt she deserved it for she had managed to function very well as an orphan for two months.

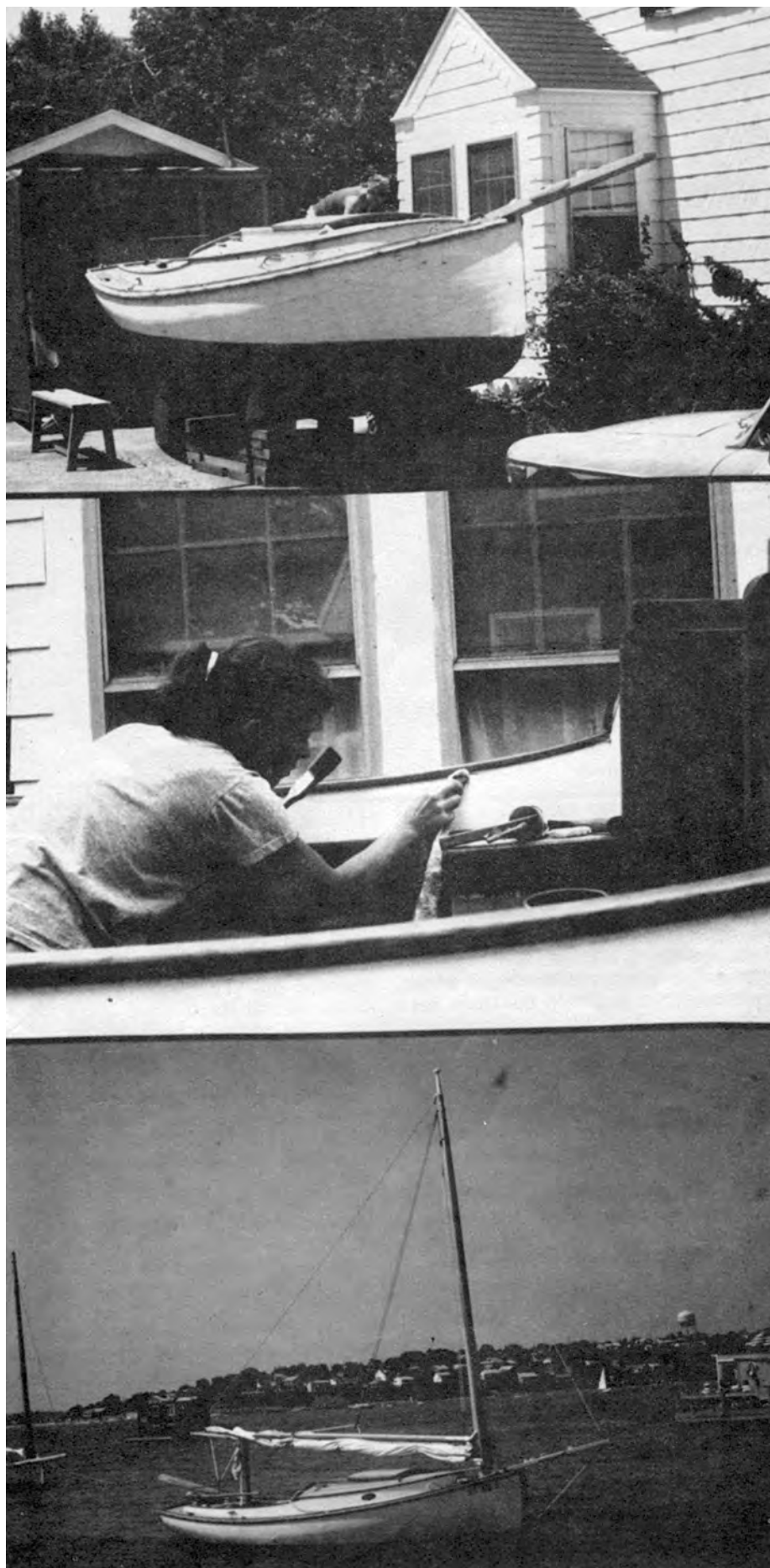
Then our heart’s desire slowly slid into the water, gently the ripples lapped her topsides. Gloriously she bobbed, happily accepting her rebirth and enjoying the environment she was created for. Her oiled rails gleamed in the moonlight. Brand new garboards were holding firm, brand new cotton caulking held out the water, brand new fastenings held her all together. WHERE was all that WATER coming from? Could we keep up with it using the hand pumps? No matter how much we pumped, the Parker River kept pouring in.

Ed and I slept on the boat that night, or rather, stayed on the boat all night. Watches were kept. Intensely one pumped for two hours, then m-e-t-h-o-d-i-c-a-l-l-y the other pumped for two hours. The leaking continued throughout the night.

Sunrise brought new hope. We ran her onto a sandbar and waited for the tide to recede. Ed patiently went over all the seams, but when he found the leak at last it was the stuffing box for the prop shaft. I reminded Ed that BELOW the waterline was his, he reminded me that he had been forced to work under unrelenting pressure and consequently could not be held entirely responsible.

Dogwatch finally swelled tight, her mast was stepped, her sails filled with the wind, and we slipped away down the river, intensely and methodically, leaving the land behind. It was a new lease on life for this boat and we had learned the real meaning of compromise. We had two very good summers sailing *Dogwatch* before we sold her. Built in 1945 by S.S. Crocker in Manchester, Massachusetts, this “find” of Ed’s was off on a whole new life.

“What’s that you say, Ed? There’s an 18’ WHAT in the garage?”



The “intense” approach by the author and the final result of the compromise in the approach to restoration. It was worth it.



Loose Change

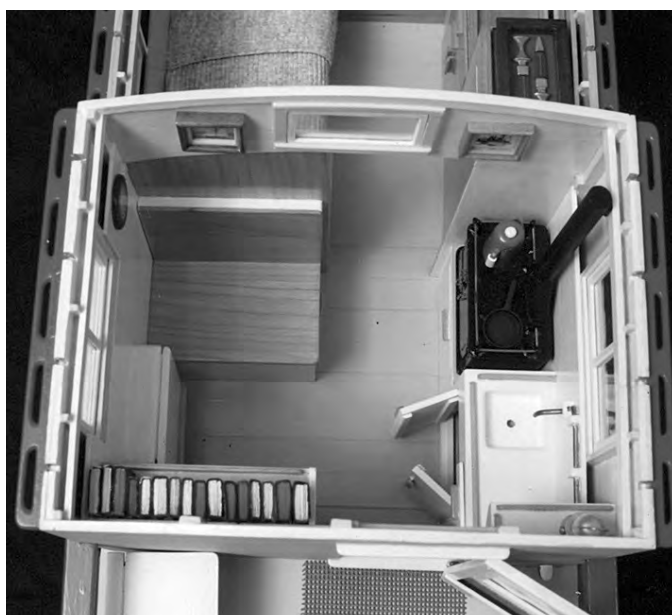
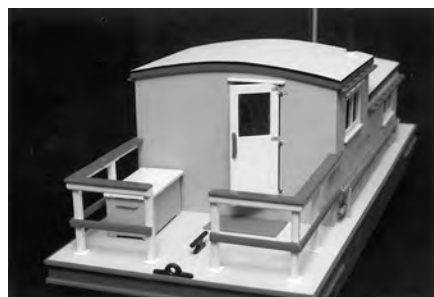
By Gary Snodgrass

Loose Change is my third 1/10 scale project and is also a William Atkin design. What a cozy abode! I can easily imagine living this sort of "no frills" life! Moored in the shallows with Delta Zephyr for commuting to the boatyard is the fantasy.

On the house sides are stowed a sweep and a pole each side. A deck locker on the forward deck holds the anchor chain in its bucket and a mooring pendant as well as both rowlocks which can be plugged into their sockets atop the rail caps. Don't forget to wipe my feet on the doormat! There's an oil lamp over the galley and if I pump some water into the coffee pot I can get some coffee going, open up the icebox and get some eggs to fry up in the skillet. I've got time now to set the table. Just lift it into position and ease the slide out from the bookshelf.

When I'm finished eating and cleaning up I may want to use the head under the aft door. Grab a magazine to bide my time. Enjoy the solitude. When I'm ready I'll feel free to snooze. Ah, the simple life.

Mr. Atkin designed this one in the later years of WWII as a budget abode; therefore, *Loose Change* became its name.



My loyal and good shipmate, Alison McIver of Ben Bow days, as described in the book *Three Little Cruising Yachts*, and I used to spend a lot of time winter nights and days riding around the waterfronts of many and sundry Long Island towns and villages in quest of that elusive small boat that might be described as the "ultimate." Despite the burning up of great quantities of gasoline and rubber we never found the craft.

However, we found by the light of the moon and her lighted windows a tiny houseboat hauled a little above high water mark. This one was in a delightful and secluded cove not too far from the main highway, yet not so near as to be the visiting spot of all the thousands speeding east and west along the turnpike. There was no snow, but it was a cold night and now and then glowing sparks would fly from the little boat's stove pipe and fade away. A skiff, upside down and covered with thatch to keep the moisture in her bottom boards, some long poles, a wood pile, and a tool box with hinged slanting lid stood nearby.

And up the bank a hundred feet or so a cleared space for a garden and a coop for fowl, we could hear the hens gossiping among themselves on the roosts inside. A miniature Rudder Grange, we thought, the ultimate for some very practical and sensible man. Painted on neat boards each side was the name *Retreat* so we did not intrude upon the occupant's little castle. A man has a right to be alone.

Shanty Boat De Luxe *Retreat*

By William Atkin

We often looked into the cove, but always at night. Night lends enchantment to many things, not least of which are little houseboats hauled up the beach in delightful secluded coves.

My shipmate Alison always wanted a tiny houseboat like the one an unknown owner had christened *Retreat*. He felt a boat of this type would solve all his living problems. So we tried to visualize an interior adapted to the comfort of one man, but only the drawings resulted. Nor were these the equal of the cabin arrangement shown in the drawings I have just made for *MoToR BoatinG* and which I have given the name *Retreat*.

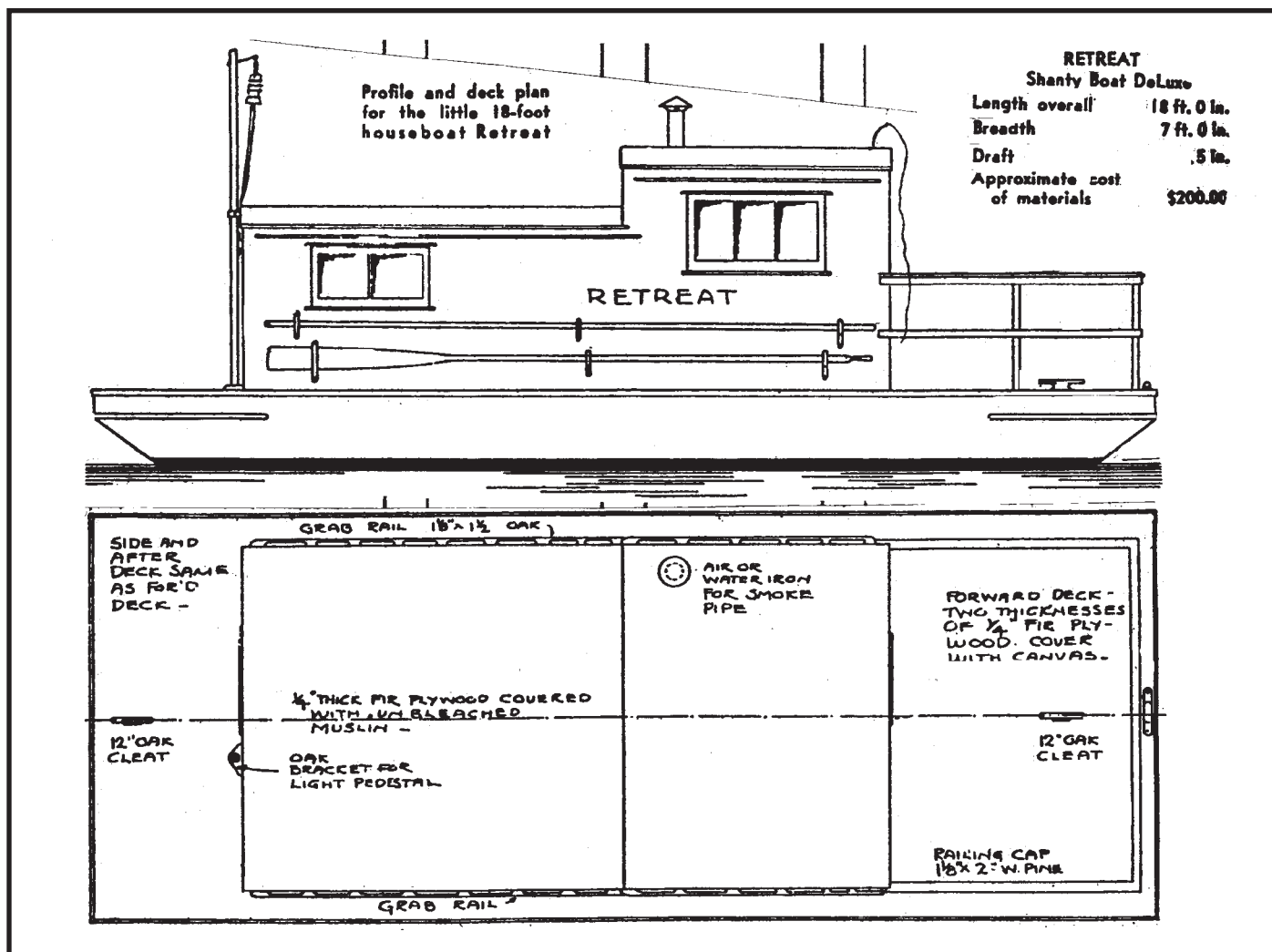
In these days of scarce and difficult-to-find houses and rooms, such a craft as shown here would fill a very real need. Everything with a roof, and the latter not always watertight, is filled to overcrowding wherever war work is being produced. After a long, throbbing day surrounded by noise, a little boat like *Retreat*, edged by sedge grass and water, would be the ultimate indeed.

I am sure you will find, if you plan to build, that all the materials going into this miniature floating castle are of kinds that are not under priorities. And you will find, if you

will study and compare this boat with others of its type, that the construction is very much on the lightweight side. The purpose of the latter is to ease the burden if and when the boat has to be moved overland by truck or trailer. Fact is, it would be no trick at all to fix a pair of automobile wheels on each side at the middle point of the overall length, making a trailer that at the same time would be a houseboat. Axle would not be required, nor springs. Two front knuckles from a heavy car welded to suitable plates could be through bolted to the sides, then removed after the trailer had been wheeled down into the water. With approved hitch to attach to rear of automobile and driving at modest speed, the whole would function very well. This is worth thinking about. The total weight of the boat without personal items will be approximately 1,900 pounds.

The overall length of the hull is 19', the breadth is 7', the depth from bottom to deck is 2'. The sides are flat and stand plumb, just like a long box having slanting ends. With everything aboard the hull will draw close to 5" of water. The drawing of the lines show all necessary dimensions for the making of the hull. Unlike any other boat I know of it is hardly necessary to draw the lines to full size. However, you must have a level place to build on. If on the ground outside, set up five 4"x4"s on blocking or posts somewhat wider than the hull and build on these.

The deck plan shows bow deck 4'6" long and deck house 11' long. The bow deck has



suitable wooden railing, the after deck will be open. The deck house has two heights, the main cabin high enough to get full 6' headroom under the top beams, the sleeping cabin lower to get 4'10" headroom. If the deck houses are much higher than this there will be too much windage. *Retreat* will be very cozy inside as designed. There is a narrow deck all around, just enough for a toe hold, that is why the grab rails shown will be necessary. There is a window each side for the sleeping cabin and the main cabin. These will open out and be hinged at the tops. On each side of the deck house I would carry a long oak oar and a long pole, all four being very handy for obvious reasons. And, of course, a pedestal on which to carry a riding light will be required for mooring among moving watercraft.

There is an entrance each end. The forward, or main cabin, is fitted with coal burning yacht's range, sink, and ice box one side, comfortable upholstered seat, drop leaf table, shelves, and lockers the other side. There will be an additional shelf over the sink and ample room under the forward deck for stowage as well as room for a good-sized water tank. Metal being difficult to secure, the water tank might be made from white pine. However, galvanized sheet iron would be the better material and can still be purchased in small quantities at retail stores. It will be necessary to pump water to the sink. If cylindrical tank

is used, air pressure can be used to force water to sink. A few strokes on a good automobile tire pump will exert sufficient pressure. For lighting I would use oil lamps.

The sleeping cabin is fitted with single berth, chest of drawers, lockers, hanging locker, and WC located beneath the seat which forms a step at the after entrance. Very good secondhand WCs can be bought from folks who used to build yachts. Fifteen dollars should buy one in fine order, dirty no doubt, and requiring a thorough overhauling. Parts, if broken, can be gotten from the manufacturers. And there we have the cabin of our shanty boat deluxe. I have a notion it is more sumptuous than the little houseboat lying on the beach in the Long Island cove which brought the idea of a tiny and livable floating home. However, and this is only my guess, she may have been lined with cloth of gold and inlaid with jade and diamonds. My shipmate Alison and I will always have to speculate about this.

The construction is simple and straightforward. The two matching sides should be made first. The planking on the sides will be made from $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick white cedar or some equally lightweight and strong wood. Four strakes each side will be ample if the boat is to be kept in the water most of the time. If out a good part of the time I would use five strakes. There will be less shrinkage then.

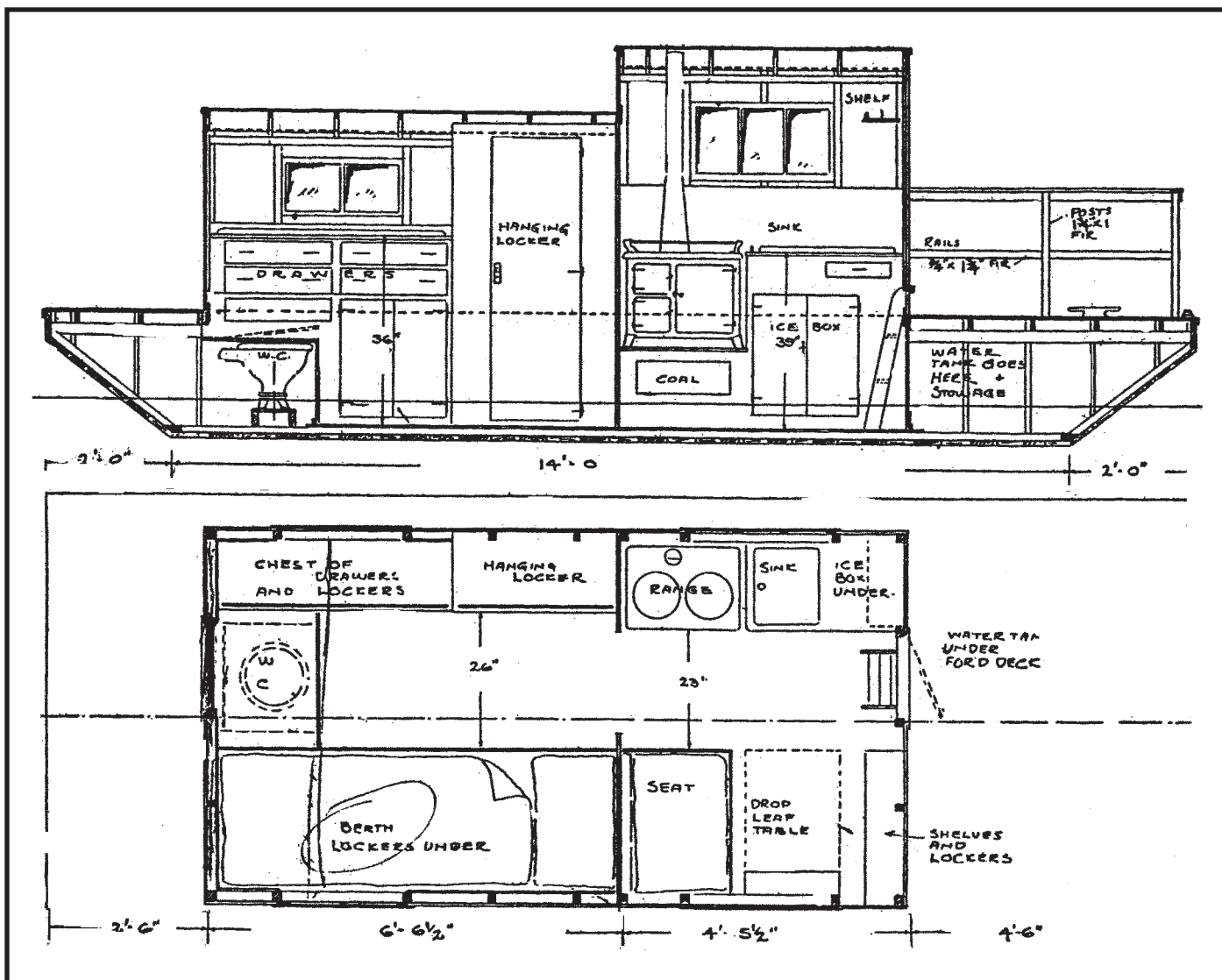
The chine pieces will be made from $\frac{3}{4}$ "x1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " white oak, the side frames from $\frac{3}{4}$ "x2" white oak. All these parts can be fastened with galvanized boat nails, or black iron nails if the boat is to be used on fresh water.

Start from a center line on the floor and set the two sides up square and parallel to this, the outsides being exactly 7' apart and bottom sides up. The bow and stern ends must be square across, otherwise the deck will be out of square. It would be a good plan to make rough moulds to hold the sides securely in place. If, however, there is a good holding floor for strong braces the forms will not be needed.

The bow and stern pieces will be made from $\frac{3}{4}$ " white oak or yellow pine. Fit a frame across the ends of these members to prevent splitting and to better take fastenings for the sides. The bow and stern pieces are overlapped by the sides. Make close neat joints here, otherwise the hull will leak.

At the point where the bottom angles into the bow and stern, fit a doubling piece made from 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ "x4" white oak. This will be fastened through the sides.

The bottom planking will be made from $\frac{3}{4}$ " white cedar, the planks being about 6" wide, it is not required to have all the strakes exactly the same width but be sure that the planks each end are at least 6" wide so as to land and fasten well to the bow and stern dou-



bling pieces. The edges of the planks must be given an outgauge of something like $\frac{1}{16}$ " to take the caulking. All planking will be fastened with galvanized boat nails, or screws if you can get these. Lay several strands of cotton wicking along the edges of the chines and edge of bottom planks well soaked in thick paint. This forms a watertight joint here. The angle part of the bottom will be planked in a similar manner.

There will be a keelson and two sister keelsons through the inside of the bottom. These will prevent the seams from weaving or creeping and also strengthen the bottom. Make these pieces from $1\frac{1}{2}$ "x $1\frac{3}{4}$ " white oak and lay on the wider side, or in other words, on the flat. Caulk and paint the bottom before turning over to lay deck and build the deck house.

A clamp or shelf made from $\frac{3}{4}$ "x $2\frac{3}{4}$ " fir extends each side to carry the deck beams. Fasten this to the inside of the frames with screws, two fastenings to each frame. The deck beams will be made from $\frac{3}{4}$ "x $2\frac{1}{2}$ " fir and will be set on 12" centers as shown. Fasten to clamps with long wire nails. It is not necessary to cut a crown for the deck beams. Notice doublings under cleats.

The deck will be laid with two thicknesses of $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick fir plywood, just the ordinary commercial grade which is obtainable in small quantities. Paint both sides and the edges after fitting and before fastening in place. Use galvanized or black iron nails for fasten-

ings, and butt on beams, staggering joints between the pieces. Always lay plywood so the outer layers of the veneer from which it is made extend across the beams or studs to which it is fastened. It is stiffer this way. After painting cover the deck with light canvas. Pieces of an old sail will answer very well here. The canvas will be turned down over the top edge of the sheer planks and will turn up inside the face pieces that form rabbets for the house sides.

The cabin floor will be laid with tongue-and-groove fir $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick, about 3" wide. It will be laid athwartships over the keelson and sister keelsons.

The house side studs will be made from $1\frac{1}{8}$ "x $1\frac{3}{4}$ " fir. Set so the thick dimension forms the thickness of the house sides. Sill for the windows must be rabbeted about as shown to prevent leaks.

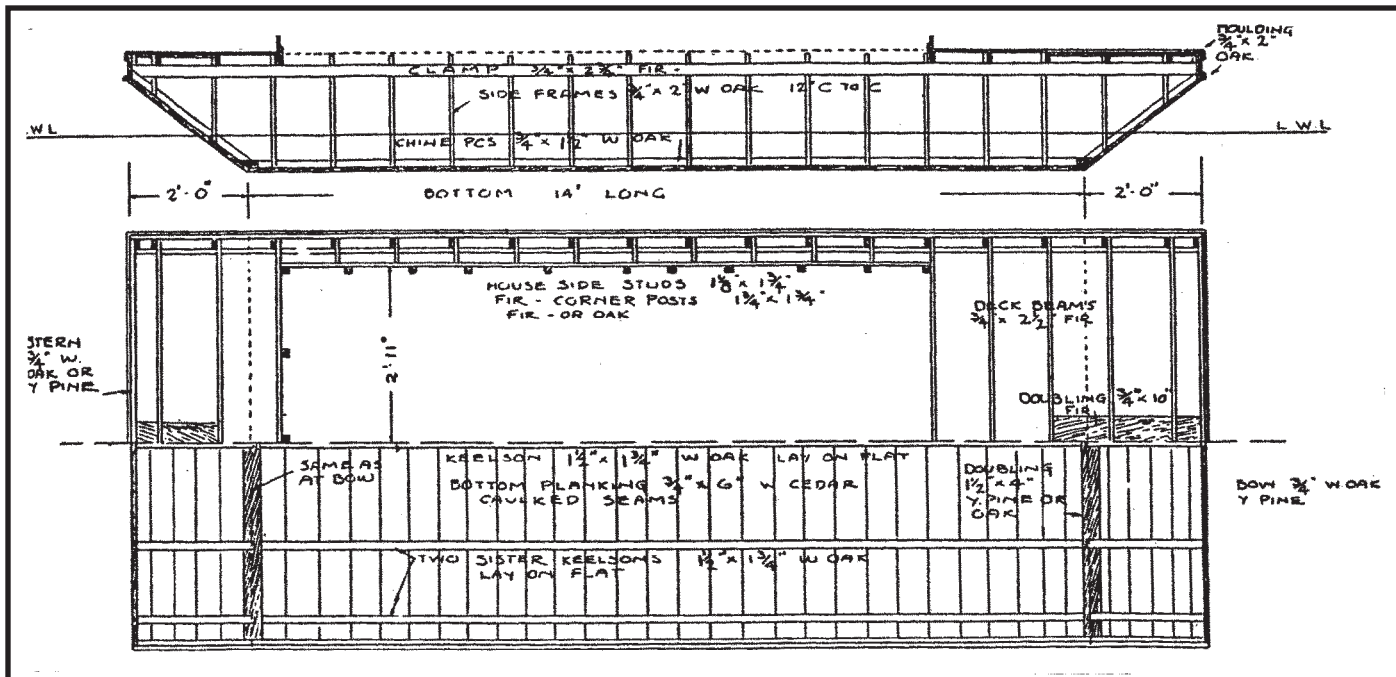
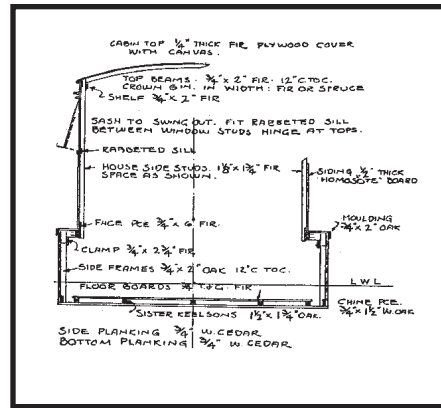
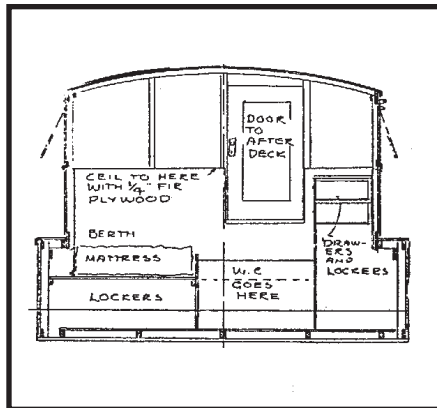
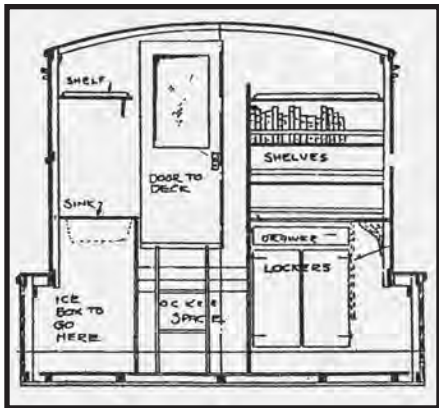
The house sides and ends will be made from Homosote, this is an excellent composition wallboard $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick and is obtainable in sheets of many sizes up to 8'x12'. This material is a good insulator, is strong, and will not come apart if soaked in water, even if unpainted. Most lumber and building material yards carry this. Notice there is a nailing piece let into the tops of the cabin side studs to strengthen the corner here. Make this from $\frac{3}{4}$ "x2" fir. Also the shelf below to carry the house top beams. Homosote can be nailed to the studs same as any wood.

The house top beams will be made $\frac{3}{4}$ "x2" fir sawn to a crown of 6" in the width of the cabin house. Set these on 12" centers and fasten to shelves with long wire nails. The house top will be decked with fir plywood $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick. Then cover with unbleached muslin or very light canvas. Paint the plywood well before it is fastened in place.

Mouldings for covering edges of canvas and for rub strips are clearly shown on the plans. Fasten these thoroughly, painting behind to prevent the stain from the oak from bleeding and dirtying the boat's sides.

The interior work should be made from lightweight materials like white pine, thin fir plywood, etc. Notice the studding is ceiled to a point just below the window sills. This might be ceiled up to the house top beams if desired as very little additional weight will be added by this change. All the interior woodwork should be plain and simple but neatly finished and painted. The doors for lockers can be made from $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick white pine without panels or trim, just straight plain wood, to prevent warping fit cleats on the inner sides. The outside door to forward deck should be made with glass panel, the after door solid.

And so here we have *Retreat*, a floating home for one that can be built cheaply and easily by any good man used to working in wood. The materials alone should not cost much more than \$200, including the fittings and water tank.



After reading Robinson Crusoe's account of his first and luckless attempt at canoe building, we must all have realized that if a lone man be given ample time and an inexhaustible fund of patience, a forest giant may be felled and its immense trunk shaped into a dugout canoe by means of an axe, a mallet, and a chisel. Due to mistaken reasoning on the part of Crusoe, he opposed Friday's desire to hasten the work by calling in the aid of fire. Without this assistance Crusoe's tools were but ill suited to the task. His hatchet was useful for shaping the exterior of the hull, but even with the addition of mallet and chisel the work of hollowing a stout log with such tools becomes difficult and toilsome labour.

The tool most suitable for the purpose, one which is in universal use by dugout canoe builders the world over, is the adze. Its narrow blade, turned inwards at an acute angle to the haft, has long been found ideal for the shaping of timber. We have sculptured scenes dating from the Fifth Dynasty of Ancient Egypt (Tomb of Ti at Saqqara) which show boat builders using this tool in the shaping of a boat's underbody. Metal was used whenever obtainable but in Polynesia the lack of bronze and iron led to adzes being fitted with shell blades made from the thicker parts of the massive giant clam *Tridacna*, such as those recorded by Pedro Fernandez de Quiros as in use in the Marquesas Islands at the time of his stay there in 1595.

With this tool alone a dugout canoe may be hewn out of a log or a tree trunk, the operation is tedious and may be greatly facilitated if the wood be surfaced burned previously and at regular intervals as work progresses. By this means the surface becomes charred and the burned layer may then be subsequently scraped off with ease. Repetition of this procedure enables the work to be pressed forward with great expedition and notable reduction of the arduous toil involved, great care has to be taken to prevent the charring from going deep into the wood.

An excellent account of this method is given by Densmore in a mythological folk tale current among the Chitimacha Indians of Louisiana:

"The canoe used by the Chitimacha was a dugout.... It is said that the knowledge of how to make a pirogue was given to the Chitimacha by their supreme deity... who took six Indians into the woods and showed them how to fell a cypress tree by burning the trunk. After the tree had fallen he showed them how to secure a section of the right length by lighting fires under the log and how to shape the bottom and ends of the canoe by burning the surface of the log and scraping off the charred wood with a clam shell. A fire was made on top of the log for its entire length in order to make the inside of the canoe, the wood being charred and scraped so the opening would be the right depth and width. A mold of mud was laid along the upper edge of the partly finished canoe so the burning would not go too far down on the side, and the upper edge of the opening was made smooth by careful scraping. The supreme deity showed them how to do all this so the pirogue 'would be useful to the Indians in going from place to place.' It was propelled by a paddle, like those used by other tribes (presumably those who built bark canoes)."

The pirogue was commonly used by the Chitimacha in 1933, one being seen and photographed on Bayou Teche, back of Delphine Decloux's house... This pirogue was

The Making and Spreading of Dugout Canoes

By James Hornell
Reprinted from *Paddlers Past*
Journal of the Historic Canoe
& Kayak Association

14' long and about 18" wide in the middle, this being the usual size for two persons. It was pointed at both ends and sharper at the stern with a little keel. Larger pirogues would hold eight or ten persons. As typical of the course of operations adopted in Polynesia, the usage formerly followed in the Society Islands is typical. After the felling of a tree of suitable length and girth, using stone axes for the purpose combined with the skilful employment of fire, the branches were trimmed off and the trunk roughly shaped on the spot. Thus reduced in size and weight, the log was dragged down the valley to a working place convenient to the shore and to the tohuna who was in charge of the work. There, after some further trimming, the outline of the intended canoe was drawn upon the log in charcoal. The exterior was then shaped by shell adze.

When the interior had afterwards been roughly excavated by stone or shell adze and fire, it was filled with fresh water or else submerged for some days to season and absorb water. As soon as this soaking or soddening was considered adequate, the canoe was freed from water and allowed to become dry on the surface, the final thinning down of the bottom and sides to a thickness of 2" or rather less was then completed, cross bars being at once wedged between the gunwales to prevent deformation. This done, the hull was again scraped and a smooth surface obtained by rubbing it down with coral stone or other abrasive, this completed the work if the canoe was small and not required to be opened out.

In dugouts intended to form the underbody of sailing canoes of large size, the freeboard had usually to be heightened by the addition of a deep washstrake fitted in carvel fashion upon the gunwales of the dugout. Attachment was made by means of sennit passed through a series of opposed holes bored in the edges to be fastened together after a caulking, composed of a tough glutinous mass made by burning candlenuts, had been spread on each of the opposed edges with a layer of coconut husk fibre placed between the two adhesive smears.

This system of canoe construction has the disadvantage of giving little or no flare to the sides, a canoe thus built is almost or entirely slab-sided with, as a consequence, its carrying capacity limited by the maximum width of the original tree trunk from which it was hewn. To give an increase in the beam and in carrying capacity, ingenious devices have been evolved in various countries and localities. Two of these, adopted respectively in southern India and in the Indo-Chinese peninsula, will now be described.

In the coastal stretch of south India, which runs along the western shore of the Gulf of Mannar whereof Tuticorin is the centre, the fishing canoes consist of a dugout underbody or hull upon which, after being widened by spreading in the way about to be described, a deep washstrake, flaring

outwards, continues the flare of the dugout's sides given by "spreading" or "opening out." By this arrangement the eventual beam at the gunwale becomes nearly twice the original width of the dugout base.

The dugouts which form the basal region or underbody of these canoes are imported from Malabar, usually via Colombo. As received they are crank, slab-sided craft ill adapted for offshore fishing. To make them suitable to stand up to the ugly cross seas common in the Gulf of Mannar, it has been found necessary to widen them to the utmost extent possible. To permit this, the wood requires a preliminary softening, effected by the simple expedient of filling the dugouts with water and exposing them, thus charged, to the full intensity of the sun's rays as they lie without shelter on the hottest part of the beach. I have been told that in some instances oil instead of water has been used. This treatment I never saw; oil, heated to a high temperature, certainly would be an effective softening agent but the expense involved would preclude this, apart from exceptional instances.

After this course of intense sunbath has lasted for a period of several days, the water-filled dugout is reckoned to be softened sufficiently to permit the opening out process to be commenced. To this end cross-bars of stout wood are placed athwart and within the hull cavity and driven home, thereby holding the sides firmly apart. After this the daily procedure is gradually to drive wedges further and further in between the ends of the cross-bars and the sides of the hull with a view to force the sides to bend slowly outwards and so to increase the beam. This is done with extreme caution, if undue or sudden force were to be exerted the result would be to develop the formation of deep fissures in the bottom and even to split it wide open fore-and-aft. Given skilful manipulation the cracks which inevitably appear remain shallow and superficial and not important enough to cause concern. After a succession of wedges, each thicker than its predecessor, have been driven home between the cross-bar ends and the dugout sides, the flare of the sides is judged to have broadened the hull sufficiently. Rib frames are then inserted and nailed in position, thwarts are also inserted to take the place of the cross-bars and made fast securely.

The next procedure is to add a washstrake 9" or 10" in depth upon the flared edges of the dugout and to nail it to the upper and projecting ends of the U-shaped frames. With the increase in beam thus obtained, the craft gains considerable increase in stability in spite of the roundness of the bottom, a mast carrying a lugsail of useful size is stepped, and a serviceable rudder is hung on gudgeons and pintles at the after end. Finally the exterior is tarred and a light grapnel put aboard.

Owing to the high freeboard and the low position of the thwarts, so fitted to ensure good stability, rowing is difficult and wearisome to those not accustomed to work in these canoes. In one instance, when one of these canoes was lent to some Kilakarai divers they complained so bitterly of the extra labour thus entailed that a set of fresh thwarts had to be provided, placed some 6" higher than those originally fitted.

The larger sizes of these ballams, as they are called, 28' to 30' in length, carrying crews of seven or eight men, are employed ordinarily in line fishing seven to ten miles offshore. A slightly smaller size, about 27' long, is used in drift netting and by divers en-

gaged in the chank fishery. These two classes alone participate in the local pearl fishery and in that of Palk Strait. None attends a fishery on the Ceylon banks.

Considering that these craft belong to ports which were for nigh a century and a half in the occupation of the Dutch, it is strange that use is not made of a leeboard, especially as this accessory is employed regularly by the outrigger canoes of Ceylon and by the balance board boats of Palk Strait.

If the owner of a newly built boat be a zealous Christian and an adherent of the local Roman Catholic church, which at Tuticorin was built by the Portuguese and is still subsidized by an annual Portuguese grant, the parish priest is called upon to give the Church's blessing to the boat on the day of launching.

In the procedure intended to widen the dugout base of a boat, several variations are found in the Indo-Chinese peninsula, some cruder and less workmanlike than that described as in use in southern India, others of greater elaboration.

In Siam the adze, almost alone, is the tool used for the initial hewing out and rough shaping. After that the operation of opening out and widening the beam of the craft is taken in hand. The dugout, already rough hewn on the outside, is commonly given a preliminary and lengthy soaking in water in order to soften the fibres and thereby render it more amenable to the drastic treatment necessary for its conversion into a true boat.

In some instances the treatment given is very much the same as that already described as in use in south India, the filling of the hull cavity with water, subsequently brought to a high temperature to ensure the softening of the wood.

In Burma and Siam the heating power of the sun is often so greatly reduced by the cloudy and moisture-laden nature of the atmosphere that reliance upon the sun's rays to heat the water sufficiently has to be supplemented by other means. Sometimes this is effected by dropping heated stones into the water, but the common practice in both countries is to light a slow-burning fire beneath the dugout. This has to be kept well under control until the effect of the heat so softens the wood that it becomes comparatively easy to force the dugout's sides gradually further apart and then to render permanent the outward flare thus produced by the insertion of rib-frames, more or less semicircular in shape. Further strength to the altered form thus given to the dugout is afforded by the fitting of cross-pieces and thwarts.

When all is complete the deep, vertical-sided interior of the dugout has given place to a shallow, trough-shaped cavity bounded by low sides flaring outwards at a wide angle to one another. When these canoes are for use on quiet inland waters there is seldom need to increase the freeboard by adding a washstrake unless cargo or numerous passengers have to be carried. When this requirement has to be met a more elaborate treatment is followed both in Burma as well as Siam as, for example, when the dugout has to form the underbody of a large vessel, decked and provided with a roomy cabin if for passenger transport or with a commodious hold if designed as a cargo carrier.

For such purposes very specialized treatment is required. The forests have to be searched in order to locate a tree huge enough to provide an underbody of adequate length and breadth. This may be difficult to find and

then there is the problem of how to transport it to the builder's yard. To reduce weight the felled tree trunk, having been roughed out into canoe form in the forest, has the interior excavated with a heavy type of adze through a narrow longitudinal slit cut in the upper side. Lightened in this way of less than half its original weight, it is dragged to the river and floated downstream to a spot convenient for the boat builder's operations. There, after the exterior has been worked into proper shape, holes are bored through the shell at intervals to serve as precautionary guides to the workman regarding the thickness of the wood remaining and to permit him to continue work without unwittingly removing an undue thickness of wood.

When the walls are reduced to the requisite degree, the opening out is tackled. The guide holes are plugged and the hull filled with water. When the wood is considered to be thoroughly saturated, the water left unabsorbed is emptied out and a series of poles placed transversely at intervals beneath the bottom. Another similar series is next placed athwart the hull as it lies cavity upwards, the units arranged parallel with, and immediately over, those under the bottom. As the upper poles are fixed in position, ropes of strong rattan, forming long closed loops, are placed over the ends of each pair of projecting poles in the two series, first on one side of the dugout and then on the other; that is, over and connecting the end of one of the upper poles on, say, the starboard side with that of one of the lower series on the same side which is directly beneath its paired unit of the upper series.

When all the pairs of the upper and lower series have thus been connected, charcoal fires are lit under the whole length of the dugout. As soon as the sodden wood is considered to be sufficiently heated to permit it being bent without cracking, tension is applied by twisting each loop with a hardwood lever, Chinese windlass fashion. The effect of this twisting is to shorten the loops, thereby bringing the ends of the poles in the two series ever closer together. This, in turn, exercises pressure upon the sides of the dugout and causes them to splay outwards. This work proceeds with extreme caution and has to be assisted by small adjustments to induce the wood to bend in the direction desired. The process is essentially the same as that of bending a plank during and after steaming, the extent to which the sides are capable of yielding to pressure and of flaring outwards without splitting is astonishing to those not familiar with the treatment.

When the process of flaring is judged to have gone far enough thwarts, knees, and U-shaped rib frames are inserted and secured in order to retain the shape so laboriously obtained.

Flared topsides of one or more strakes of planking may then be added according to the size of boat hull required. As custom has not frozen this procedure into rigidity, various modifications of the basic procedure exist, devised by builders of ingenious and independent views. For instance, the Ferrars state that "the edges of the original slot through which the hull cavity is adzed out are gripped by two rows of wooden vee's lashed by green creepers, wet ropes, or iron chains to long levers that have the bottom of the boat for fulcrum. From the power ends of the levers, ropes are belayed to two bamboo rails pegged to the ground on each side. As the heat takes effect and the hull opens out,

its symmetry is carefully watched until the originally vertical edges of the slot are horizontal. The beam is now double what it was and the displacement several times greater. The opening out is allowed to go somewhat beyond the intended beam and recesses are cut for short thwarts (pagan-byin). These are then put in place and the shell allowed to close upon them. The levers are left in position until the wood is quite rigid. The capacity of the boat is further increased by building on sides above the solid hull. These consist of long seamless planks stiffened by mouldings and ribs and, in the case of cargo boats, by an upper tier of thwarts. The join is luted from the outer side with bee-dammar (punnyet)... The prow of the boat is solid... The more ornamented poop has to be built up in the large boats to get the full sweep of curve that is obtained in the canoe (laung)."

Cargo boats built up of strakes on such an opened-out dugout as that described may attain quite a respectable size, ranging up to 40 tons burden and even exceeding this figure occasionally. No keel is provided, the rounded form of the bottom of the underbody is found admirably suited to the navigation of such a changeable river as the Irrawaddy. It is particularly serviceable when the boat grounds on a sandbank for the boat may then be worked about in every direction until it wears a channel for itself in the sand.

(Readers interested in learning more about the Historic Canoe & Kayak Association and their journal should contact Tony Ford, Am Kurpark 4, 37444 St Andreasberg, Germany, tel: +49-5582 619, email: tford@web.de)

TRADITIONAL MARINE STOVES



CAST IRON
PORCELAIN ENAMELED
WOOD BURNING
HEATING & COOKING
COMPACT

**NAVIGATOR
STOVES**

409 Double Hill Rd.
East Sound, WA 98245
(360) 376-5161

Like Pogo Possum's punt, a name too long to fit the transom. So *Chaser* for short.

You might use or modify this design or its ideas. More stable and roomy than a kayak or canoe, it sails fast, planes with a small outboard, and is very portable. In 1983 I wanted a boat for limited time and money, Bolger's Thomaston Galley published in *Small Boats*. It is that rare design that is good for sail, rowing, and power. Its low-decked bow has low windage. Stern and middle are open for an outboard and rowing.

Portable, Quick Use: I redesigned it for as much boat as possible for 40# bare hull weight, to wear like a hat with both hands free (bow painter tied to my belt) to climb our tall bank on the Chesapeake, and to reach rivers and lakes by narrow, obstructed paths. Bottom beam was 41" to fit upright between wheel wells of a VW pickup, quicker than cartopping. From storage to water, loose things frequently could stay in the boat; rig, oars, rudder, leeboard, PFD, and box seat, an inverted desk drawer. If working at home I could drive eight miles, sail 30 minutes on the Delaware, and drive home in an hour noon break.

The Geriatric Windsurfer Chaser

By Jim Wonnell

Sailing: Three sizes of sail from an old windsurfer were chosen for wind strength. With the same rig but with more beam plus rudder and leeboard, I was proportionally slower than my son on his Mistral board but I pointed higher. I was more stable than him standing on a surface 5" lower than he was with a hand on the filler and the other hand on wishbone and sheet. For cruising I sat on the box seat or bottom.

Design. A 13'6" length was reached within the 40# weight by making the bow narrow and shallow which also pushed less water aside for less resistance and spray. Blunt bows stop light hulls. The aft 8' was flat with 30" transom width for stability to compensate for reduced size, with V bottom forward. A 1½" skeg, plus turned-up edges of the flat bottom aft, ensured it would not trip and flip in sharp turns with an out-

board. Rocker was minimum. But the fastest of the 1920s 18' cross-planked V bottom Mower Hustler catboats, were those with the most rocker. In a chop, though starting three minutes later, they closed on our high tech Thistles! So more rocker (and V) is best over the range of conditions, but not for carrying excessive sail to chase my son's windsurfer. (Phil Rhode's sailboat he designed for himself also had a very wide transom and minimum rocker, a wild 24' planing hull with bare cabin, unlike the shapes he designed for others). These shapes are best sailed flat. They have poor balance if heeled and light shallow hulls give less warning before "flipping."

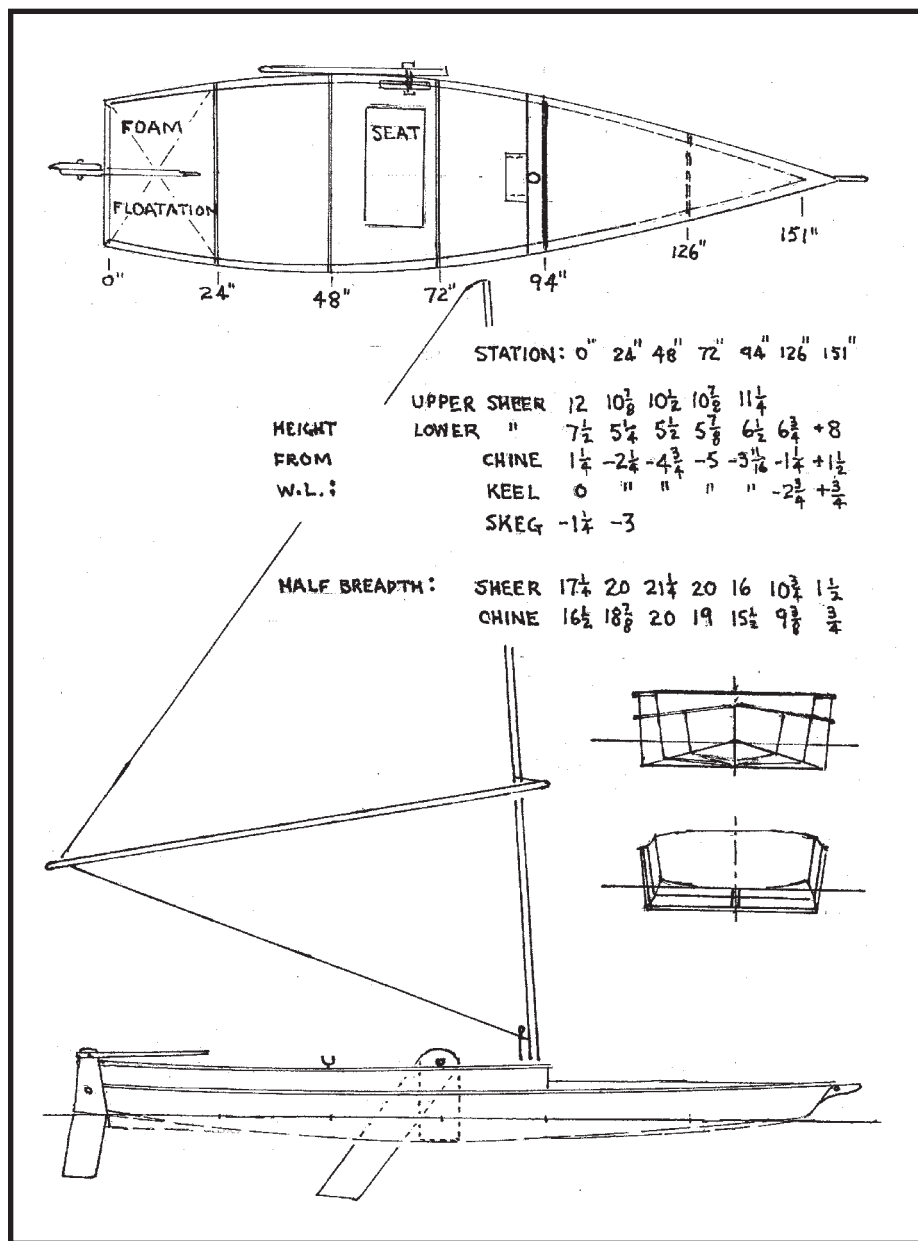
On the Delaware River and Chesapeake, the bow never dug in because by moving my weight aft a few inches the light bow rose in waves, pivoting on the broad stern. There was no long stern present to press the bow down. If waves crept up on the broad flat transom there was more drag, overcome by the power of excess sail. It lurched off a plane only once and resumed planing. 65 square feet of sail moved it past hull speed in a good breeze. For light air, a Bolgeresque 165 square foot dipping lug sail made from a 10x20 blue tarp had to move it. With it, outrunning a 20' catamaran and opening a Pepsi with two hands, I let the tiller swing. Pepsi and *Chaser* flipped. But *Chaser* is tame compared to today's 30+mph hydrofoil Moth Class hull with 13" beam, 10' length, 90 square foot sail.

Rhythmic Rolling: Sails which slip over the mast usually can't be reefed or dropped. The whole mast must come down. Running in strong wind and waves, rhythmic rolling started sometimes even though the sail was flattened. I had to ease the sheet so the sail went forward of the mast, losing wind and then either resume sailing upwind, which was stable, or drop mast with sail, and row. Marchaj's *Aero & Hydrodynamics of Sailing* (1988) says downwind rhythmic rolling can be tamed by a tall sail extension on the other side of the mast of at least 20% as much sail area. The rudder was oversized à la Bolger so *Chaser* was never squirrely. Once, while loading, a wave smacked the transom and some hopped in. More transom rake would help, or a rim.

Construction: Light and cheap. Bottom and sides 2¼ sheets of ¼" lauan, deck ⅛", transom ½", frames ¾"x1¼" spruce, chine, and clamp ¾"x¾". Resorcinol glue and bronze boat nails built it quickly on a strongback. The nails held the lauan from delaminating. Cuprinol inside. Urethane paint sealed the outside with a hard abrasion resistant surface.

Leeboard, Flotation: The single leeboard from a 1"x10" was clamped onto the side with a 1" diameter galvanized stove bolt to a 1"x10" on the inside. Bolt and nut were large enough to tighten without tools, slipped forward or aft to balance sail changes. The one-piece cedar stem and beak, rabbeted for sides and bottom, served as handle and truck tiedown with a clove hitch. Three-inch foam flotation slabs, each in garbage bags to repel damp, were held down tight with cord plus bungies to stop abrasion. Cavities between slabs kept lunch cold (mini ice chest) and safely held keys, wallet, chart, etc.

Rowing, Outboard: It rowed easily and fast. If paddled it spun due to flat bottom and too small a skeg. Wind did not blow bow or stern around much. A 2hp outboard planed it with two people due to light weight and enough flat bottom. The outboard was used only if the wind might drop with tidal current too fast to row.



Limitations, Things You Might Change: Portability is needed in Florida to reach water between wall-to-wall condos. Is our future a bus ticket and inflatable kayak backpack? Condo owners want to see water, but not see any boats out there! Can we pass a law that only marinas and people who use the water can live on it? Let condoites, instead of windows, have big screen TVs on their walls with water views and live inland. This design hit a sweet spot for me by balancing portability, use, and cost between dozens of Bolger designs. You might want more space, more relaxed sailing, or more stability.

Stability vs Portability: Compare *Chaser's* initial stability with that of canoes and kayaks, if of equal length and waterline profile: Kayak @ 23" beam, 31%; @ 28", 46%; @ 30", 52%. Canoe @ 36", 75%. *Chaser* @ 41", 100%. Pram @ 48", 134%.

Chaser's good stability (actually more than the 100% above because of its broad flat stern) was reduced when the heavy 16' solid mast raised the center of gravity and the occupant(s) weight and position then provided the stability. A lighter mast would help. But sailing in strong winds, without stays, the mast step exploded into splinters. Lashings got me back but a broken mast wouldn't have. It sailed OK crowded with three adults, more "ballast." This much sail on a 40# boat demands alertness. For relaxed sailing use a reefable sail, amas, or increase the length or beam. But length is limited by wetted surface friction to 14'-16' with one person muscle

power, except for racing. You might add beam for more stability, but beam beyond 41" hurts carrying over obstacles. An 8' pram with 48" beam was tough to keep balanced, worse than a long canoe because our feet are long front to back but narrow sideways. How do you keep both feet on the ground when walking? Wheels enter the picture at some beam and weight, but reduce the places you can use it. With wheels would you go larger, to a Bolger Windsprint? Dobler Utility? More seaworthy, more space, but worse under muscle power. And if more hassle, or fewer locations accessible, then used less. I use a Grumman 17' aluminum canoe with sail daily, an 18' Sea-ray seldom, though on a boatlift at our house. GPS says my canoe under big double paddle with 27 square foot hull wetted surface goes 2.8 to 3.5mph relaxed, 4.5mph max. Unlike *Chaser*, sail is needed to go against much wind because this canoe has too much windage unless loaded with 600#+. Water ballast in paint buckets didn't help paddling it alone against wind.

The *Chaser* was used hard for 14 years with mast step the only repair. One beastly hot humid day I tied it on top of the seawall instead of carrying it beyond. A storm that night carried it away. When this canoe becomes too heavy for me it will be replaced by...

Geriatric Windsurfer II: Same 40# weight, rig, foam flotation blocks but with an extra cavity carved to cradle a stowed motor. Extra flotation to be gallon pretzel jars for small items plus inflated empty box wine bags, held

by plastic construction fence clipped in place. The bags can shift around stowed oars, etc; are good backrests, and could contain water for ballast if windy. Reinforced fiberglass mast. Amas stowed inside for use if wind picks up, or retracted for rowing. Mini sun shade moved to various holes. Enough deck to launch off high places. Same leeboard plus small daggerboard: 1) leeboard alone for shallow water; 2) both for low wind when more area is needed, or for rig balance; 3) daggerboard alone, it's twice as efficient as a leeboard.

Hull, multichine, with advantages. Better tracking. More warning before flipping. Less eddy and wetted surface resistance. Puts feet lower to row or paddle with more force by sitting higher, and relief from "kayak" backache. Portable seat has legs to stow long items under. GPS to remember how to get home, as I am geriatric now.

Multichine shape like the Tuckahoe 10 in Tom Jone's "*Low Resistance Boats*." His books cover design and construction; also river, coastal, and transatlantic sailing in 31 small boats he designed and built. He adds the opinions of many contemporaries to his own, revealing relative merits, and details not in other books. I treasure Chapelle, Bolger, Gerr, et al. But like a boat show, they leave you with "I like every boat, but which sail/engine/oar/hull to limit fuel expense? What trade-off between cost, performance, and comfort? Which boat or construction can I complete and use? This feature, a simpler one, or omit it?" Jone's book(s) help you choose.

Don't let minor fiberglass repairs limit your time on the water.

New WEST SYSTEM Six10® Thickened Epoxy Adhesive is the fastest way to make strong, lasting, waterproof repairs with epoxy. The dual-chambered, self-metering cartridge fits into any standard caulking gun. The static mixer delivers fully mixed, thickened WEST SYSTEM epoxy in the amount you need for the job at hand. No waste. No mess.

Six10 is uniquely formulated as a superior gap filling marine adhesive with the ability to wet out glass, carbon fiber and other reinforcing materials. You can also use it to fill minor imperfections, or apply it as a protective coating. —Meade Gougeon

Ready to use and easily stored with your gear, Six10 comes in a 190 ml cartridge, available for around \$20 from your local WEST SYSTEM Dealer. To learn more about Six10 or find a dealer near you, visit www.westsystem.com.

**WEST
SYSTEM**
BRAND®



866-937-8797

www.westsystem.com

Florida Boats

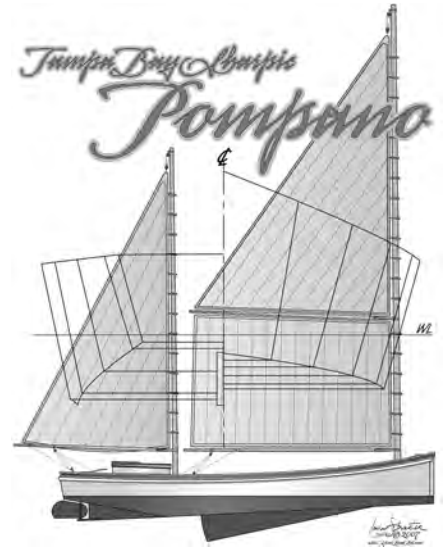
By Irwin Schuster

These digital illustrations are part of a series being drawn for the Florida Maritime Museum at Cortez to loosely document samples of the many types and some specific vessels used in the state. In many cases hull lines exist apart from rigs and the plan is to create complete, visually friendly, and less dry images for educating the general public.



Cedar Key Sharpie
32'4"x8'1"

A fairly large, open example of the conventional sharpie that was fished in shallow bays and on flats. The unusual rig shown features fixed battens riveted through the sails, used for reefing. Many sharpies were reefed by dousing the after mast and relocating the main to a secondary step. Built about 1894 and measured in 1927.



Sharpie Pompano
47'3"x12'7"

This "buy/carry-away/market" boat was built at Cedar Key in 1884 and carried fish to markets in the Tampa Bay area. Features; odd structure with knuckle in the bottom profile, unusual rig, and a huge centerboard, which effectively divides the hull. Beached in a storm and abandoned in 1921.



Bahama Smack/Abaco Dinghy
18'x6'6"

Migrating from the islands, this design is a heavily built with raked ends and shapely transom. They are usually open in smaller sizes and decked in larger versions. Typically rigged with a large solid headboard and very generous roach on the foot. Sculling is preferred to rowing. Used for shell and fin fishing by net, line, and diving.



Sharpie Egret
28'2"x7'2"

Commodore Ralph Munroe designed the prototype *Egret* in 1886, had her built on Staten Island, and delivered to Key West. The design features high, flaring sides and is double-ended, tending to have greater stability when loaded and runs more safely before a following sea.



Spritsail Skiff Sallie Adams
about 21'x5'3"

A narrow, V-bottom, hard chine type of the early 1900s, imported from the Carolinas. Often rigged with loose-footed main and carrying a topsail on a hoisted yard when raced or in particularly light airs. This particular boat was built in 2005 at the Florida Maritime Museum at Cortez.

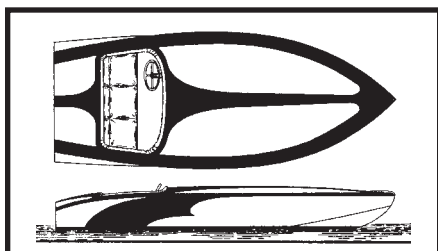




Top
Ten
Designs

#6 Cracker Box

A 15' In Board Speedster
Build in Plywood



Characteristics

| | |
|-----------------------|---|
| Length overall | 15'0" |
| Beam | 6'0" |
| Hull depth | 28" |
| Hull weight (approx.) | 500lbs |
| Average passengers | 1-2 |
| Hull type: | Vee bottom hard chine hull developed for sheet plywood planking |
| Power: | Centrally located inboard motor |
| Trailer: | Designed for use with Glen-L Series 2100 boat trailer plans |

Description

It looks like a hotrod, you can almost imagine a foxtail streaming behind. It's a boat that has a look that will draw spectators wherever she goes. But the Cracker Box offers more than good looks. It has been used in competition, achieving speeds in excess of 70mph with a small block Chevy. When you stomp on the accelerator it's easy to imagine you've left the "pack" and are about to take the checkered flag. She can easily handle a skier and is an ideal boat for cruising down the main drag.

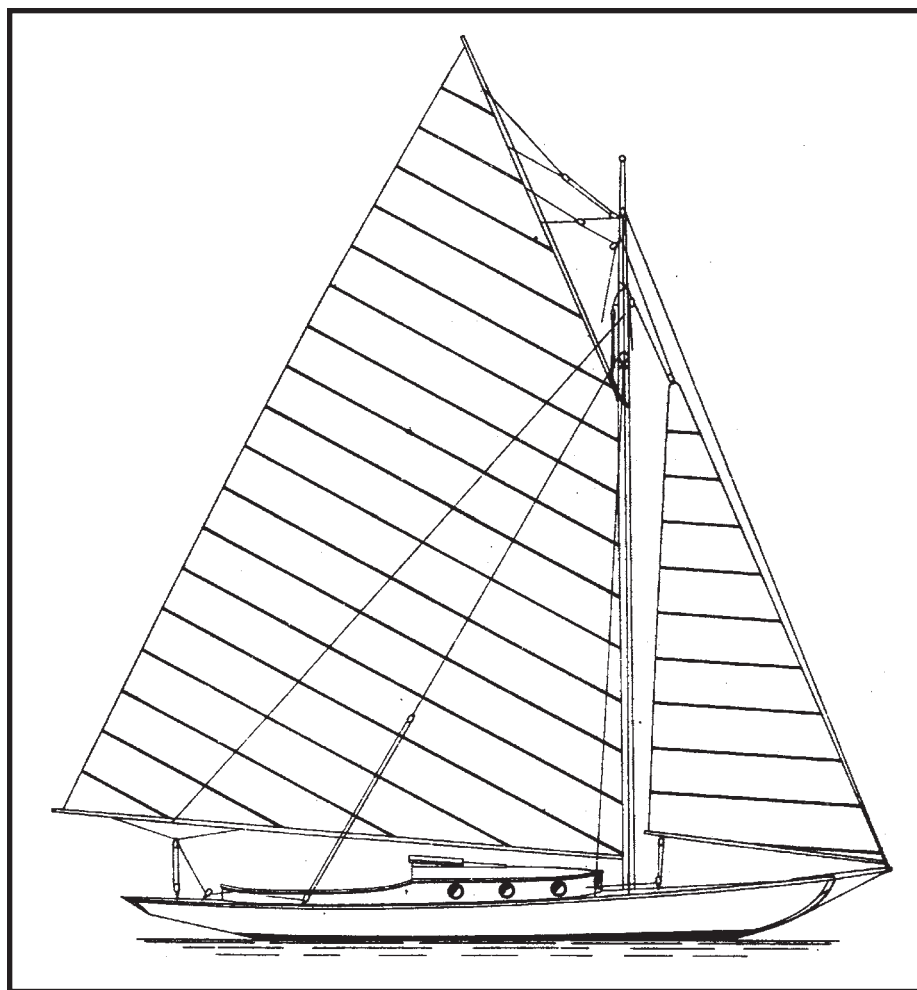
A mid-mounted inboard engine drives through a reliable and efficient propeller to really dig in and move out. The aft seat location makes the riding easy. The compact Cracker Box is easy to trailer and handle, too. This proven design can be built even if you're on a budget. You can do your own automotive motor conversion using components available from Glen-L. (Ask for our Inboard Hardware Catalog when you order your plans.)

Plans and Patterns

Complete plans include full-size patterns for stem, breasthook, and half-section patterns for the frames and transom. Includes Instructions, Bill of Materials, and Fastening Schedule.

Frame Kit

- All frames fully assembled
- Transom fully framed
- Stem
- Breasthook
- Complete Plans with Instructions, Bill of Materials, and Fastening Schedule



Designs from

THE  1903
RUBBER

21' W.L. Sloop

An excellent design for a shallow-draught cruiser is shown by the lines and sail plan from the board of Mr Edson B. Schock. The boat building from this design is to be used on the

Jersey coast, both in the shallow waters of Barnegat Bay and in the deeper water outside, and she should admirably fill both requirements. Her dimensions are:

| | |
|-------------------|-------|
| Length overall | 31'3" |
| Length waterline | 20'6" |
| Overhang bow | 4'9" |
| Overhang stern | 6'0" |
| Beam extreme | 9'11" |
| Beam at LWL | 9'1" |
| Draught extreme | 2'3" |
| Draught to rabbet | 1'6" |
| Freeboard bow | 2'11" |
| Freeboard stern | 1'9" |
| Freeboard least | 1'6" |
| Area mainsail | 492sf |
| Area jib | 108sf |
| Total sail area | 600sf |

Are You Moving?

You may have told the Post Office but you didn't tell us. To assure missing no issues, please notify us six weeks in advance of your moving (including seasonal moves).

Mail Notification to:

Messing About in Boats

29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984-1943

Telephone (978) 774-0906 7-10am or 5-9pm (no machine)

Email maib.office@gmail.com

Things have been quiet in my shop. No new boats are being built and I have managed a few "Honey Dews" to come and go this past winter. I have come to realize that I must work too cheaply. I don't advertise yet I keep getting folks stopping in to get repairs made. I try to give folks a fair deal. Maybe I'm being too good. Some of these customers have such a poor system for tying their boat on that I feel that I must offer some of my free advice. They often go home with a new tie down system.

Years ago cars had bumpers. Real bumpers made of metal. You could easily tie a bow line to the bumper. One step better than that was to drill into the bumper and mount a pair of "I" bolts near the ends of that bumper. But alas, modern cars no longer have bumpers. They don't have rain gutters either, so what is a poor canoeist to do?

A few years back a friend of mine had a dinosaur station wagon. Canoe racing was a big part of his life. He didn't think twice about drilling holes in the roof and bolting on a home made canoe rack made of fir 2"x4"s. A little drastic for some folks but he knew where his priorities were. My friend had spent the time to locate the roof beams from inside the wagon and he drilled upward through them and then on through the roof. He also caulked the holes so the rain stayed outside. What he built was really far stronger than the store bought ones on the market.

I spent a pile of money for the racks on my latest pickup and I didn't like them as well as the homemade ones on the previous truck. The first time I tied a canoe on my new Ranger pickup the boat slid all over the place. Back to the outdoor store for some gunnel clips. They cost \$60 a set and I needed two sets. My old carpeted hand rail worked very well without the added \$120 spent, but the new ones made my bride happy.

I don't believe in stern lines on my canoes. I think that it will only guarantee that the boat will drag behind should it come adrift. I am a firm believer in two bow lines that form a V in



By Mississippi Bob

front of me. I like to have these lines go toward the sides of the hood. This line not only holds the boat down but it also keeps it from sliding back and forth in the wind gusts. I also want my bow lines to be as short as possible. The shorter these lines are, the better they will hold.

I see folks tying line to the car frame under the bumper and I can't help myself, I have to advise them that there is a better way. I often see them run one rope from a tie on the frame up around the carrying handle and back to the other side of the frame. Still no good unless you have some kind of knot at the boat, it is still free to slide back and forth. A simple half hitch will solve that problem.

Several times I have sent some of my customers home with brand new sets of tie down straps. These cost me 2' of nylon webbing and about ten minutes of work. It does make a very happy customer. You can do the same yourself. Pop your hood and prop it up, then look along the joint between the fenders and the shielding for the engine compartment. Any car I have looked at is put together to same way. There are a row of screws

that hold the fender to the liner. These screws usually have large washers under their heads. These are called fender washers.

Pick out a screw near the front end of the hood and remove it. Find a matching one on the far side and remove it also. You now cut some nylon strap pieces a foot or so long. I have a line cutting gun that I cut nylon straps and ropes with. I use this same line cutter to fuse the two ends to each other. The heat melts the nylon and I find that I can actually weld the two parts together. A heated putty knife does the same thing. I next use an old medium-sized screw driver, heat it with my torch, and melt a hole through both ends. This further welds the parts.

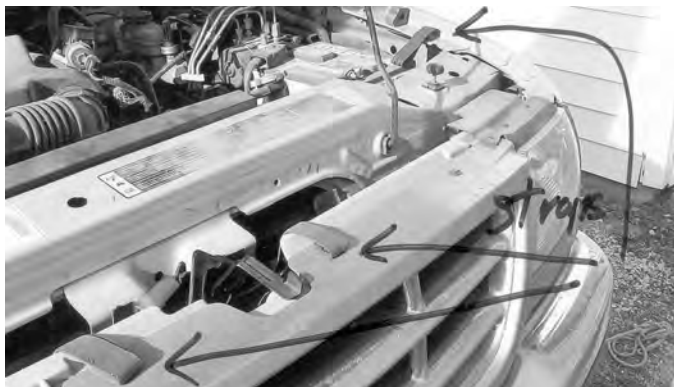
I next take the screws with their fender washers and put them through the holes in the strap and reinstall them with the strap pointed outward (see photos).

On the rare times that I am not carrying a boat the straps can be folded and left inside under the hood. When I want to use them I just pop the hood and bring them out and close the hood and I have some very handy places to tie to.

On my Ranger I have installed four of these straps so I am set up to carry one or two tandem canoes. I almost never carry tandems so I needed a different system. The Ranger provided the simple solution. I found a hole through the hood hinges that would allow me to run a three-sixteenth line through it. I run a loop of this rope out past the hood and back. The knots are all tied under the hood out of sight.

With a 7' box on this truck the solo canoes that I so often carry end up just slightly behind these loops. It makes a nearly perfect tie down for me. The chain links were added when I replaced the original loops that had worn out.

I would like to tell you that this was my invention but that would be a lie. I first saw it used by the late Betty Ketter from Ketter Canoeing. Betty would always have a few of these straps made up and she would send them home with any female customer that she had. She would sell them to the guys or they could make their own.





My most recent shelter has a base measurement of 29'x25'. I used a standard bowstring truss for the main arches, with a 2'x2' steel channel for the top chord and 1/4"x1 1/2" steel flat bar for the string. The bowstring truss is easy to set up and very strong. If a greater span is desired there are some providers who can cut larger channels up to 49' long, although transport eventually gets to be difficult. A good welder can join any sections of steel together in such a way that it becomes as strong as the original parent metal.

In tough situations that experience heavy snows it would easily be possible to order channel that is a little heavier to provide greater strength in the top chord. Infill triangulation consisted of 3/8"x1" flat bar, welded into place with 1/2" diameter 701 SAC welding rod (usable in an inexpensive AC machine). While other welding rods work, 7018AC rod tends to really hold on well and is worth the extra effort to find.

Even the poorest grade of hot rolled steel has a tensile strength of 60,000psi (pounds per square inch). Steel is very strong in tension but not so strong in compression. This is why cross (also known as X) bracing is better than a single angle brace. It is hard to push a string, as the engineers say. I used more 3/8"x1" cold rolled flat bar for the X bracing on the erected frames, held in place by short 3/8" bolts at each position on said frames. The truss system is very rigid, despite being fairly light in weight. Cold rolled steel is about 25% stronger than hot rolled due to the cold working which essentially hardens the steel somewhat.

I made all the arches, each stacked upon the first one which was used as a pattern. A small wire winch was used to pull the ends of the channel (top chord) into a mild curve, about 2" deep in the center. This worked very well and the bends were perfectly fair. A lot of thin boat parts could be bent in this way as well. Since steel is rarely cut to uniform length, it is a good plan to take the time to find the shortest piece in the pile and cut all the others to the same length. I started in the center of the bowstring truss with the angle bracing and worked outwards to prevent distortion. Succeeding members were clamped to the first as a pattern so all were close to identical as they were welded in place.

Update on a Temporary Small Boat Shelter

By Mark White

Once the legs are attached to the arches the units become unwieldy, requiring two people to handle them. To save my back, all of the frames were assembled and welded on sawhorses about 39" tall. The weight of the top arch is about 80lbs, with the side legs attached, about 120lbs. I recommend making all of the top arches first, since they can usually be handled by one person, before the legs are attached.

Once welded, chipped, and painted, the arches were assembled on two pieces of 3/16"x2"x2"x20" steel angle, resting on bricks laid on fairly level ground. Steel channel was bolted along the top inside corners to maintain a 5' spacing. Short 3/8"x1" bolts were used to attach the arches to both the bottom angle and the channel spacer on top. The intent was that this shelter could be dismantled and moved at a later date. Some of the most temporary of things have a way of becoming permanent, unfortunately. The tarp covering should last roughly ten years in strong sunlight.

Initially I used an expensive hand level to determine the plumbness of the frames, only to later discover that a simple weight tied to a string was far more effective. The Latin word for lead is plum bum, perhaps indicating that the Roman engineers also used a lead weight hung on a string to guide the erectness of their structures.

It was intended that the hot-rolled steel frames be covered with fabric. Tek-Supply (800-835-7877) is one supplier of 8oz fabric that has aluminum powder impregnated to slow the inevitable degradation from sunlight. One sees white on the inside of the tarp and aluminum on the outside. Tek-Supply also sold me an inexpensive, complete structure made of tubular steel in a non-truss form several years back. It held up to high winds but unfortunately failed under a snow load, which is why I went to welded steel trusses for my second attempt.

Those who have access to free or cheap corrugated steel paneling might prefer that. It will certainly be tougher and longer lasting. It is recommended that the corners of similar structures be tied down to metal anchors driven or augured into the ground. What seems solid on a windless day can prove to be hazardous during a windstorm.

The structure shown used about 1,000lbs of steel. The channel and angle ran about 75¢ a pound while the flat bar sold at 50¢ a pound. That related to about \$600 for steel. Paint (Rustoleum metal primer), welding rod, and bolts ran another \$160 for a total of about \$760 for the frame. A 22"x34" fabric covering (with grommets every 18") cost another \$500 and that ran the total up to \$1,300 for about 500 square feet of covered area. This equates to about \$3 per square foot of floor area. If fabric is used, make sure all the corners, weld spatter, and exterior roughness on the frames is ground down and covered with paint. Duct tape on those corners isn't a bad idea either, since there is considerable chafe involved with wind movement.

I can see why some use wood for temporary frames but wood is a lot harder to keep in good condition with a few coats of paint. If wood is used it will be important to select a fairly strong species that is relatively free from knots. Green ash or green oak are good choices, cut into 1"x3" strips. Thin plywood can be used for spacers on both sides, held in place with staples and glue. If a lot of bending will be done it is important that the bending be done quickly while the wood is still wet. After drying, hardwood has a mind of its own and it usually dries crooked. Large knots and wild grain are serious flaws that will fail, thwarting efforts to bend the material. It will probably take about the same amount of time to build with wood vs steel, assuming both need to be painted before erection. Steel, properly welded, usually has the edge for both longevity and strength. Termites and carpenter bees tend to leave steel alone.

Birds roosting in the top of the framing can get to be a problem. The cheapest fix for that is to wrap the high frames completely with clear plastic strips which will prevent them from roosting.

I got home this afternoon and it was blowing like stink. High tide and a SW wind meant a surge coming into the marina. A summer of light winds meant a chorus of clanging and banging halyards. What's the connection? Since most of the people who pay moorage (and, I assume, boat payments) on our dock so they can join the Loose Halyard Band live in places like Palm Springs,

Boats Really Don't Make Sense

It's That Time of Year, Again

By Dan Rogers

or Tucson, or worse. So they probably don't even know how loud their masts can get this time of year. Or how loose the running rigging has gotten since that last day sail, last July, or maybe the year before when they actually were here last. It's November. And most of our boat owners hereabouts think it's winter. Yeah, they just sort of roll up the nacho bag and put the beer back in the cooler and flee to their dirt houses until Memorial Day weekend.

Normally I go over to Harbor Freight and get a jar of random length bungees and make my rounds pulling halyards out to the shrouds. It's also that time of year when I retie a lot of what I call "axe knots" that people leave their boats hooked up to the dock with. Somehow the word is out that you can make the line STRONGER if you add a whole bunch of turns and half hitches and grannies to it. One thing those "why not?" knots do is make it harder to set a proper spring line or get somebody's pride and joy to stop sawing on those aged de-plasticized vinyl fenders (usually hung from five-year-old three-strand polypropylene) that add such a catchy counter rhythm to the otherwise syncopated "high wind samba."

So call me Dudley Dooright. I just don't think it's right to let a boat suffer for the ignorance of her owner. Not if all it takes is a few broken finger nails or even some surplus line from my dock box to reduce her distress. Funny thing, though. Some of the worst offenders during the high wind samba are repeat offenders. Some of those people must think the bungees just grow back naturally over the winter. Sure, I know that no good deed goes unpunished. But don't get me started on that or I'll burden you with what I do with tennis balls and bow anchors.

Like I said, the wind was blowing like stink. The masts were starting to moan like a pipe organ. It was time to go sailing! My current "big" sailboat is *Plum Duff*, a 30-year-old Ranger 26. I bought her two years and 3,100 nautical miles ago, "as is." I think the name is rather apt and clever on my part. Certainly every good messer has read a multitude of sea tales that include the mention of a plum duff served as a measure of the captain's largess, or perhaps withheld punitively. But just in case there are "civilians" about, let me explain the background of her name. When I discovered her the poor girl was in pretty rough shape. The interior was moldy, the wiring beyond redemption, sails beyond hope, and so on. The ingredients of an actual shipboard plum duff are not quite what the Starbucks set would expect for dessert either, suet and raisins and maybe a bit of weevily flour mixed into the putrid drinking water sloshing about in the butts. My thought was that this little boat would never be as fine as a landsman would expect in a yacht. But to a real sailor she would become something to take

pride in. So she became *Plum Duff*. Now if I can just get the Coast Guard radio operator to get over his misbegotten glee at returning my occasional calls with "Roger, *Plum Duck*."

By the time I got underway the tide had ebbed to near the minus I predicted for late afternoon. About a quarter of south San Diego Bay ranges from 6" to 6' at LLMW. So with a minus tide in the mix it can get REAL shallow out here. Over the past several years, and literally thousands of miles sailed out on the flats, I have managed to leave keel marks and bottom paint on each and every hump out there at one time or another. Usually I can kind of sluice through the upper layer of silt. But when the sounder shows four feet or less we're going to likely lurch to a stop. I left the slip with a reef in the main and the storm jib bent on. We cleared the jetty and proceeded to crash out into a rather roiled patch of water. I strapped the little jib in and took off at 6kts.

Not too bad for being kind of under-canvased. The Ranger 26 was designed by Gary Mull in the late '60s with San Francisco Bay in mind. It is actually a pretty stiff and well-mannered boat despite the initial pretense of quarter-ton rule influence. I was rolling along with only wind surfers and kite surfers for company. Boy, I'm really worried that one of these days I'm going to have one of those kite rigs wrapped around my mast.

Those guys are going lickity split, looking up at the sky. I sort of feel like one of those hairy guys in that Mel Gibson movie when they moon the archers. Hey, it's just a matter of chance.

By the time I got out into deeper water, where the less hardcore sailors go, it was still blowing pretty well. I didn't get to measure it objectively as my expensive-but-out-of-warranty wind machine has packed it in with some sort of brain hemorrhage.

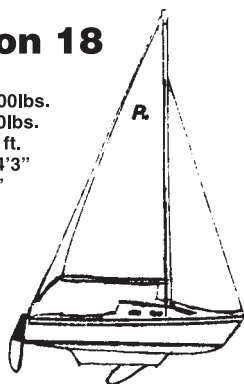
Probably 12 to 15 with gusts to 25ish. I was sort of feeling guilty, what with the boat just rolling along on an almost even keel, a finger on the tiller. I was thinking about adding some sail and stomping down on the gas a bit. Then I thought better of it. Up ahead was the most curious sight. One of those new (any boat less than ten years old still has the price tags in the window as far as I'm concerned) boats from Florida, about 35' with the "roll bar" and seats on the stern rail and, I'm sure, granite countertops down below, was doing the best imitation of Nancy Kerrigan doing a triple axel I have seen on the water in quite a while. First she would bury the rail, then round up, spin on around with the jib backed, shake it off, and do it all over again. Over and over again. I set the autopilot so I could concentrate on watching the show. The poor guy at the helm (behind one of those high rise instrument panels that nearly block out the sun) had the look of someone clinging to the neck of a runaway horse. Finally, during one of those uncontrolled pirouettes, he managed to roll up the way-too-big roller furling jib and then the jamb-in-the-mast-main disappeared. The diesel started and he was scuttling for shelter.

After the show was over I stepped below and lit the sea swing stove, heated water for instant coffee, and sat at my handmade birch table and watched a nice straight wake extend from behind the empty cockpit. Even though she will probably never have granite counter tops or a roll bar with woofers and tweeters in it, *Plum Duff* is a damn fine sailboat. One to be proud of.

Precision 18

Displacement 1100lbs.
Ballast, Lead, 350lbs.
Sail Area 145 sq. ft.
Draft, Bd. Down 4'3"
Draft, Bd. Up 1'6"
LOA 17'5"
LWL 15'5"
Beam 7'5"

15° C.B.
16- B.K.
18' - 21' - 23'



FERNALD'S MARINE

291 High Rd., Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312

Berkshire Boat Building School

Classes and Events for 2009

www.berkshireboatbuildingschool.org

June 26-28 – Display/Demonstration

We'll be building a boat at the WoodenBoat Show, at the Seaport Museum in Mystic, CT.

July 6-10 Canoe Building – Week Course

In this 5-day course held in Sheffield, MA, in the Berkshires, you will build your own double paddle canoe, either an 11' solo or a 14' tandem – classic lightweight craft.

July 17-19 Canoe Building Short Course

Beginning on Friday evening and finishing about 4:00pm on Sunday, we will frame and skin a solo canoe. Then on Sunday afternoon we will raffle it off to the students for \$475 – less than half price. The winner will waterproof and varnish the boat on his or her own. Offered at Great Camp Sagamore, a true Adirondack treasure located in Raquette, NY – www.sagamore.org.

July 27-30 Canoe Building Week Course

Essex Shipbuilding Museum on the North Shore in Essex, MA, will host a five-day course described above.

August 8-9 Display/Short Course

Join us at the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum in Vergennes, VT, where we will have plans, partial kits and boats for sale – and possibly discounted boats. The Short Course is described above.

The man who wrote the dialogue for *West Side Story* was on the NBC evening news talking about the new production in which many of the classic songs are now sung in Spanish. "Even in the age of Obama," he said, "people don't like change." And just when I thought I was almost alone in resisting progress, the fax, email, and all.

It's becoming increasingly difficult to operate as a curmudgeon anymore. I have to take my trusty IBM Selectric typewriter out of state for service now, and one by one products that we use with great success in runabout restoration are discontinued and no longer available. In tight times I guess I can't blame manufacturers for concentrating where there is greatest demand. General Motors is selling off some of its car lines and talks about terminating others. If they can't make it, how can I expect people who cater to a fairly esoteric group of traditional builders and classic boat restorers to keep going full blast?

Varnish is one of those products that I'm not worried about. So it was with some amusement that I read an article in another boating publication written by, get this, a first-time amateur boat restorer who called varnish "so old school." He even went on to say that it was worthless. His claim to authority is that he's been in the car restoration and auto body business for over 27 years, just about the same amount of time I've been restoring runabouts.

Usually I have great respect for auto body people who find the time to do a boat. My admiration basically comes down to sanding and blocking and when someone tells me that a boat was done by a car guy, I expect it to be extremely straight and smooth. Sane boat people tend to run out of patience in the sanding stage and just don't put in the

Varnish is So Old School

By Boyd Mefferd

hours to straight line in various grits and then hand block. For auto body people, getting it straight is just like putting on their socks in the morning, except more time consuming. I admire the eye and the rigorous attitude.

From what I understand, car finishes have changed a lot in recent times. A man who has worked with them for 27 years is obviously up on all of it. I do, however, question whether the evolution in car paint is at all relevant to the finishing of wood.

If varnish is "worthless," why is it produced in at least a dozen different product lines by large companies in several countries on both sides of the Atlantic? Will it all disappear from the market as soon as people finally realize the benefits of the various "polys" and "clears?" I've found that I only have to try some of these new products once and will be right back with the old traditional tung oil varnish.

I'm not even an amateur chemist and I don't know one molecule from the next, but I do understand that many of the new finishes are "too good" in that they are too dense. Tung oil varnish tends to adhere to the wood and stay there through a variety of humidity and temperature changes. I remember one fall years ago looking at a spectacular Chris-Craft which had been sprayed with numerous coats of clear DuPont Imron. The price was too high so I walked away but was thinking that we ought to give that a try.

After a busy winter we still hadn't geared up to spray Imron but I got a call asking if I still had any interest in the Chris. The price, I was told, had been reduced because the boat didn't look quite as good as before. I went to see and ended up buying it. Because the "clear" could not breathe, the trapped moisture had frozen and pushed the finish off. With considerable ease we were able to peel off large areas which had the wood grain imprinted in a tough film which looked like a translucent Formica. I think that the longest piece we got off by hand was over 36". We were able to pull most of it off and finished a few stubborn spots with a sander. Needless to say I was glad we hadn't tried this product on a boat of our own.

I can walk out into my storage room and see a few boats where the base traditional varnish coat is over 20 years old and many have at least ten on them. "Poly" varnishes proved to be just as tough and durable in abrasive situations as their manufacturers claimed but were much more sensitive to lifting and the base coats never lasted very long. We never tried the water-based stains and sealing coats of epoxy. A fellow restorer, whom I greatly admired, warned me that it worked great until it didn't and once the bond had failed it was very hard to get the residue off. He, too, went back to tung oil traditional varnishes.

I still think that IBM typewriters are one of the best things ever invented but I'm not holding my breath waiting for their comeback. I'm more optimistic about varnish, however, and be it old school or not, I expect it to be around for a long time. Over the long run it still gives the best results. If the car guy who likes the new stuff hasn't had to strip and refinish his boat a few times in the next 20 years, and if I'm still around then, I'll be ready to pay attention,

Winters Brothers Gifts from the Storm

By Fred Winters

March came in like a lion here in Michigan's Upper Peninsula. High winds felled a 61-year-old ash tree, making it a "tree of misfortune." But the mighty ash will live on! Select pieces will make fine marine hardware for antique and classic boat enthusiasts, or any boater who wants to add a look of distinction to his or her vessel.

Turning a downed ash tree into marine hardware requires time and effort. First, the tree must be cut and split to workable sizes. Then the pieces with the finest grain and purity of color can be selected for further use. The bark can be removed using a drawknife. The ends receive a coat of latex paint to reduce splitting. The next step requires only patience. Wait 12 to 18 months for the wood to air dry.

Once dried, the ash is ready for the band saw. With skill, a matched pair of marine cleats emerges. The rough shapes undergo vigorous sanding with several grits of paper from coarse to fine and then several applications of marine spar varnish to finish the cleats into fine pieces of functional art.

When nature's fury renders destruction, we at Winters Brothers see the potential for construction and the replenishment of raw



inventory for future projects. We currently possess a fine supply of aged ash ready for transformation to marine use. With summer and a new boating season we look forward

to supplying hardware to boaters seeking to improve their watercraft.

Winters Brothers, 455 II Rd, Garden, MI 49835

Sculling using a single oar is a satisfying skill I relearned some 25 years ago when we sailed the Dovekie *Pilgrim Pelican*. I say "relearned" because back in the Dim Ages of memory sculling had been a requirement for Rowing Merit Badge at Boy Scout camp. Of course, motivating a fully provisioned 21' Dovekie is more challenging than the modified dories at camp had been.

Now sculling a small watercraft straight ahead has been thoroughly discussed on these pages before, but what about sculling in other directions? I used to push *Pil-Pel* every which way on a regular basis using just one oar. Not only did we never want a motor, we never needed a canoe paddle neither!

Maybe I'm not reading the right things but the only mention I've ever come across telling about sculling abeam was a couple of paragraphs in the old *Small Boat Journal* and that was a good while ago. It was a cruising yarn, appearing in two parts if I remember correctly, in which a man told of cruising along the coast of Maine in a Bolger Gypsy. Many of you know that a Gypsy is a saucy-looking 15' sailing/rowing/outboard skiff constructed "instant fashion" of plywood.

The writer told of standing on a wharf in some Downeast harbor when he noticed a boy row in, flip his dockside oar neatly into the boat with one hand, and scull a few strokes with the outboard oar to take his dinghy abeam, right to the wharf.

He went on to write how impressed he had been to witness such a display of seamanship by one so young.

I immediately understood the value of this technique in maneuvering my own boat,

Sculling Sideways

By Nick Scheuer

for a Dovekie equipped with a pair of 9' Shaw & Tenney ash oars may leave the boat beyond the reach of the average boat hook when the inboard oar is shipped.

The foregoing, along with the sketch, pretty well tells the tale as far as instruction, but I'll offer a couple of more hints anyhow.

Begin with your oar positioned straight out, athwartship, with the blade horizontal and immersed. Then roll the grip 30-35° one way or the other and push the blade toward whichever edge is lowest. At the end of what seems a reasonable half-stroke, roll the top of the grip back the other way 60-70° so the opposite edge of the blade is then lowest, and take a full stroke in the opposite direction. I've just described the "falling leaf" technique; that is, twisting the grip with your wrist so that alternate leading edges of the blade are depressed for each swing by rolling the blade through horizontal. This twist is done at the completion of each swing, before commencing the opposite swing.

The "fish tail" technique, wherein the blade is rotated through vertical about 90-100° at the end of each stroke, tends to splash too much for my taste and may exert more of a turning moment on the hull. With the "fish tail" stroke, just one edge of the blade is always lowest, therefore it leads each stroke.

Using whichever technique you prefer, remember that short sculling strokes, I

repeat, short strokes are best. You can most effectively increase thrust by increasing the rate rather than the length of your sculling strokes.

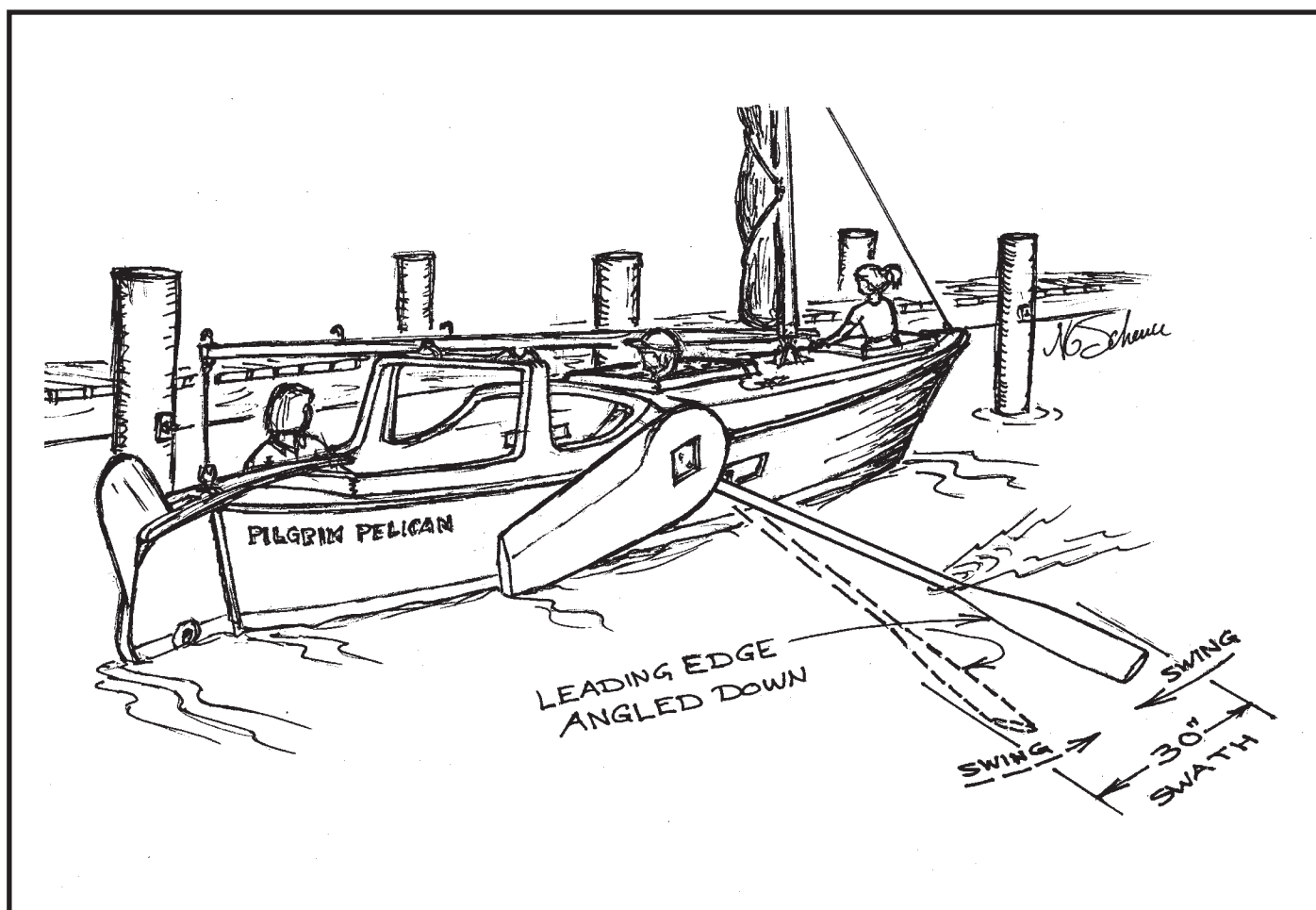
Since a sculling oar behaves essentially like a one-bladed propeller, you may want to try raising the grip so your oar enters the water at a steeper angle, thereby yielding a bit more efficient thrust. However, with just a little practice you should be able to effectively move the boat with the grip at the same level you would use for rowing.

An 8' dinghy will move right abeam using only a light and easy sculling stroke. A longer, heavier boat like a Dovekie or a Drascomb or one of those nifty new Norse-Boats requires a bit more purposeful stroke. However, a shorter boat, perhaps having more rocker, may be turned away from parallel to the objective more easily. When this occurs, just turn the oar blade a little more vertical on the appropriate stroke that will pivot you back parallel. Just one corrective stroke should do the trick.

Our cruise along the coast of Maine this past summer was the first for which we towed a dinghy. Excursions ashore from an outlying mooring or ferrying over for Happy Hour with our cruising mates in the *Ardea* offered many opportunities for bringing the dinghy alongside by sculling abeam. The maneuver never failed to accomplish the task.

If you like to use oars, give it a try. You might discover that your dinghy is handier under oars than it ever was with a motor, and more satisfying, too.

Faire winds, y'awl.



You all may get tired of reading about my challenges concerning my 20-something-year-old Sisu 26. However, if you own an older boat you probably have some idea of the need to do preventative and reactive maintenance as necessary. In my last article I wrote about my electric horn problem. Since then I have found that my Hynautic hydraulic steering system developed a weep around the shaft that connects to the tiller. Of course, the piston is under the cockpit sole and was probably installed before the cockpit sole was secured. Getting to it was an interesting exercise.

Happily the system is pressurized with air (using a bicycle pump) and the tire valve was easy to use to release all the pressure in the system. The other nice part of the project was that those who installed the system left enough pressure hose for me to remove the cylinder from its mount and get the whole works to an open area to remove the hoses. The not-so-nice part was that the bolts holding the cylinder mounting were as far from the access opening as seemed possible. There was also the need to enlarge the access hole in the bulkhead through which the hoses ran to accommodate the hydraulic cylinder, the hoses, and the mount. I had to remove the mount with all attached since I had no idea how the cylinder was attached to the mount.

With everything out and accessible I was able to disconnect the hoses and take the assemblage to where I could remove the cylinder from the mount. That done, it was time to see about the repair to the leaking piston seal. A search of the web with Google found a place in South Florida and one in Pinellas Park that would repair the seal. I also contacted local marine repair people about alternatives. One suggestion was a local hydraulic repair shop. I contacted the shop and was told to bring in the cylinder and they would tell me if they could do the repair. I stopped by in the morning, was told they could do the work, and picked up the resealed cylinder than afternoon.

The next weekend I went back to the boat with the repaired cylinder. Steady wind in the 22mph range with gusts to 30 or so and occasional horizontal rain! No repair work in the open cockpit that weekend. While I worked on some inside jobs on the boat I watched the water slowing climb toward the seawall cap. The tide was supposed to be going out but with the strong southerly wind the water in Apalachee Bay was being held against the shore. My gangway was horizontal to the floating dock. Not a day to be out on the bay.

Sunshine and warmth greeted me the next weekend at the coast. Granted, I had to attend a meeting at 1530 but I had the late morning and early afternoon to work on the steering system. I pulled out the owner's manual and went to work. With all the fittings snug, I pressurized the system and found no leaks. Being rather proud of myself I continued with the instructions to bleed the system and get the cylinder re-installed under the cockpit. No joy! The piston would not move when I turned the wheel. I re-bled the system to no avail. Obviously I was not doing something right. Having learned the lesson that now is time to get help when such a situation is encountered, I called Mr Glover, who is a very good mechanic and general boat repair person, for help. Did he work on these systems? If not, did he know someone who did? Yes, he knew the system and would take a look at it for me during the week. I left him a key to the boat and waited for his report.

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

Mr Glover called to say that the system now worked. I had neglected to release two valves buried under the reservoir container and the system was low on fluid. He released the valves, re-filled the receiver, and bled the system. All now worked as it should and I could re-install the cylinder under the cockpit and hook the tiller to the piston. He explained to me what I had missed in the process and the sequence I would need to follow in the future if I had another problem with the steering. Given that the original set-up worked fine for some 20 years, I do not expect to work on this part of the boat any time soon (Hynautics made a fine product).

The next Saturday afternoon I was down at the boat with all the tools to put the cylinder back in place under the cockpit sole. There was a Puffin race that day in the basin but I left our Puffin on its trailer and worked on the steering. After a couple of false starts and help from a neighbor the cylinder was installed, the piston hooked up to the tiller, and the wheel turned. The tiller arm went as it was supposed to!! Yea!! And all that. However, there was a "grinding" sound in-

side the wheel housing. Monday I called the hydraulic shop that fixed the cylinder for suggestions. The suggestion was that there were some "air bubbles" in the line near the wheel's connection to the hydraulic system at that point and that I should de-pressurize the system and turn the wheel a bit to see if the air would work back to the reservoir. I should also look for another bleed point around the wheel area.

After not finding any more bleed connections near the steering box part of the system, I made some more phone calls to those with hydraulic steering and to the gentleman who had re-connected the cylinder to the system. The consensus was that there were some air bubbles in the system near the steering box and the best course of action was to use the boat and see if the bubbles did not work themselves back into the reservoir. The noise I was hearing was the air bubbles passing through the check valves at the steering location.

We took the boat out for the first time since mid October 2008 to check out the steering and all the other items that I had been working on. I discovered that with the engine on I did not hear the wheel turn. It then dawned on me that most of the time the engine was on before the wheel was turned and the sound in the steering mechanism might have been there all along. The good news is that everything worked. We went out and came back to the dock without the need of assistance!



SHAW & TENNEY

Orono, Maine



*...the World's finest Oars and Paddles,
since 1858.*

Complement your boat and enhance your rowing experience with our traditional, solid wooden oars with hand sewn leathers. Spoon and Flat Blade oars, up to 21 feet in length. Spoons offered with cherry or walnt tips.

Handcrafted in Maine, used all over the world.

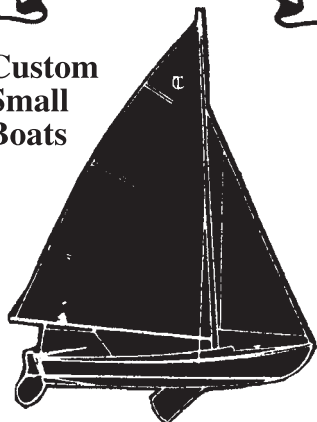
Visit shawandtenney.com to view all of our products, including:

- Wooden Mass and Spars
- Bronze Rowing Hardware
- Adirondack Guide Boat Oars and Hardware
- Boat Hooks
- Handmade Brown Ash Pack Baskets and Creels
- Wooden Flagpoles

PO Box 213, Orono, Maine 04473 — 800-240-4867

Pert Lowell, Co., Inc.

Custom Small Boats



Builders of the famous Town Class sloop in wood or fiberglass as well as other custom traditional wooden boats since 1934.



Mast Hoops

Mast Hoop Fasteners - Sail Hanks - Parrel Beads - Wood Cleats - Wood Shell Blocks - Deadeyes - Bullseyes - Custom Bronze Hardware

Pert Lowell Co., Inc.
Lanes End, Newbury, MA 01950
(978) 462-7409

Builders & Restorers

Reproduction of Charles Lawton 10' Yacht Tender

Cedar on Oak
Designed by Charles Lawton of
Marblehead, MA, ca 1980. Built:
C. Stickney, Boatbuilders Ltd. 1997



C. Stickney Boatbuilders Ltd.

HC 61 Box 1146, St. George, ME 04857
(207) 372-8543
email: woodboats@msn.com
Wooden Boat Construction & Repair

SOLID COMFORT BOATS

Sailing Cruising Canoes
Sea Touring Kayaks
Anglers Sampans



HUGH HORTON SMALL BOATS

29474 Old North River Rd.
Mt. Clemens, MI 48045
(586) 468-6456

<hortonsailcanoe@wowway.com>



Cape Cod's
Sailing Headquarters
& Wooden Boat Center
Established 1951

Proud Builders of Arey's Pond Catboats



14' Cat - 16' Lynx Cabin
16' Lynx Open - 16' Launch
18' Daysailer
20' Cruising Cat
21' Launch

Traditional Elegance
All boats built to the highest standards.
Hulls are wood or fiberglass with
teak or mahogany trim.
Solid bronze hardware,
Sitka spruce spars.

Brokerage Boat Sales
APBY Sailing School
Mooring Rentals and Storage

Box 222, S. Orleans, MA 02662
(508) 255-0994
www.areyspondboatyard

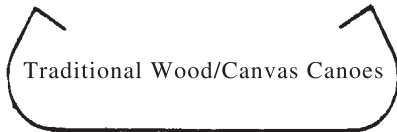
(607) 547-2658

Tom Krieg's Boat Shop

(At 6 Mile Point on West Lake Rd.)
P.O. Box 1007
Cooperstown, NY 13326

Woodenboat Restoration & Rigging

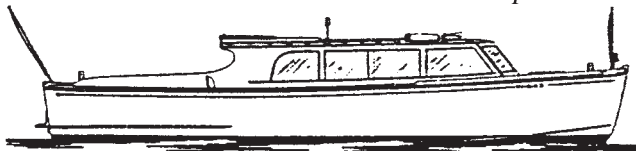
Burt's Canoes



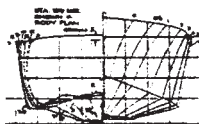
BURT LIBBY 2103 Hallowell Rd.
(207) 268-4802 Litchfield, ME 04350

Hadden Boat Company

Wooden Boat Construction & Repair



34' W. Atkin tunnel stern
Sea Bright Skiff



11 Tibbets Ln., Georgetown, ME 04548 (207) 371-2662

LABRIE
SMALL
CRAFT

Introducing the
Matinicus 18
in Spring 2009

Row/Sail Skiffs

www.labriesmallcraft.com (207) 570-2300



REDD'S POND BOATWORKS

Thad Danielson
1 Norman Street
Marblehead, MA 01945
thaddanielson@comcast.net 781-631-3443 888-686-3443
Wooden Boat Building, Classic Designs
Traditional Construction and Materials



SWIFTY 12

A light-weight, sturdy wooden beauty anyone can build from our pre-assembled kit. Price, including sail, \$1175. Catalog of 13 kit designs handcrafted in Vermont, \$5. Demonstration video, \$23, VHS or DVD.



SHELL BOATS

561 Polly Hubbard Rd., St. Albans, VT 05478
(802) 524-9645
www.shellboats.com

Plans & Kits



ATKIN

Atkin illustrated catalog. Containing more than 300 Atkin designs and new text. Famed Atkin double-enders, traditional offshore and coastal cruising yachts, rowing/sailing dinghies, utilities and houseboats. \$15.00 U.S. and Canada (post paid) and \$22.00 U.S. overseas airmail. Payment: U.S. dollars payable through a U.S. bank.

ATKIN BOAT PLANS

P.O. Box 3005M, Noroton, CT 06820
apatkin@aol.com
www.atkinboatplans.com

WEE PUNKIN



"Wee Punkin" has traditional good looks, is fun to build from inexpensive materials, and her performance will delight you. Innovative foam core deck and ample flotation make her extra safe and comfortable. She is ideal for children if they can get her away from dad. Truly a breakthrough in small boat design. Hit of the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival. No lofting. Plans with full size station patterns and detailed instructions, \$36. SASE for more info.

GRAND MESA BOATWORKS
15654 57-1/2 Rd., Collbran, CO 81624-9778

A Top-Rated Sea Kayak

The Coho: "Of all the boats I have reviewed, the Coho is my hands-down favorite....

I would recommend [her] to anyone, whether novice or an experienced paddler,"

V.S.—Sea Kayaker Magazine

Oct. 1998

John Lockwood, Designer
30-Year Wilderness Paddler
Computer Design Pioneer
15 Kits • 5 Plan Sets
Ultra-Light
Stitch-n-Glue
Best Kayak Kits
Since 1986



Pygmy Boats Inc.

For a Free Color Catalogue Write: PO Box 1529 ♢ Dept. 2 ♢ Port Townsend, WA 98368
(360) 385-6143 ♢ Read the Reviews of our kayaks at: www.pygmyboats.com

**This Space
Available
Only \$15/Issue**

Contact us at
978-774-0906

THE SIMMONS



Classics of the North Carolina coast
18-, 20- & 22-foot plans available

- ~ Outstandingly seaworthy vessels
- ~ 30 mps with low power
- ~ Light & simple; plywood lapstrake construction
- ~ Detailed plans & directions; no lofting



Cape Fear Museum
Wilmington, NC
910.798.4371
capefearmuseum.com

WESTON FARMER

BUILDING PLANS & ARTICLE REPRINTS

BUILD A WESTON FARMER CLASSIC DESIGN. 15 plans available for the amateur boatbuilder from 10' launch IRREDUCIBLE to famous 32' blue-water ketch TAHITIANA. Send \$2 for catalog defining specs, plans, contents, prices, etc.

READ & ENJOY A WESTON FARMER BOAT STORY. We have 20 article reprints on small boat designs written through the years by E. Weston Farmer, N.A., considered by many to have been one of the outstanding marine writers of all time. Delightful reading for only \$1 per page. All articles include line drawings, offsets, etc. that you can use. Send \$2 for catalog listing.

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES
7034-D Hwy. 291, Tum Tum, WA 99034

SEAWORTHY SMALL SHIPS

WOODEN POND MODEL KITS



MODELS THAT REALLY SAIL

Rubber Band & Sail Powered Kits

Pre-Shaped & Drilled Parts
Brass, Copper & Stainless Hardware

Great Fun in Pool, Pond, or Sea • Order Yours Today

Order #800-533-9030 (U.S.) VISA/MC accepted
Other Kits & Plans Available, catalog \$1.00

SEAWORTHY SMALL SHIPS
Dept. M, PO Box 2863
Prince Frederick, MD 20678, USA

Visit our Home Page at
<http://www.seaworthysmallships.com>

DUCKWORKS

BOAT BUILDERS SUPPLY



- plans
- hardware
- custom sails
- epoxy/supplies
- sailmaking supplies
- tools and MORE

low prices, fast service

www.duckworksbsbs.com

Your boat will float and won't add to the national debt when you build it yourself. Send \$9.95 for **Catalog CD** of 300 boats you can build. For special offers & FREE Newsletter visit:
www.Glen-L.com/offer9
Glen-L Marine
 9152 Rosecrans Ave/MA
 Bellflower, CA 90706
 888-700-5007 (toll-free)

No Bailout Needed!



Bobcat 12'3" x 6'0"

Designer Phil Bolger and builder Harold Payson have developed a tack-and-tape multi-chine version of the classic catboat that puts the charm and performance of this famous type within the reach of home builders with a minimum investment in time and money.

PLEASE SEND ME: ☐ Complete construction plans and instructions for \$40 ☐ Study plan packet for Bobcat and 36 other easy-to-build Instant Boats for \$5

BOOKS: ☐ *Instant Boats*, \$16 ☐ *Build the New Instant Boats*, \$19.95 ☐ *How to Build Your Own Boat*, \$20 ☐ *Build the Instant Catboat*, \$12.95 ☐ *How to Build the Gloucester Light Dory*, \$7.95 ☐ *Keeping a Cutting Edge: Saw Filing*, \$7.95 ☐ *Boat Modeling with Dynamite Payson*, \$19.95 ☐ *Bolger's 103 Small Boat Rigs*, \$28.95 ☐ *Boat Modeling the Easy Way*, \$19.95 Add \$1 S&H

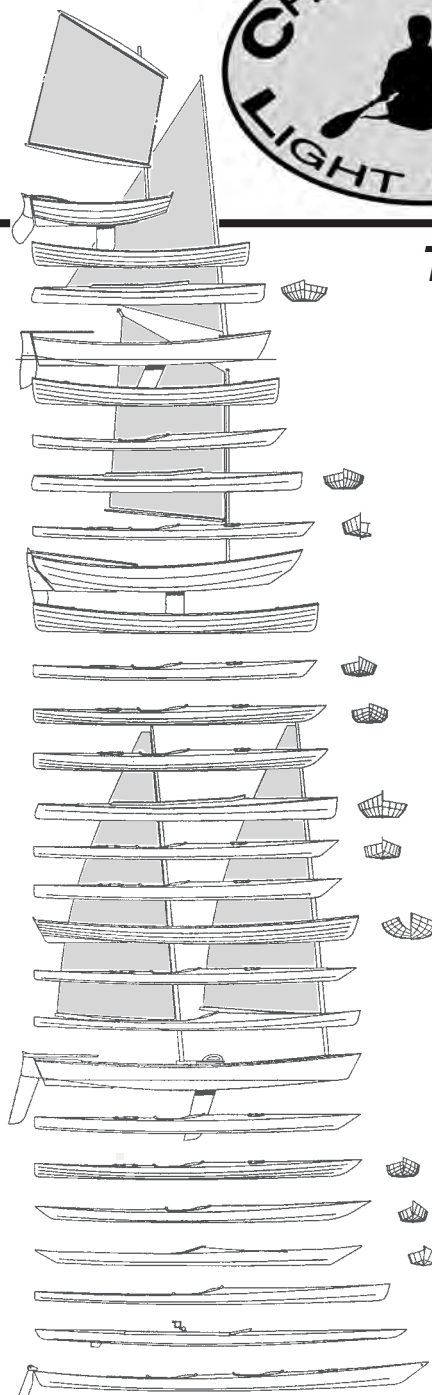
Name

Street

City State Zip

Harold H. Payson & Co.

Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Road • South Thomaston, ME 04858
 207-594-7587



*The Best
Boats
You Can
Build.*

For a free catalog of boat kits, plans, and boatbuilding materials, contact:

Chesapeake Light Craft

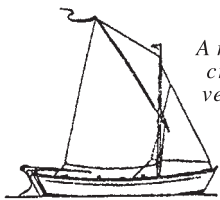
1805 George Ave. Annapolis, MD 21401

410 267 0137

info@clcboats.com

www.clcboats.com

CONRAD NATZIO BOATBUILDER



*A range of small
craft plans for
very easy home
building in
plywood*

For details, visit the website:
www.broadlyboats.com/sections

or contact:
CONRAD NATZIO BOATBUILDER
The Old School,
Brundish Road,
Raveningham,
Norwich, NR14 6NT
U.K.
Tel/Fax: [REDACTED]
+44 01508 548675



Pacific Pelican Plans

*A fast, stable, dry,
camp-cruiser*

LOA: 14' 7"
Beam: 6' 7"
Draft: 5"
Sail Area: 145 sq ft

Study plans \$5 p.p. Plans \$90 + \$6.50 Ship U.S.
Plans include: Drawings, full-size patterns and
100 page book with photos.

Lou Brochetti
148. NW 8th St. Redmond, OR 97756
(541) 504-0135



It's Not Just Art, It's a Craft!

Unique Wood-Strip
Performance, Sea Kayaks

Kits, Plans & Finished Boats

Send \$3 for a catalog to:
Nick Schade
Guillemot Kayaks
54 South Rd.
Groton, CT 06340-4624
ph: 860-659-8847

<http://www.KayakPlans.com/m>



Built by the designer's 10 yr old daughter,
Grace's Tender is a great introduction to
boatbuilding, sailing and generally
messing about in boats. 8 ft long, weighs
55 lb. Plans, a 2 hour DVD, kits available.

ARCH DAVIS DESIGN

37 Doak Rd, Belfast, ME 04915.
207-930-9873.
www.archdavisdesigns.com



Designs by Platt Monfort

STUDY PLANS BOOK \$4.95

**INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO \$19.95
NOW ON DVD ALSO**

Monford Associates
50 Haskell Rd. MA, Westport, ME 04578
(207) 882-5504



<gaboats.com>

PICCUP PRAM



11' X 4'5" OA - 100# Empty
Taped Seam Multichine
\$20 Plans - \$1 INFO ON 8 BOATS
JIM MICHALAK
118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254

Robb White & Sons Sport Boat

Handy, pretty, proven 16'x43" strip
planked skiff will plane two adults with
4hp. Full size mold patterns, complete
instructions. \$75 Photos & specs at
www.robbwhite.com.

Robb White & Sons
P.O. Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799



Supplies

William Clements
Boat Builder
Since 1980



P.O. Box 87
No. Billerica, MA 01862
<bill@boatbldr.com>
<www.boatbldr.com>

WOOD/CANVAS CANOE RESTORATIONS

RESTORATION SUPPLIES and TOOLS

SILICON BRONZE AND BRASS WOOD SCREWS
CANOE CANVAS • TRADITIONAL CANVAS FILLER
BRASS CANOE TACKS & STEMBANDS
AND MORE!!

For free catalog call (978) 663-3103

MAINE COAST LUMBER, INC.

17 White Birch Lane
York, ME 03909
(207) 363-7426
(800) 899-1664
Fax (207) 363-8650
M-F 7am-5pm



4 Warren Ave.
Westbrook, ME 04902
(207) 856-6015
(877) 408-4751
Fax (207) 856-6971
M-F 7:30am-4:30pm
Saturday 8am-12pm

**HARDWOOD LUMBER • SOFTWOOD LUMBER •
HARDWOOD PLYWOODS • MELAMINE • MDF •
MARINE PLYWOODS • MDO • PARTICLE BOARD •
SLATWALL • LAMINATE • EDGE BANDING • VENEER •
HARDWOOD MOLDINGS • CUSTOM MILLING**

We Deliver
ME, NH, VT, MA, RI

www.maine coastlumber.com
email: info@mainecoastlumber.com



We ship UPS

The Best for the Best

1st Class Matsushita®
Professional
THINNNNNNNN
Carbide Saw Blades

503-678-7700
FAX: 503-678-4300

www.MatsushitaAmerica.com




MAS EPOXIES


"With my wooden canoes starting at \$55,000.00, my clients expect me to build boats using only the finest materials available.

For me that meant switching to MAS epoxies over 10 years ago.

When I watch the wonder and excitement on peoples faces as they touch and admire one of my newly finished canoes, I know that I have MAS Epoxies to thank.

MAS is not just another epoxy, it is my epoxy."
-Philip Greene, owner, Woodsong Canoes

It's NO Blush, not Low Blush!



www.masepoxies.com 1-888-627-3769

Small-Craft & Cruising Sails

Bermudan, gaff, gunter, lug, sprit, etc.
for skiffs or schooners

Aerodynamic designs in
white, cream, tanbark and
Oceanus

Photos, quotes at
www.dabblersails.com

e-mail - dab@crosslink.net
 ph/fax 804-580-8723
 or write us at PO Box 235
 Wicomico Church, VA 22579



Stuart K. Hopkins, sole prop



Rowing Compass

**"Know where you're
going, not where
you've been."**

This is a reverse card rowing compass made for us by world famous Danforth. It mounts in front of the **rower** and shows the course the boat is traveling.

Details: 2-1/2 card, 4" mounting ring, 2" high, direction & 5 deg. marks
 Comes with a mounting ring, screws,
 and foam adhesive sheet
 Can be removed from mounting
 ring for storage

\$69

Rowing Sport
 (978) 356-3623

www.douglasoarlock.rowingsport.com



RAKA EPOXY & FIBERGLASS

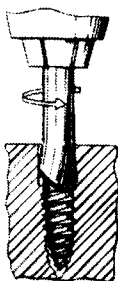
We have several types of epoxy resins with different mix ratios for coating, gluing, and composite construction. Our large fiberglass inventory includes many weights of standard woven materials as well as a good selection of biaxials and triaxials. Carbon and kevlar fabrics are also available. We offer the lowest prices and same day UPS shipping. Our normal store hours are from 9am to 5pm Monday to Friday. Write or call us or see our internet site for complete info and prices.

RAKA Marine

3490 Oleander Ave., Ft. Pierce, FL 34982-6571
 Ph. (772) 489-4070 — Fax (772) 461-2070
www.raka.com

UNSCREW-UMS™ broken-screw extractors

Remove damaged fastenings. Minimal damage to wood. Hollow tool uses stub as guide. Sizes to remove screws from No. 2 to No. 24, lags, nails, and drifts.



T&L TOOLS

24 Vinegar Hill Rd., Gales Ferry, CT 06335
Phone: 860-464-9485 • Fax: 860-464-9709
unscrew-ums@tltools.com
www.tltools.com

OARSMAN MARINE TALLOW

*Traditional Oar Leather
& Oarlock Lubricant*

1/4 pint & 1/2 pint sizes

"Why settle for second best?"

Swanson Boat Company
420 Broad St., Windsor, CT 06095
Phone: 860-299-6502
E-Mail: Rodger Swanson412@comcast.net
R.C. Swanson, Proprietor

Wood Canoe Hardware



CANOE HARDWARE

1/2", 11/16", 7/8" Canoe Tacks; 3/8" Oval Brass Stem Bands; Clenching Irons; 3/16" Bronze Carriage Bolts; Canoe Plans; Clear White Cedar. Price List Available.

NORTHWOODS CANOE SHOP

Ph: (888) 564-1020
Fax: (207) 564-3667
Web: www.woodencanoes.com

CUT COPPER CLENCH NAILS

Pure half hard hand drawn copper made on old Atlas company machines.
3 diameters: 1/16", 3/32", 1/8"
11 sizes: 3/4" to 1-3/8"

For sample packet & information send \$3

To order call 603-433-1114 or write

STRAWBERRY BANK MUSEUM

P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802

Atlantic White Cedar

Custom cut to your specifications from our own logs which we bring up from Florida. Lengths up to 24'.

Cypress and other species available upon request.

Woodcraft Productions Ltd.

P.O. Box 17307
Smithfield, RI 02917-0704
Tel (401) 232-2372 • Fax (401) 232-1029



WHITE POLYTARP SAILS & SAIL KITS

22 SUNBLEST COURT
FISHERS, IN 46038-1175
PH: 317-915-1454
EMAIL: POLYSAIL@AOL.COM
WEB SITE: WWW.POLYSAIL.COM

WHITE OAK

Quarter sawn, green & air dried
L 20', 4/4 - 8/4

Also tulip, cherry, B, locust, ash, walnut, spruce, hemlock & others

SPECIALTY WOODS

Westbrook, CT
(860) 399-5224 (860) 304-2547

GAMBELL & HUNTER SAILMAKERS



16 Limerock St., Camden, ME 04843
(207) 236-3561
www.gambellandhunter.net

Quality Cedar Strips MAS Epoxy Supplies • Tools



CANOE, KAYAK & ROWING BOAT KITS

the **NEWFOUND**
WOODWORKS inc.

603-744-6872
www.newfound.com



ATLANTIC WHITE CEDAR

Boat grade rough sawn flitches in stock.

Most are 16' long 4/4 to 8/4 thick.

New supply ready to ship.

Call or write for info.

J.D. ENGLAND CO.

1780 Remlik Dr., Urbanna, VA 23175
(804) 758-2721

Boatbuilding Supplies

STRIP • STITCH & GLUE • PLYWOOD & FIBERGLASS CONSTRUCTION

SYSTEMTHREE EPOXY RESIN

Simple 2:1 mix ratio • Available in 1.5 qt.-15 gal. units
Fast, med, slow hardeners for use in temperatures
as low as 35°F

3 Gal. Unit \$197.00

FIBERGLASS CLOTH • TAPES • MATS • ROVINGS • KNITS

- **REICHOLD** Polyester Resins (gals, pails, drums)
- **NESTE** GelCoats
- **Sika**flex Urethane Sealants
- Gloucester Marine Paints (40-50% discount)
- 2 part Urethane Pour Foam

Microballoons • Silica Powder • Wood Flour Pigments • Milled & Chop Fibers • Squeegees Syringes • Brushes • Rollers • Paper Pots • Gloves Coveralls • And More

LOW PRICES ON: Silicon Bronze Wood Screws Nails & Stainless Fasteners

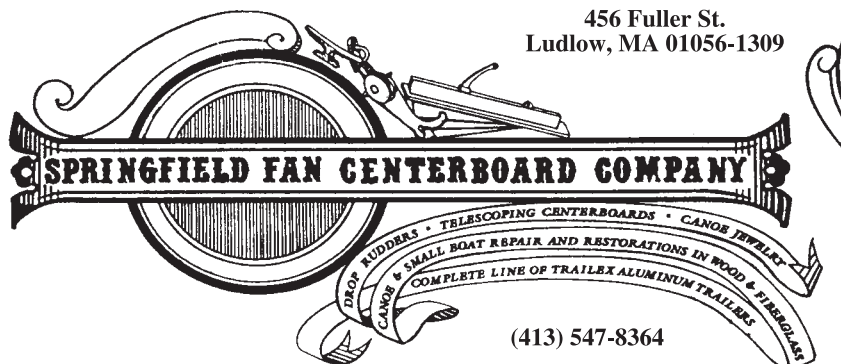
Top Quality Products • Competitive Prices • Fast Knowledgeable Service
All items in stock and ready for immediate shipment.

MERTON'S FIBERGLASS SUPPLY

SUPPLYING QUALITY MATERIALS TO BOAT OWNERS, HULL FINISHERS AND BOATYARDS FOR OVER 20 YEARS.

P.O. Box 399, E. Longmeadow, MA 01028
Fax (413) 736-3182 - www.mertons.com

Free Catalog! **800-333-0314**



456 Fuller St.
Ludlow, MA 01056-1309

SPRINGFIELD FAN CENTERBOARD COMPANY

DROP RUDERS • TELESCOPING CENTERBOARDS • CANOE JEWELRY
CANOE & SMALL BOAT REPAIR AND RESTORATIONS IN WOOD & FIBERGLASS
COMPLETE LINE OF TRAILER ALUMINUM TRAILERS

(413) 547-8364

CLASSIFIED MARKETPLACE

BOATS FOR SALE



Skiffamerica 20, ingeniously designed highly efficient cabin motor cruiser (see www.skiffamerica.com). Meticulously built by retired professional cabinetmaker to exact designer specifications with exception of additional cockpit storage & an extra 3" of "sit up" room at rear end of cabin. Powered by originally prescribed Yamaha 25 4-stroke w/tilt control that has only 41 hours of usage. This is primary reason for regrettable decision to sell, no longer have opportunities for the imagined adventures. Bimini, swim ladder, running lights, motor cover & adjustable auxiliary motor mount for a smaller backup o/b. Could email more detailed pictures. Asking \$15,500.
SW Florida, (239) 283-4946 (7)



14' LittleGem Wood Skiff, designed by Ken Swan. Professionally built 6 years ago, minimum water hours, meranti marine ply w/mahogany thwarts & transom, 2 rowing stations w/bronze oarlocks, spruce oars w/leathers, Danforth anchor, galv Loadrite trlr w/spare wheel, 4hp Suzuki long shaft o/b mostly fresh water use, new paint & varnish. Boat & equipment in exc shape. \$3,000.
JIM MCQUAIDE, Edgcomb, ME, (207) 882-7239, pnjmquaide@yahoo.com (7)

Aire Super Lynx Inflatable, 1-2 person kayak, 2 Aqua Bound paddles, DC pump, manual pump, skeg, storage bag & accessories. Little used, new cond. New \$2,000, sale \$1,150.
JOHN SUTHERLAND, Mt. Laurel, NJ, (856) 234-7270 (7)

16' Point Jude Sailboat, cb, comfortable, stable, easy to sail. Main & jib, gd cond. Tlr w/new tires incl. \$1,300.
BOB HAGER, Agawam, MA, (413) 786-7243, cell (413) 478-9415 (7)

El Toro Dinghy, almost new. **Restored Blue Jay**.
ED YOUNIE, Dublin, NH, (603) 563-8522 (7)

17' Canoe, built '20-'30 by E.M. White, Old Town, ME. Only 2 owners, vy little use, in A*1 cond. A work of art. \$1,200. **12' Old Town Rowboat**, '20s-'30s, has had a lot of use but still in gd cond. On a like new '04 Loadrite Bandit trlr. Oars incl. \$1,500.
MIKE LYNCH, Rangeley, ME, (207) 653-2330, (207) 642-4051 (7)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION

Classified ads are FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at 25¢ per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly.

Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to maib.office@gmail.com. No telephone ads please.



Beetle Cat, full restoration, white oak & cedar, cad bronze screws & bronze hrdwre. New transom, stem, c/b & trunk, ribs, deck, cockpit coaming, toe rail & rub rail. Mast, sail & trlr. WoodenBoat School alumni. \$5,500.
CHRIS KOHLER, Hamden, CT, (203) 288-9000 (8)



17' Thorell Ocean Sailing Canoe, #C113, double ended, cedar on oak, carvel planked. Swedish built '14 era. Steel c/b & rudder, 2 sets sails, compl hrdwre. Restoration project. \$500.
WILLIAM WHEELER, CT, (860) 868-0828 (7)



18' Sailing Dory, built by Aeolus Boat Co. of Davenport, CA, Bob Gruenwald builder. Exc cond. Located in Chicago. Tlr & 8' laminated oars. \$1,800.
JACK RENTNER, Crown Pt. IN, (219) 662-0779 (7)



Herreshoff Ocean Kayak, built by Graves, Marblehead in fg. Mint cond. \$1,500.
MORT HEAFITZ, Newburyport, MA, (781) 592-2667 (8)



15' Lyman, '58 w/'65 Evinrude 33hp, low hrs. Boat totally rebuilt, in exc cond. No trlr. \$2,800. **13' Lyman**, '58 in gd sound cond. All hardware moved to 15' above. Just hull, no trlr. \$1,000.
MICHAEL STEPHENS, Gloucester, MA, (978) 281-6163 (H), (978) 317-1255 (C) (8)



17' Cedar Strip Canoe, isn't she beautiful? I custom built her using a Bear Mountain Boat design w/cedar, oak, mahogany & poplar. FG inside & out for lightweight strength & durability. 2 seats, front seat adjustable. Watertight compartment at each end. In water once for test row, behaved perfectly. Always garage kept. \$2,300. For more photos & info see www.flickr.com/photos/bouchergm/ GERRY BUCHER, Nashua, NH, (603) 888-3747, gmbocer @comcast.net (8)



19' 6" Rescue Minor Skiff, by William Atkin Launched March 2009. Shallow draft (8"). Hull is composite encapsulated w/epoxy, outside hull & decks covered w/6oz cloth for low maintenance. Frames trim grade KDAT southern yellow pine. Bronze fastened (Yes, Virginia, the shelves & deck beams are fastened with HD galvanized bolts). Chines & sheer clamps steam bent yellow poplar. Stem, box deadwood, engine beds all 2" mahogany. Hull planking fir marine plywood sides 3/4" (2 layers 3/8"), keel 1-1/2" (2 layers 3/4"). Engine Yanmar 3 GM 20 shaft hp (engine had less than 300 hours when installed in Magic w/0 hours on new meter.) New 2.61 reduction gear. 13" 3-blade bronze prop protected by grounding shoe. Bronze stern tube and PYI drip-less packing gland. Custom tiller steering. 26gal welded aluminum diesel tank. Fuel consumption less than 1.2gph. Battery is Interstate Group 27 w/main switch. Electrical bonding system. Wiring connectors heat shrunk, tagged and numbered. 2 bilge pumps, 1 manual & 1 automatic/manual. Florida title & registration. Ritchie Power Damp Compass, Garmin GPS 182 color. Navigation lights, horn, fuel gauge, rod holders, rod storage rack, Dry storage in bow. Deck cleats, bow eye, stern lifting eyes. New custom built galv trlr, engine box console cover. 1st Place Winner 2009 Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival, Florida Maritime Museum, Cortez, FL April 18th. Best In Show Launch 2009, Apalachicola Classic Boat Show, April 25th. DAN C. HOUSTON, Santa Rosa Beach, FL, (850) 499-5200 (cell), captdan50@hotmail.com (8)



Lowell 13' Sailboat, Always garage kept, in like new cond. Sitka spruce spars, sprit rig, Shaw & Tenney oars, trlr in exc cond. Please e-mail or call for more photos. \$7,000. SCOTT A. WEGLARZ, Williamsport, PA, (570) 368-3002, penngrp@verizon.net (5)



1957 Skipper Craft Wooden Runabout, \$2,400. Re-painted cold molded wooden hull. No rot. Newly laminated sheet of thin marine grade plywood on deck. Replaced mahogany rub rail. Replaced steering cables w/standard cable for safety. Repaired mahogany seats. Fog horn. Original hardware. Fish finder. Mercury 50 hp. She's a rocket on the water. So light it skips across the water. Boat cover. Shore-Lander trlr. I think I have the original Bill of Sale. I have a copy of the original brochure. BRIAN ROMANOWSKY, Whippany, NJ, (973) 600 4967 (8)

16' Chrysler Lone Star, '70 FG classic sloop rigged sailboat, beam 6'1". Carries 150sf of sail w/main & jib. Sails are original. Boat always covered. Holds 6-8 people for a fun day of sailing. Black hull w/tan interior & dark green cockpit cover. Ready to go into water. Nds trlr to haul away. No engine. \$800. RICHARD JOHNSON, Newbury, MA, (978) 462-8414 (8)

15'6" Sea Hawk Dory Skiff, as seen on pg 160 of *Small Boats* by Bolger. \$350. PAUL SALKALN, Bangor, ME, (207) 9075684. Salkaln2@aol.com (8)

BOATS WANTED

Shallow Draft Sailboat, for coastal cruising. Must sleep at least 1. Please price as close to zero as possible. F. CLAY TEPPENPAW, 232 Sacramento Blvd., Kemp, TX 75143, (903) 340-9296. (7)

Sunfish Hull, any year in gd shape. Have most of gear but more wouldn't hurt. Can pay up to \$200 if needs be & travel New England region/eastern NY state to pick up. No trlr needed. Can pay more if all sailing gear etc w/it. Needing minor repairs OK. Do you have 2 you are not using you want to sell as pair? We can talk. Yes, I know, madness lies that way. One? Maybe better... E.C. CASS, Skowhegan, ME, (207) 683-2435, dc.cass@gmail.com/ (7)

Vintage Craft Wanted: The Passaic River Boat Club in northern NJ, as part of its efforts to bring back recreational boating to the lower Passaic River, is embarking on an initiative to celebrate the rich maritime history of this local waterway. As part of this initiative we are interested in acquiring through donation any vintage watercraft that could be used as part of our effort to educate the public about this waterway and showcase the river's rich maritime history. These watercraft would ultimately be part of a future club event, the Passaic River Maritime Heritage Festival. No major project boats please, but reasonable tlc is ok. Trailerable (to 20') is preferred. More details available: ED MARCHESE, Clifton, NJ (973) 779-6283 (n2te@yahoo.com)

Bolger Black Skimmer, any cond. RON LEMOINE, Hernando Beach, FL, (352) 597-0119, ronlemonie@yahoo.com (8)

Aquarius 2 Sailboat, Folding Kayak. KEN PAGANS, Corpus Christi, TX, (461) 442-4351, grove777@aol.com (8)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

Dacron Sails, Thunderbird main & genoa, Snipe main & genoa jib, Comet main & jib. ED YOUNIE, Dublin, NH, (603) 563-8522. (7)

GEAR FOR SALE



Forward Facing Rowing, w/sliding seat in your canoe. Made in America. EZ-ROW, INC, PO Box 275, Taylors Falls, MN 55084-0275, (877) 620-1921, www.ez-row.com (7P)



Ash Cleats Pair, \$30 delivered. WINTERS BROTHERS, 4555 II Road, Garden, MI 49835 (410)

Bandit 15 Boom, 7' aluminum boom rigged for a loose footed sail and mid-boom sheeting. Exc cond. Nice adjustable outhaul. \$75 + shipping or you pick up. ALAN GLOS, Cazenovia, NY, (315) 655-8296, aglos@mail.colgate.edu (7)

There is nothing—absolutely nothing—

half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

Famous Quotation & Illustration From The Wind in the Willows

Join us in expressing Ratty's sentiment to the world. T Shirt \$18, Long Sleeve T \$23, Sweatshirt \$30, Tote Bag \$18. Shipping \$5.00 on orders up to \$25, add \$2 for each additional \$25. THE DESIGN WORKS, 9101 Eton Road, Silver Spring, MD 20901. 877-637-7464, www.messingabout.com (TFP)



Got Water?

NEW! GOT WATER? T-Shirt, w/all profits going to support The SAFE HAVEN Project & Newfoundland Dog Rescue in North America. Show your support for these Gentle Giants when you wear this great Scuba Doo Newfie T-Shirt! 100% Heavyweight US made yellow cotton. Large front imprint. Sizes: Medium-XLarge \$17, 2XL \$19. S&H \$6.95US for 1 shirt. Send check or MO. ALEXANDER BRIDGE (SH), 275 Myette Rd, RR#1, Afton, NS, BOH IAO Canada, (902) 232-2750, njor.sport@gmail.com (TF)

ATLANTIC COASTAL KAYAKER

Now in our 18th Season!

Would you like to
read more, lots more,
about sea kayaking?

**SUBSCRIBE
NOW!**

*Atlantic Coastal
Kayaker* will bring
you 32 pages monthly
all about sea kayaking,
10 times a year
(March through
December)

**All this
for only \$24
(10 issues)**

Like to see the next
issue? Just ask.

Subscription Order Form

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Send check for \$22 payable to:

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker
P.O. Box 520,
Ipswich, MA 01938
(978) 356-6112
(Phone & Fax)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE



Egret 17' Skin-on-Frame Kayak, easy to build; many covering options. Plans, patterns, detailed instructions. \$55. SASA for more info.
ROSS MILLER BOAT DESIGN, P.O. Box 256,
West Mystic, CT 06388. (1209)

Things You Should Know About Publication of Your Classified Ads

If we receive your ad just before going to press, there will be a two-week interval during printing before the issue containing it will be mailed, and a further ten days to two weeks in the mail is added to the interval before your ad will be in readers' hands. If we receive your ad just after going to press, up to another two weeks will be added. Thus it can be from three to six weeks before your ad will appear. You can receive up to two more issues after sending in your ad before it will appear. It will not be in the next issue you receive for certain.



Bone Yard Boats is Published Quarterly
David Irving, Publisher/Editor
Bone Yard Boats
PO Box 1432
Marblehead, MA 01945
davidirving@boneyardboats.com
(617) 257-2603
Ginger Marshall Martus
Founder & Contributing Writer
Subscription Rate: \$19.95 per Year
(4 issues)

We list boats with asking prices of \$10,000 and below, with rare exceptions. Subscribers can list boats for FREE!

The *Bone Yard Boats* newsletter was founded in 1996 when Ginger Martus tried to save a single boat from meeting the business end of a chainsaw. We remain true to that mission.

If you know of boats needing rescue, please let us know. If you have restored a boat, we would love to hear about it. Let your story be an inspiration to others.

Boat listing information is supplied by boat owners (or brokers) and is believed to be reliable. We assume no responsibility.

www.boneyardboats.com

BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN.COM:
Customer photos, FREE how-to information, on-line catalog. Or send \$9 FREE Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55'. "How To Use Epoxy" manual \$2.00.
GLEN-L, Box 1804MA, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, (562) 630-6258, www.Glen-L.com (TFP)



Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.
DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858 (TF)

Hankinson Designs, Barrelbacks, Tugs, Cruisers & more. Available exclusively from Glen-L Marine. Free online catalog at www.BoatDesigns.com (TFP)



Alice 12' 10lb Folding Kayak, \$100 for full scale plans & instructions. See May '09 article in *MAIB* or send \$5 or e-mail address for color copy of article.
C. CORWIN, Box 689, Ketchum, ID 83340, aliceboat@cox.net (8)

Free Fiberglass Repair Manual: Don't let fiberglass damage discourage you from taking advantage of today's excellent buyers market for high-value used boats. You can confidently repair cracks, scrapes, delamination, holes, gelcoat blisters, keel damage and loose hardware with WEST SYSTEM® Brand Epoxy. For a limited time, we're offering *Messing About in Boats* readers a FREE copy of our comprehensive 85-page *Fiberglass Boat Repair Manual*. To get yours just email FreeManualMAIB@westsystem.com (10)

SERVICES OFFERED

Varnish Spoken Here: well regarded yacht finisher servicing boat owners from seaport to Freeport, ME, fully insured.
MARK LITTLE, Palermo, ME, (207) 993-3131 (8P)

WATERFRONT PROPERTY FOR SALE OR RENT

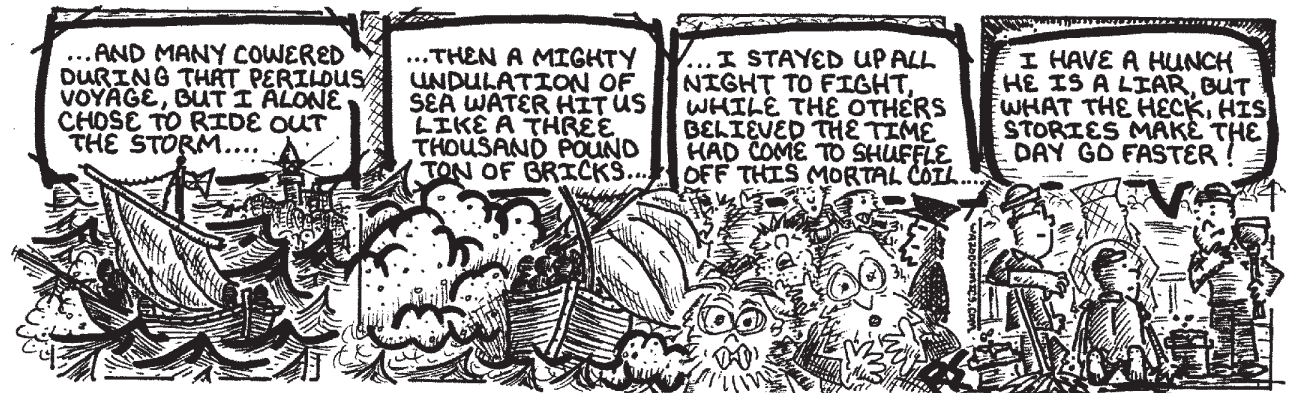
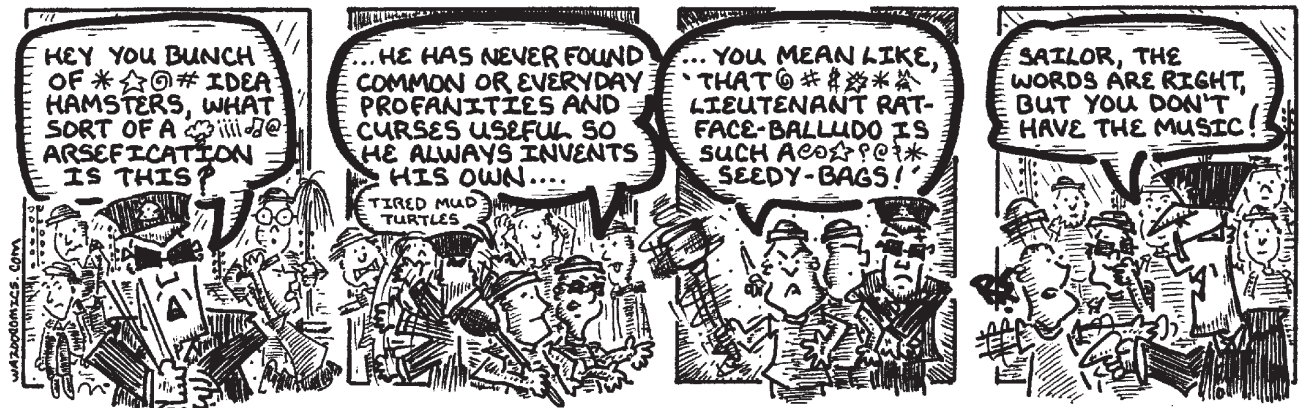
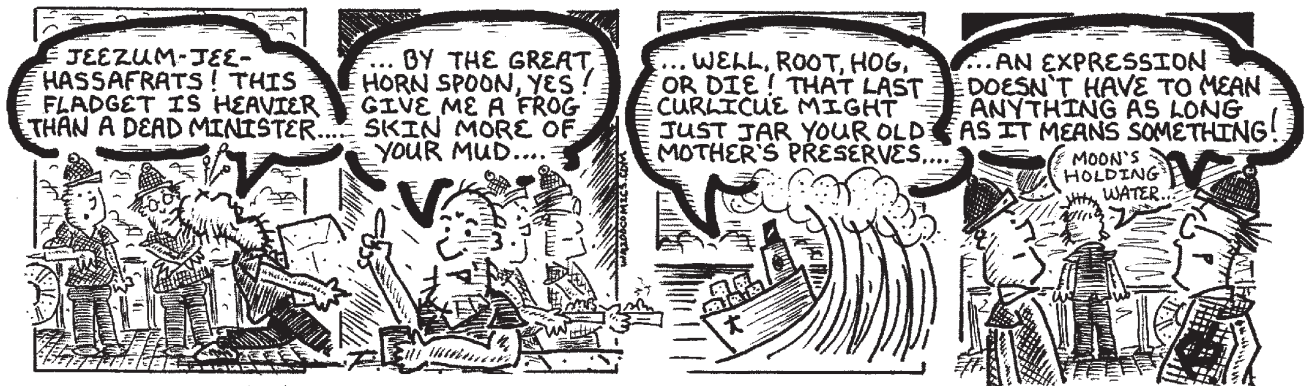
Summer Rental, waterfront property w/boat slips for summer rental in East Hampton, NY. 3 bedroom, 2 bath house on beautiful Three Mile Harbor, with quick access to Gardiner's Bay, a perfect place for sailing & kayaking. Slips can hold 2 boats up to about 25' w/draft no more than about 4'. House, which can sleep 8, is located on quiet 1/2 acre wooded lot & overlooks private boat marina. Boathouse for storing gear & on-site kayaks is available for use. See www.vrbo.com/230252. Contact me for more details & photos.
SUSAN JEWETT, East Hampton, NY, (703) 674-8089, jewettsusan@gmail.com (7)

MISCELLANEOUS MARITIME RELATED WANTED

Seeking Angel with Adventure Capital, for revolutionary sailing houseboat (see "Stubby and Her Pendulum Rig" in this issue). Let's build an idea together.
seashantyboats.com. (7)

Shiver Me Timbers *By: Robert L. Summers*

Using the Language



messing about in BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

POSTMASTER: CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

709

PRSRT STD
US POSTAGE PAID
PLATTSBURGH, NY 12901
PERMIT #148



www.adirondack-guide-boat.com

PO 144 Charlotte VT 05445
(802) 425-3926

Upcoming Shows

June 26-29 Wooden Boat Show, Mystic Seaport, CT **
July 3-4 Berkshire Arts Festival, Great Barrington, MA **
July 17-19 Antique Boat Show, Hammondsport, NY **
July 17-19 Lakeside Living Expo, Gilford, NH **
July 24-26 Antique & Classic Boat Show, Skaneateles, NY **
July 31-Aug 2 Antique & Classic Boat Show, Clayton NY **
Aug 7-9 Maine Boats, & Harbors Show, Rockland, ME **
Sep 11-13 Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival, WA **
Oct 8-12 US Sailboat Show, Annapolis, MD
Oct 15-18 US Powerboat Show, Annapolis, MD

** Indicates On-Water Demos



The fellow in the middle was rowing his lady-friend on Lake Champlain. When they came to shore he said, "Is there any way we can row together?"

"Sure," we said, and moved him from the bow seat, from where he had been rowing, to the middle seat. Then we moved his lady-friend from the stern up to the bow, from where she is now rowing."

Then we said, "Now we've got to find you some ballast."

Kristie was happy to oblige, making herself the prettiest ballast on Lake Champlain that day.

As we see it, boats are about having fun. And they certainly were.